ANUARY, 1924 MONTHLY VOL. 1. NO. 8

The Adelphi

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257

EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi

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VOL. 1. NO. 8. JANUARY, 1924

In Memory of Katherine Mansfield,

WHO DIED ON JANUARY 9, 1923, AT FONTAINEBLEAU, AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FOUR.

But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this flower, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

LOVE'S faint-heart lover, who possessed a gift,
  A little gift in once upon a time,
Was moved beyond himself to cast out thrift
  And give it to a princess from a clime
Where only words of love are ever spoken,
  Who could not understand the speech of men,
Who carried with her but her soul for token
  Of her high birth, which being beyond their ken
  She did not show but claspèd to herself again.

And so she wandered, looking upon the world
  Wildered as one who knew not where to love,
Save in the shining dreams of memory curled
  About her child heart, which nothing could move,
Not praise—for she was wondrous beautiful,
  And some one with a wizard pen at birth
Had drawn her brows, from some enchanted pool
  Had brimmed her eyes, trembling with deeper mirth,
  Nearer to profound tears than any of this earth.

Her ears were fashionèd into a form
  Like those pale shells the downland wanderer finds
And from their grassy tent against the storm
  With musing finger dreamily unwinds ;
Her mouth was made for other speech than ours,
  Not to belie her inward purposes
Or curb her longings by the feignèd powers
  Of dull conformity, but to express
  The native gesture of her love in loneliness.

For she was lonely ; was she not a child
  By royalty and wisdom, captive made
Among unlovely men, beating her wild
  Impetuous wings in anguish, and dismayed
By the cold hatred of their vacant eyes
  Which stripped her bare so she stood shivering
But proud, a never to be conquered prize,
  A child of other worlds, a perfect thing
  Vouchsafed to justify this world's imagining?

Not praise could move her, for to her it seemed
  Of love the gross and barren counterfeit,
Dull from the die, never to be redeemed
  With true affection, but by man's deceit
Made current in the bitter market-place,
  Yet whispering dimly of a finer gold
Carved without blemish, with the splendid grace
  Of high design, not like ten thousandfold
  Of other similars from a mechanic mould.

She dreamed of gifts unbartered which to buy
  None would dare ask, and none could ever sell
(For merchants have them not), things secretly
  Wrought with slow pains far in the inmost cell
Of the human heart, things quaint and wonderful,
  Things that a man would hide from his own eyes
For fear of his own laughter, things too full
  Of aching aspiration and surmise,
  Beyond all use save one, beyond all price.

IN MEMORY OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Beyond all use save that it should be given
Once wholly and for ever, with strong hands
From its deep hiding-place suddenly riven,
Tendered with downcast eyes the while he stands
Trembling, shamefast, with apprehension sick,
By stress of sacrifice the virtue all departed
Out of his soul, distraught by lunatic
Strange terrors lest his gift go unregarded
And he be left Time's fool, crazy and broken-hearted.

Such giving did she dream, which to requite
Should be a sudden, flooding ecstasy,
The casket of her heart unlockèd quite
And rent the stubborn veil of memory,
The whisper of a long forgotten tongue
Piercing her soul with a delightful pain,
The great stone which had closed her heart so long
Rolled clean away, and she step forth again
A princess manifest, a child withouten stain ;

Who, long since pillowed in the dreams so deep
That are our life, yet heard the timid voice
Of one who also turned within his sleep
And cried ; so she awoke and without noise
Arose and went on tip-toe to his side
And softly stroked his face and softly said
Some little foolish words which should abide
To comfort him against the hour she sped
Where they had been together when the bright day
fled.

1916 : 1923.

RELIGION & CHRISTIANITY

By John Middleton Murry

Of late I have been brought into contact with many members of the Christian Church—Roman Catholics and Anglicans. It is not easy to say why it should have happened so. Possibly it is because I have become curious about these things and eager to discover for myself what reality there is in Christianity to-day; so that I have paused to ask and listen where in the old days I would have passed by on the other side. Or it *may be—and this is nearer to my own belief—that there* is some sort of destiny and design in these encounters; for it seems to me that a moment may come in one's life whenceforward "everything has a meaning" and circumstances put off for ever their old appearance of fortuitousness.

There were many things I desired to learn; but the chief of all was this. I wanted to learn *how* it was possible for a man to believe in what I call the dogmas of Christianity, whether at their simplest in the Apostles' Creed of the English Church or at their most complicated in the (to me scarcely intelligible) doctrines of the Roman Catholic. The attitude of mind and soul which such a belief seemed to demand was so alien to my own that I longed to know whether it really existed. For I think I know from my own experience what belief actually is; I believe that there is a God and that I have a soul. It has taken me many years and much painful experience to reach a knowledge of those truths: I knew them both at the same moment, and I believe I know that knowledge of the one depends upon know-

ledge of the other. You cannot believe you have a soul, you cannot believe in your own real and independent existence, without believing in the existence of God. And this belief is just as simple and certain as the knowledge that I am sitting now in a ridiculously small armchair before a gas-fire, writing with an old draughtboard on my knees for a desk. I would, as I have said before, rather call this knowledge than belief; but the name is of no great consequence.

Now it seemed to me, and seems no less to-day, that it is inconceivable and unimaginable that any human being should believe in the dogmas of the Christian Church in the same way that I believe in the existence of God and of my own soul. The things to be believed are of a totally different order, and the luminous certainty with which it is possible to apprehend the interdependent existence of God and one's self is quite inconceivable with regard to the formulated creeds of the Christian Church. Moreover, it seemed, and still seems, plain to me that if a man knew the former, he must inevitably see that the latter were irrelevant.

My curiosity became active some three months ago when chance threw me together with an eminent Roman Catholic, and in the course of a vaguely theological conversation, I spontaneously confessed my utter inability to understand *how* a Roman Catholic believed what he was supposed to believe. Did he possess (I wondered) some whole faculty of soul which had been denied to me? For at that time, though it seemed to me scarcely credible, I was willing to admit such a possibility. My astonishment was profound and overwhelming when I heard my companion reply: "Oh, all that's very easy, you know, if you can manage to believe in the existence of God: that's where the real difficulty comes in." And I understood immediately from the way he spoke that it was a very real difficulty for him, and moreover that he had not solved it.

Perhaps that reply will not appear so extraordinary to my readers as it appeared to me. But it struck me as an astonishing confession, the more astonishing because he evidently felt that there was nothing very astonishing in it. For a moment I was dumb. Then I said: "But I *know* that God exists." There followed a much longer silence; it was strange and oppressive. "You're lucky," he said at last. But during the silence my mind had been busy, with some such train of thought as this: "He finds it easy to believe in dogma, and hard to believe in God: I find it inevitable to believe in the existence of God, and impossible for that very reason to believe in dogma. And somehow his confession confirms my own surmise: that it is impossible to reconcile a belief in dogma with a self-discovered certainty of the existence of God. He finds it easy to accept the dogmas, *if* he can believe that God exists, because his belief is in the main an intellectual act. He manages, by some sleight of brain, to *conceive* for a moment the existence of a God; and this intellectually conceived God of his has intellectually conceived attributes—omnipotence, omniscience, and the rest. Therefore, why should he not work miracles? Why not, indeed? But the fact remains that a God whom you have to conceive intellectually is a God of whose existence you are not, never have been, and never will be certain. For a God of whom you are certain must reject as alien, attributes derived from a faculty of the soul which is but a fragment or a facet of the consciousness that knows him."

So I mused within myself; and settled the problem *how* a man believes in Christian dogma, settled the problem, that is, to my own satisfaction. He does not believe, as I understand belief. Instead he achieves some sort of willing suspension of disbelief. I know that condition also from my own experience; and I also know that the two conditions are as different from each

other as twilight is different from the brightness of a noonday sun.

Nevertheless, I wanted to learn more. I met more professing Christians of many kinds ; and almost always, in one form or another, the answer was the same. They had not belief, not the irrefragable and luminous certainty of the existence of God, which alone to me deserves the name of belief in God, but some willing or anxious suspension of disbelief, which cannot take its place. And I began to wonder why they should be willing or anxious to conjure thus with themselves, for to me such efforts seem a derogation from human dignity. It lies in the very dignity of man to stand or fall by his own knowledge. His duties to himself in this regard are two : first, not to shut himself off from knowledge by any preconceived idea that knowledge can be only of one single and familiar kind, but to keep himself open to the entrance of certainty whencesoever it may come—and a certainty is quite simply defined : it is a conviction by which a man is prepared to live and, if need be, to die—and the second duty of a man is this : not to suffer himself to go an inch beyond his own knowledge, for beyond those bounds the realms of confusion and disquiet begin.

To one who holds this as the strongest of all his convictions, it was naturally a matter for wonder that there should be so many men who were willing to disobey this prime law of humanity. How could they do such a thing? What was their motive, and what their reward? And to this, as I talked to them, the answer slowly became manifest. Again it surprised me, surprised me first by its simplicity, and then by my own failure to have guessed at it. For their motive is fear, and their reward a refuge from the isolation which they fear. The prospect of being alone, to stand or fall by their own knowledge is intolerable to them. For this cause men have formed a society which is the Christian

Church ; for this cause they have devised declarations of membership which are the dogmas and creeds I find it so impossible to accept or to understand or even to value. And these declarations of membership are indeed irrelevant, for they are designed for a general acceptance, and are therefore intellectual formulations of that which cannot be formulated intellectually without being perverted and destroyed.

The truth of the matter, as I pondered over it, appeared to me thus : that the man who believes in God does not need a Church. He does not need the support of an organized community because he has learned to stand alone ; and it is inevitable that he should have learned to stand alone, because only by complete isolation can a man come to the certainty of the existence of God and of himself. And this thought of mine quickly became simplified into this clear opinion : that humanity is divided into men who are willing to stand alone and those who are not, and, further, that the God of those who will stand alone is different from the God of those who will not. The one God does not need to be defined because He does not need to be shared ; in order to believe in Him the man who stands alone does not need that others should partake his own belief. He would like them to reach it, he would do all that lies in him to hasten that day ; but he cannot do much, for he knows that each must reach it by his own way : and that way also must be a way of isolation.

Perhaps this great division is not so crystal-clear to others as it is to me. I think it a very important division, and one which, if we follow it, takes us direct to the heart of the age-old problem : What *is* Christianity ? We find that the answer is that Christianity is two distinct and different things.

For the man who is willing to stand alone, it is clear beyond all question that the God of Jesus Christ is the

God of a man who stood alone. There is no difficulty. The meaning of the most mysterious words of Jesus Christ can be rediscovered and ratified within himself by any man who will have the courage of his isolation, and he will know that Christ was indeed the great pioneer and champion of humanity in the epoch in which we live. He explored life on our behalf, and he made clear the road by which any man who has the courage can make the crucial discovery of God's existence and his own. And the very condition of that exploration and discovery was that Christ should be a man : for it is not by any historical arguments that the man who stands alone denies the divinity of Christ. Moreover, he does not deny anything to Christ ; he is making a claim on His behalf ; he claims the complete humanity of Christ, because it is necessary to the complete significance of Christ, because only thus can He be truly understood, or truly loved, or truly followed. For to follow Christ is not to take simple words of His and try to obey them. You cannot know what they mean until you have followed Him in a deeper sense than this. When He said : " My little children, love one another," He meant another kind of love than that which the kind-hearted lavish upon their friends. And the only way to know what it means is to have followed Him into utter isolation, to have had one's forty days in the wilderness, to have fought down in oneself the terrible temptation to turn stones into bread, to have refused to the very last spark of one's strength to cheat oneself—" This once I will endure to the end, though I die "—, to have believed in nothing, to have become nothing, and to be born again. Then one begins to know something about God and oneself and love, that can be learned from no man and no Church.

Now this is not easy ; it is painful. Above all, it is intensely individualistic, though the final result is quite the reverse of individualistic. But human beings who

are lonely and afraid will not take the plunge into their own loneliness; they crave for some nearer and more comfortable way. After all, they feel, they can't be expected to do such things: they were not made to stand alone. And quite early they took precautions against such efforts being required of them by declaring that Christ was not human, but divine. That may sound cynical; I have no wish to be cynical: but the fact is that the Christ who is man demands infinitely more from men than the Christ who is God. The loyalty required is of an altogether more exacting kind, simply because it is a loyalty between men as men, and one which must be obeyed and pursued alone. Which is precisely what human beings, as a whole, most wish to avoid. They do not want to act for themselves, or to take responsibility for themselves. Therefore, the intense individualism of Christ was changed, by the single stroke of deifying Him, into an excuse for its opposite: He became the God of a Church, instead of the example of a man.

I am not suggesting (as Dostoevsky suggested in *The Grand Inquisitor*) that the change was deliberate and Machiavellian. It is simply explained by the fact that men are afraid of standing alone, and because they are afraid, they cannot understand the man who does. Christ appeared superhuman to His disciples. Doubtless, they loved Him; but that they understood Him no one who reads the Gospel narratives can believe for a moment. They were simple Jews who believed He was the Messiah who should restore Israel. When He spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven, they believed He was speaking of the Jewish kingdom; when He said "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," His words seemed to them unintelligible and mysterious. Quite naturally they felt that He was a man of higher order than themselves, and they made Him a God: there was nothing else for them to do.

And slowly and inevitably a great Church was organized to cover the Western world—the Christian Church. And look at the Western World to-day!

Christianity has failed, but not Christ. He has not been tried, save by lonely individuals whose words are remembered through the ages as His are remembered. There is nothing mysterious about His Gospel and His example; it is simply this: Take responsibility for yourself and stand alone. But there are many mysteries to be discovered if you take that road. And I believe that the future depends upon those who will take it, and on them alone. For surely we have learned that there is nothing to hope for from justice, or organization, or progress, or common sense, or any of the hundred fetishes on which men pin their faith. "Improve the mechanics of civilization!" cries one; "Follow the dictates of mere rational expediency!" cries another; and all will, in spite of all, be well. Nonsense! No one believes it, least of all those who cry out. And Lord Birkenhead's cynicisms evoke a reply as feeble as they themselves are cheap. "Why don't the Churches act?" comes yet another plaintive bleat. As though a Church ever did or ever could *act* save as a nation or an army! Why not say: "Please be good, everybody!" and have done with it?

But indeed the time is long past when we could delude ourselves into depending upon things which other men must do with us, if they are to be done at all. Can we even yet not realize that there is no hope in other men, and that there is, above all, no hope in the man who builds his hope on other men? There is hope in the man who will be and will do, alone. For the salvation of the world depends upon individuals, upon men who are willing to pay the debt they owe to their dignity as human beings by fighting out the battle in themselves until they possess their souls. They will understand one another; they will know each other at a

glance or at a word; they will not need societies, or organizations, or churches in order to be strong. Humanity has sought strength in masses too long and too disastrously. Let it try the way of separation; then it may achieve the unknown unity which it dumbly craves.

EINSTEIN AND DOSTOEVSKY.—Alexander Moszkowski gives the following account of a conversation with Einstein:

> "Personally," Einstein said, "I experience the greatest degree of pleasure in making contact with works of *Art*. They furnish me with happy feelings of an intensity such as I cannot derive from other realms."

To Moszkowski's question whether the remark related to literature, Einstein answered that he was at the moment thinking of literature particularly, and went on: "I meant it generally, but if you ask in whom I am most interested at present, I must answer: in Dostoevsky." And Einstein repeated the name several times with increasing emphasis. And as if to deal a mortal blow at every conceivable objection, he added: "Dostoevsky gives me more pleasure than any scientist, more than Gauss (the famous mathematician)." Einstein went on:

> "We must adopt a new basis of value if we wish to account for the fact that the greatest degree of happiness is to be expected from a work of art. It is the moral impression, the feeling of elevation, that takes hold of me when the work of art is presented. And I was thinking of these ethical factors when I gave preference to Dostoevsky's works. There is no need for me to carry out a literary analysis, nor to enter on a search for psychological subtleties, for all investigations of this kind fail to penetrate to the heart of a work such as *The Brothers Karamazov*. This can be grasped only by means of the feelings, that find satisfaction in passing through trying and difficult circumstances, and that become intensified to exultation when the author offers the reader 'ethical satisfaction.' I can find no other words for it."

MORE EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By Katherine Mansfield

SATURDAY. Peaceful and gay. The whole house takes the air. Athenaeum is asleep and then awake on the studio sopha. He has a silver spoonful of my cream at lunch time—then hides under the sofa frill and plays the game of the Darting Paw. I gather the dried leaves from the plant in the big white bowl ; they are powdered with silver. There is nobody in the house ; and yet whose is this faint whispering? On the stairs there are tiny spots of gold—tiny footprints. . . .

The red geraniums have bought the garden over my head and taken possession. They are settled in, every leaf and flower unpacked and in its place and never do they mean to move again ! Well—that I could bear. But why because I've let them in should they throw me out? They won't even let me lie on the grass without their shouting : " *Im*-pudence."

B. digs the garden as though he were exhuming a hated body or making a hole for a loved one.

The ardent creature spent more than half her time in church praying to be delivered from temptation. But God grew impatient at last and caused the door to be shut against her. " For Heaven's sake," said he, " give the temptation a chance ! "

Cook to see me.

As I opened the door I saw her sitting in the middle
f the room hunched, hunched, still. . . . She got up,
bedient, like a prisoner when you enter a cell. And
er eyes said, like a prisoner's eyes say, " Knowing the
fe I've had, I'm the last to be surprised at finding
ıyself here."

It's raining, but the air is soft, smoky, warm. Big
rops patter on the languid leaves, the tobacco flowers
ean over. Now there is a rustle in the ivy. Wingley
as appeared from the garden next door ; he bounds
om the wall. And delicately, lifting his paws, point-
ıg his ears, very afraid that big wave will overtake
im, he wades over the lake of green grass.

X. loves the louse for its own sake. He has pedigree
ce and keeps them in tiny bottles. They feed from
is arm. And he spends his life dissecting them and
nding their glands and so on.

As S. stood at the door he said quietly, " Nothing is
ıcurable. What seems so useless to-day may be the
nk that will make all plain to-morrow." We had been
iscussing hydatids, the Egyptian parasite that begins
s cycle of existence in a water-snail, and the effects of
ydrophobia. He smiled gently. There was nothing
ɔ be alarmed or shocked or surprised at. It was all a
uestion of knowing these things as they should be
nown and not otherwise. But he said none of this and
ent off to his next case. . . .

At breakfast time a mosquito and a wasp came to the
dge of the honey dish to drink. The mosquito was
lovely little high-stepping gazelle, but the wasp was
fierce roaring tiger. Drink, my darlings !

When the coffee is cold L. M. says : " These things

have to happen sometimes." And she looks mysterious and important, as if, as a matter of fact, she had known all along that this was a cold coffee day.

What I felt was, he said, that I wasn't in the whole of myself at all. I'd got locked in, somehow, in some little . . . top room in my mind, and strangers had got in—people I'd never seen before were making free of the rest of it. There was a dreadful feeling of confusion, chiefly that, and . . . vague noises—like things being moved—changed about—in my head. I lit the candle and sat up and in the mirror I saw a dark, brooding, strangely lengthened face.

" The feeling roused by the cause is more important than the cause itself." . . . That is the kind of thing I like to say to myself as I get into the train. And then, as one settles into the corner, " For example "—or " Take—for instance " . . . It's a good game for *one*.

She fastens on a white veil and hardly knows herself. Is it becoming or is it not becoming? Ah, who is there to say? There is a lace butterfly on her left cheek and a spray of flowers on her right. Two dark bold eyes stare through the mesh. Surely not hers. Her lips tremble; faint, she sinks on her bed. And now she doesn't want to go. Must she? She is being driven out of the flat by those bold eyes. Out you go! Ah, how cruel! (*Second Violin.*)

But her hand is large and cold with big knuckles and short square nails. It is not a little velvet hand that sighs, that yields—faints dead away and has to be revived again only to faint once more. (*S. V.*)

What do I want? she thought. What do I really

want more than anything else in the world? If I had a wishing ring or Ali Baba's lamp—no, it wasn't Ali Baba—it was—Oh, what did it matter! Just supposing someone came . . . " I am here to grant your dearest wish." And she saw, vaguely, a fluffy little creature with a silver paper star on a wand—a school fairy. . . . What should I say? It was cold in the kitchen, cold and dim. The tap dripped slowly, as tho' the water were half frozen. . . . (*S. V.*)

Midday strikes on various bells—some velvety soft, some languid, some regretful, and one impatient—a youthful bell ringing high and quick above the rest. He thought joyfully: " That's the bell for me! " . . .

Cinderella: Oh, my sisters—my beautiful peacock-proud sisters—have pity on me as I sit with my little broom beside the cold ashes while you dance at the Prince's party. But why—is the Fairy Godmother, the coach, the plumes and glass slippers just—faery—and all the rest of the story deeply, deeply true? Fate, I suppose—Fate. It had to be. These things happen so. La réponse: " Poor old girl—of course, one is awfully sorry for her, but she does become a bore—doesn't she? There's no getting away from it."

When they got into bed together her feet rushed to greet his like little puppies that had been separated all day from their brothers. And first they chased one another and played and nudged gently. But then, they settled down, curled up, twined together under the clothes (like puppies on a warm hearthrug) and went to sleep.

Dark Bogey is a little inclined to jump into the milk jug to rescue the fly.

Fairylike, the fire rose in two branched flames like the golden antlers of some enchanted stag.

Two climates. I'd always rather be in a place that is too hot rather than one that's too cold. But I'd always rather be with people who loved me too little rather than with people who loved me too much.

" She has made her bed," said Belle—" she must lie on it." I reflected thankfully that in this case that would be no hardship. On the contrary, indeed, I hoped it was what they were both longing to do. . .

North Africa. " The whole valley is smothered in little white lilies. You never saw such a sight ! They make me feel so wretchedly homesick. They smell just like dear old Selfridge's."

Souvent j'ai dit à mon mari : Nous en prenons un? Et il me dit : Ah, non, non, ma pauvre femme. Notre petit moment pour jouer est passé. Je ne peux rien faire que de rester dans ma chaise en faisant des grimaces, et ça fait trembler plus que ça ne fait rire un petit enfant.

When I read Dr. Johnson, I feel like a little girl sitting at the same table. My eyes grow round. I don't only listen ; I take him in *immensely*.

" Don't you think it would be marvellous," she said, " to have just one person in one's life to whom one could tell everything ? " She leant forward, put down her cup, but stayed bent forward touching the spoon against the saucer. She looked up. " Or is it just childish of me—just absurd to want such a thing ? . . . All the same," she leaned back, smiling, " childish or not—how wonderful it would be—how wonderful !—to

want more than anything else in the world? If I had a wishing ring or Ali Baba's lamp—no, it wasn't Ali Baba—it was—Oh, what did it matter! Just supposing someone came . . . " I am here to grant your dearest wish." And she saw, vaguely, a fluffy little creature with a silver paper star on a wand—a school fairy. . . . What should I say? It was cold in the kitchen, cold and dim. The tap dripped slowly, as tho' the water were half frozen. . . . (*S. V.*)

Midday strikes on various bells—some velvety soft, some languid, some regretful, and one impatient—a youthful bell ringing high and quick above the rest. He thought joyfully: " That's the bell for me! " . . .

Cinderella: Oh, my sisters—my beautiful peacock-proud sisters—have pity on me as I sit with my little broom beside the cold ashes while you dance at the Prince's party. But why—is the Fairy Godmother, the coach, the plumes and glass slippers just—faery—and all the rest of the story deeply, deeply true? Fate, I suppose—Fate. It had to be. These things happen so. La réponse: " Poor old girl—of course, one is awfully sorry for her, but she does become a bore—doesn't she? There's no getting away from it."

When they got into bed together her feet rushed to greet his like little puppies that had been separated all day from their brothers. And first they chased one another and played and nudged gently. But then, they settled down, curled up, twined together under the clothes (like puppies on a warm hearthrug) and went to sleep.

Dark Bogey is a little inclined to jump into the milk jug to rescue the fly.

Fairylike, the fire rose in two branched flames like the golden antlers of some enchanted stag.

Two climates. I'd always rather be in a place that is too hot rather than one that's too cold. But I'd always rather be with people who loved me too little rather than with people who loved me too much.

" She has made her bed," said Belle—" she must lie on it." I reflected thankfully that in this case that would be no hardship. On the contrary, indeed, I hoped it was what they were both longing to do. . .

North Africa. " The whole valley is smothered in little white lilies. You never saw such a sight! They make me feel so wretchedly homesick. They smell just like dear old Selfridge's."

Souvent j'ai dit à mon mari : Nous en prenons un? Et il me dit : Ah, non, non, ma pauvre femme. Notre petit moment pour jouer est passé. Je ne peux rien faire que de rester dans ma chaise en faisant des grimaces, et ça fait trembler plus que ça ne fait rire un petit enfant.

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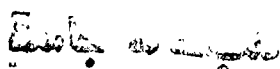
feel—from this person, this one person—I really don't need to hide anything. It would be such heavenly happiness!" she cried, suddenly, "it would make life so. . . ." She got up, went to the window, looked out vaguely and turned round again. She laughed. "It's a queer thing," she said, "I've always believed in the possibility—and yet—in reality. . . . Take R. and me, for instance." And here she flung back in a chair and leant back; still she was laughing but her body leaned to the chair as though exhausted. "I tell him everything. You know we're . . . rather different from most p ople. What I mean is—don't laugh—we love each other simply tremendously—we're everything to each other! In fact, he's the one person on earth for me—and yet," and she shut her eyes and bit her lip as though she wanted to stop laughing herself: "try, try, try as I can—there is always just one secret—just one—that never can be told—that mocks me." And then for a moment she lay still. . . .

I saw S. as a little fair man with a walrus moustache, a bowler much too small for him and an ancient frock coat that he keeps buttoning and unbuttoning. B. saw him as a grave gentleman with big black whiskers. Anyhow, there he was at the end of a dark tunnel, either coming towards us or walking away. . . . That started us on a fascinating subject. There are the people in B.'s life I've never seen (very few) and the immense number in mine that he has only heard of. What did they look like to us? And then, before we meet anyone, while they are still far too far off to be seen, we begin to build an image . . . how true is it? it's queer how well one gets to know this stranger; how often you've watched him before the other comes to take his place. . . . I can even imagine someone keeping their "first impression"—*in spite of* the other.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE

By John Stuart Mill

[The following unpublished speech by John Stuart Mill was spoken in 1827 or 1828. The autograph manuscript from which it is taken is written, curiously enough, on the back of a number of foolscap sheets of an autograph manuscript by Jeremy Bentham on Evidence dated 1806. But Mill's speech is published not as a literary curiosity, but for the sound sense and permanent value it contains.]

When I proposed this question, I wondered rather what subject it might be useful to the society to discuss, than what I myself was equal to, not to mention other deficiencies (for the extent of my reading was never adequate to so vast a question), and now after a lapse of six months I have entirely lost the train of thought which suggested it. Fortunately the duty of an opener is rather to indicate the topics than to discuss them. I leave it to others to institute an elaborate comparison between our old and our new writers and between our own and those of any other country. I myself would rather hint at the principal vices which appear to me to distinguish the literature of the day and the circumstances peculiar to our own times by which those vices seem to me to have been generated.

The word literature has several acceptations : in its most confined sense it means poetry and novels, in its widest every written or spoken composition. Conformably to what I think the established usage, I shall use it in a sense intermediate between these two extremes, not confining it to works of imagination only

nor yet extending it to comprehend works of pure science and philosophy, in which I confess we rank higher than at any former period. I include in literature all which can be denominated popular publications, all which address themselves to the general reader, whether they are intended for amusement only or profess to contain discussions on political, moral, or, in the narrow sense of the word, literary subjects. In these compositions, we are to distinguish two things, the matter and the manner. The literature of any country may be properly said to have deteriorated, if its tendency in regard to the opinions and sentiments which it inculcates has grown worse, and if it is less distinguished than formerly by the beauties of composition and style. In both these respects I am inclined to think that our literature has declined and is declining. In order to establish this, it is not necessary that I should deny that we possess at present writers of merit, perhaps equal in their respective lines to any who have preceded them. When we speak of the character of our literature, we do not mean that of particular writers but the general spirit and quality of the mass : if this has degenerated, our literature has degenerated and my case is made out.

I say little about poetry because nobody will contest that we have no one poet of the first rank, unless it be Wordsworth, and he will probably never write any more. No new poets have arisen or seem likely to arise to succeed those who have gone off the stage or speedily will. I am not sure that I am able to assign any cause of our being thus left without poets, as it seems probable that we soon shall be, and if I were to attempt it it would lead me into a longer discussion than the society would be disposed to listen to. I therefore leave the fact to speak for itself and shall confine myself to our prose writers of whose degeneracy I feel myself more capable of divining the cause.

THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE

The influence of literature upon civilization is a topic which has frequently been insisted upon, and certainly not oftener than its importance deserves. The influence of civilization upon literature, though not less remarkable, has not perhaps received from philosophers all the attention which is its due. We all see how individuals (the writer) act upon masses (the readers), but it is not so obvious at first sight to what a prodigious extent masses react upon individuals, and we are perhaps too ready to ascribe the peculiar modes of thinking which are prevalent in every age to its literary men, without considering that the majority of literary men take their colour from the age in which they live.

Every man is a man long before he is a poet or a philosopher. Thousands of impressions are made upon the mind from without before it acquires the power of originating a single one from within. Every man, long before he begins to think or to write, has imbibed more or less of the opinions, the sentiments, the modes of thinking and acting, the habits and associations of that portion of mankind among whom his lot is cast. We all know the power of early impressions over the human mind and how often the direction which they give decides the whole character, the whole life of the man. The greatest men of every age, generally bear a family likeness to their contemporaries: the most splendid monuments of genius which literature can boast of bear almost universally in a greater or less degree the stamp of their age. But over the vast majority of literary men the spirit of their age rules absolutely supreme, because they studiously endeavour to resemble it, and not only imitate but are apt to caricature its leading peculiarities.

It is the demand in literature, as in most other things, which calls forth the supply. Among mental as well as among physical endowments, that is most cultivated which is most admired. When the public bestowed so much of its admiration upon skill in cutting throats that

it had very little to spare for anything else, all the ardent characters betook themselves to the trade of blood, and made it their pride to be distinguished chiefly by the warlike virtues. At other times, when the chief source of reputation was oratorical or poetical merit everybody who possessed or thought he possessed genius was an orator or a poet. There have always been men, who, without much aiming at reputation, wrote chiefly to please themselves or to improve their readers. But the grand object of writers in general is success. The qualities most calculated to ensure success constitute the sole idea they have of merit : they cultivate in their own minds a habit of being pleased with that which they find pleasing those to whom they address themselves : their aim is to be read and admired, and the degree in which that aim is successful, is the test by which they try their own merits and those of others. The weaker minds cannot resist the contagion of the common opinion or the common taste : and such of the stronger as prefer the honour and profit of pleasing others to the satisfaction of pleasing themselves, set the example to their numerous imitators of sailing with the stream.

Assuming therefore as an indisputable truth, that the writers of every age are for the most part what the readers make them, it becomes important to the present question to consider who formed the reading public formerly, and who compose it now.

The present age is very remarkably distinguished from all other ages by the number of persons who can read, and, what is of more consequence, by the number who do. Our working classes have learned to read, and our idle classes have learned to find pleasure in reading, and to devote a part of that time to it which they formerly spent in amusements of a grosser kind. That human nature will be a gainer, and that in a high degree, by this change, no one can be more firmly convinced than I am : but it will perhaps be found that the

benefit lies rather in the ultimate than in the immediate effects. Reading is necessary; but no wise or even sensible man was ever made by reading alone. The proper use of reading is to be subservient to thinking. It is by those who read to think, that knowledge is advanced, prejudices dispelled and the physical and moral condition of mankind is improved. I cannot however perceive that the general diffusion (so remarkable in our own day) of the taste for reading, has yet been accompanied by any marked increase in taste for the severer exercises of the intellect; that such will one day be its effect may fairly be presumed; but it has not yet declared itself: and it is to the immense multiplication in the present day of those who read but do not think that I should be disposed to ascribe what I view as the degeneracy of our literature.

In former days the literate and the learned formed a class apart: and few concerned themselves with literature and philosophy except those who had leisure and inclination to form their philosophical opinions by study and meditation and to cultivate their literary taste by the assiduous perusal of the most approved models. Those whose sole occupation was pleasure, did not seek it in books, but in the gaieties of a court, or in field sports and debauchery. The public for which authors wrote was a small, but, to a very considerable degree, an instructed public; and their suffrages were only to be gained by thinking to a certain extent profoundly and by writing well. The authors who were then in highest reputation are chiefly those to whom we now look back as the ablest thinkers and best writers of their time. No doubt there were many blockheads among the reading public in those days, as well as in our own, and the blockheads often egregiously misplaced their admiration, as blockheads are wont: but the applause of the blockhead was not then the object aimed at even by those who obtained it, and they did not constitute so large and influential a

clan of readers, as to tempt any writer of talent to lay himself out for their admiration. If an author failed in obtaining the suffrages of men of knowledge and taste it was for want of powers not from the misapplication of them. The case is now altered. We live in a refined age, and there is a corresponding refinement in our amusements. It is now the height of *mauvais ton* to be drunk, neither is it any longer considered decorous among gentlemen that the staple of their conversation should consist of bawdy. Reading has become one of the most approved and fashionable methods of killing time, and the number of persons who have skimmed the surface of literature is far greater than at any previous period of our history. Our writers, therefore, find that the greatest success is now to be obtained by writing for the many ; and endeavouring all they can to bring themselves down to the level of the many, both in their matter and in the manner of expressing it.

It is notorious that half-instructed persons can never appreciate the highest order of excellence either in thought or in composition. Of deep thought, no one can properly judge but those who think : profound and original ideas can only be properly understood by him who will take the trouble to go through in his own mind the process of thought by which they were arrived at : and a book which gives the trouble of thought, is by those unused to think speedily laid aside as incomprehensible and dull. In like manner the beauties of the highest order in a literary composition are such as cannot be apprehended and felt without the exercise of the thinking faculty. I may instance the works of two of the most highly gifted minds which their respective nations have produced, Demosthenes and Milton. Of these may indeed be affirmed what Quintilian has said with somewhat less justice of Cicero : *sciat etc.* . . . In neither of them is there anything to captivate a vulgar mind : and if not overawed by their reputation,

the dunces and coxcombs would unanimously agree in voting Demosthenes commonplace and Milton a bore.

A literature, therefore, of which the chief aim is to be read and applauded by the half-instructed many, is altogether precluded from the higher excellences both of thought and of composition. To obtain the character of a sound or brilliant thinker and a fine writer among superficial people it is a very different set of qualities which must be cultivated.

People are in general much better pleased with the man who persuades them that they have always been right, than with the man who tells them that they are wrong. No one, except the very few, with whom truth is a consideration paramount to all others, is pleased with any person for convincing him that he has been in error : and if to think is always, to most people, a labour too irksome to be borne, more especially will they turn a deaf ear to the man who bids them think when the consequence intended is their being disabused of their favourite opinions, opinions, too, which they perhaps have an interest in sticking to. There remain two paths to reputation and success. One is, to advocate strenuously and if possible enthusiastically the reigning opinions, all, but especially those in which any influential part of the community has an interest : to heap insult and opprobrium on all who dissent from those opinions and to keep those who profess them well supplied with reasons to make themselves and others better satisfied with those opinions than before. Of the class of writers who pursue this plan—a class comprising the great bulk of our moral and political writers—the greatest living example is Dr. Southey. The other, for there is another mode of obtaining among half-instructed persons a reputation for talent, is by dealing in paradoxes. There are two ways of being a paradox-monger. One is by professing opinions which were not likely to occur to anybody. But a still better way, is by maintaining

opinions so perfectly silly, that they are at once rejected by everybody. The source of reputation in this case, besides the strangeness of the opinion, is the surprise which everyone feels on finding that there is anything plausible to be said in behalf of so very gross and palpable an absurdity. If a man shows any talent in the defence of it he is accordingly set down as at least a very clever and ingenious person; and if he has managed well and made choice of a paradox which flatters any of the passions or inclinations common to mankind or to any influential class or party among mankind he makes a crowd of proselytes and at once establishes his reputation as a profound and original thinker. Among those who in our own day have most distinguished themselves in this field it would be unjust to refuse the first place to the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey, who has shown by his celebrated argument against the progressiveness of human nature and by many other paradoxes besides, that he stands foremost among mankind in the art of saying something very plausible in a case so bad that hardly anybody besides himself would have fancied that anything could be said for it at all.

So much for the matter of our modern writers: now as to their style. It is sufficiently notorious that the kind of writing which is preferred by instructed and cultivated minds, is not that which pleases the half-instructed and pseudo-refined; and although whatever gives pleasure to anybody is so far good, our standard of taste, if we have one, must be founded on what it is incident to minds of the highest degree of cultivation to approve and admire. Now it has always been laid down by them as a rule that the chief excellence of style is to express the meaning exactly and without any appearance of effort, to express it in short as a man of sense and education, filled with his subject and quite indifferent to display, might be supposed to express it spontaneously. Everyone who has been accustomed in writing to make

this unaffected simplicity his model, knows how prodigiously it transcends every other style in difficulty : he knows that really to write without effort, is by no means the way to appear without effort, and that when even a man of talent gives the reins to his imagination, and uses the first expressions which occur to him, what he writes will either be feeble and vapid in general with a brilliant passage now and then, or else such stuff as is in *Blackwood's Magazine.* A practised writer knows the immense labour of the *ars celandi artem:* how much more art it requires to speak naturally than to speak affectedly : in what rude and inappropriate language a thought first suggests itself to the mind, and what pains are necessary to make the word suit the idea so exactly that the one shall appear to have been immediately suggested by the other. It is when this attempt is most completely successful that common readers are least capable of appreciating it. It is when a thought is very felicitously expressed that every dunce who reads it thinks he could have expressed it as well. The vulgar taste in style is like the vulgar taste in most other things : everything is admired, in proportion as it deviates from Nature ; and, therefore, from what the dunce who pretends to judge of it thinks would have occurred to himself. A ranting player who tears a passion to rags is generally more admired by persons unacquainted with the external indications of real passion than a chaste and natural actor, because in him the art is not perceived, his imitation of Nature appears Nature itself, and where they can perceive no difficulty they ascribe no merit. So in style, a half-cultivated taste is always caught by gaudy, affected, and meretricious ornament, contributing nothing either to the clearness of the idea or the vividness of the leading image ; the effusion of a mind not in earnest ; the play of an imagination occupied with everything in the world except the subject. The writers whom the vulgar admire are those

who deal in conceits with Mr. Moore, or commonplace metaphor with Mr. Jeffrey, or extravagant and far-fetched metaphors with Mr. Hazlitt or the Rev. Mr. Irving. And those who do not aim at this kind of style become careless and aim at no style at all. We have at this time many tolerable writers, but scarcely one who has attained distinguished excellence in style. I must except Sir W. Scott, who, in his peculiar department, description of external Nature, is without a rival, though in descriptions of human emotions and passions Richardson far excels him. But whom have we to compare in wit and idiomatic English with Dr. South, in easy, quiet, unaffected humour with Addison and Goldsmith, in grave Cervantes-like irony with Fielding, in nervous simplicity and poignant satire with Swift, in pathos, though stained by much affectation, with Sterne? Whom have we who can equal Hume in graceful narrative, Bolingbroke in brilliant and animated declamation, Mandeville in copious and appropriate though homely illustration, and which of our authors can rank with Berkeley for the felicitous expression of abstruse thoughts, or can match in exuberance of fancy corrected by the severest judgment that wonderful master of figurative eloquence, Lord Bacon?

I say nothing of what are commonly called our old writers, because my knowledge of them is not extensive, but the writers I have named are sufficient to exemplify the superiority in point of mere writing of other ages to our own.

It remains to mention one feature which particularly marks the literature of the present day, and which I think has contributed more than any other to its degradation. I mean the prevalence of periodical publications. This has operated unfavourably upon our literature in a variety of ways. In the first place periodical works are written more exclusively than any others for the day. They are, therefore, under still stronger inducements

than other works, to chime in with the tastes of the day, and the prejudices of the day. All other writers, though they cannot attain immediate, may hope for ultimate reputation and success by being above their age. Periodical writers must have immediate success or none at all. "I hate journals," says Goethe somewhere, "because they are the slaves of the day"; and ample experience confirms the truth of the observation.

It has been said in favour of periodical publications, that they promote a taste for reading, and this praise they undoubtedly deserve: but it may be doubted whether they occasion the reading of much besides themselves. If they cause many to go on to books who begin with newspapers and reviews, they also induce many to satisfy themselves with reviews who would otherwise have read books. And they contribute much to diminish the number of good books. Formerly a young writer appeared before the public under his own colours: if he made his way it was by having sufficient merit to gain a reputation of his own, and he was, therefore, anxious to make his productions as perfect as he was able before he suffered them to see the light. In this manner the taste for literary distinction, not being early or easily gratified, grew into a passion, became deeply rooted in his mind, and if he really possessed talent, rendered him probably for the whole of his life a distinguished literary character. But now every young writer who possesses the moderate degree of cleverness necessary to enable him to compose a readable article for a review, finds he can turn his small capital of intellect to so good an account by writing for periodicals that it would be labour lost to wait till he had made that capital larger: especially as that accuracy of research, that depth of thought, and that highly finished style, which are so essential to a work destined for posterity would not only not contribute to his success, but would obstruct it by taking up his time, and preventing him

from composing rapidly. Writing anonymously, he is not afraid of compromising his reputation, and the first crude offspring of his brain, poured forth in a style which will always be good enough if it is grammatical and runs pretty smoothly, passes from hand to hand by virtue of the reputation of the review, and if it have any merit at all gains for the writer such a moderate portion of celebrity as generally appeases the first cravings of his appetite and leaves him lukewarm about the attainment of a higher degree of distinction and averse to the severe application which it would require. I cannot help ascribing partly to this cause the very small number of good prose works which have been published for many years past, except indeed novels, a branch of literature which pays so well that there is always a sufficient motive for producing it.

I have a still heavier charge against periodical literature: it is this which has made literature a trade. Nothing else would have rendered the literary profession sufficiently lucrative to tempt men into it for the mere sake of pecuniary profit. We read in Pope and our other satirists of many dunces whose evil genius persuaded them to write, to the great grief of their relations and injury of their worldly concerns; and who, from a real fondness for the occupation, preferred starving upon the scanty produce of their pen to earning a comfortable livelihood in any honest trade. But we do not find mention made by these authors of any who chose authorship as an advantageous investment of their labour and capital in a commercial point of view; contracted for a stipulated quantity of eloquence and wit, to be delivered on a certain day; were inspired punctually by 12 o'clock in order to be in time for the printer's boy at one; sold a burst of passion at so much per line and gave way to a movement of virtuous indignation as per order received. That a literary man should receive a remuneration for his labour is no more than just, pro-

vided he writes in every respect as he would have done, if he had no remuneration to expect. But whatever is a gainful occupation becomes the occupation of many who have nothing beyond the pecuniary gain in view. What is carried on as a trade, soon comes to be carried on upon mere trading principles of profit and loss. When literature is upon this footing it is of all trades almost without exception the most degraded and vile, on account of the insincerity and hypocrisy with which it is necessarily connected. Written composition, like any other form of human discourse, is only endurable so far as the opinions and sentiments which it promulgates are supposed to be the real opinions and genuine sentiments of the writer. The hack author who considers not what sentiments the subject ought to inspire, but only what are the sentiments which are expected of him, and who, after having on due inquiry and examination settled to the satisfaction of his own mind, which side of the question will be the marketable side, proceeds thereupon to brandish his mercenary thunders, and burst forth with the artificial transports of a bought enthusiasm ; the occupation of a street-walking prostitute is surely far more respectable. The present times have brought forth a plentiful harvest of this kind of handicrafts. It is fortunate indeed if scribes of this sort do nothing worse than this, in the way of their profession. There are literary . . . .

THE SHEPHERD

By King David *and* Herbert E. Palmer

I.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,
  I lie down in his meadows so green ;
I follow his lead where the low winds chant
  By the softly stealing stream.
And I seek to obey whate'er he saith
  Because he is my Lord ;
Though I grope through the Vale of the Shadow of Death
  He draws near me, my friend and adored ;
For his rod and his staff are so comforting,
  Director, and comrade, and priest ;
When my foemen are boasting and trumpeting
  He leads me awhile to his Feast.
Oh ! surely his mercy and kindness
  Shall abide after seeing is dim.
He is everlasting divineness,
  I will house me in him.

II.

Come, little David, come now down,
  Quit for awhile the skies ;
Run through the streets of London Town,
  Lend unto all your eyes.
Come with the waters the angels quaff
  From the rivers beyond the moon,
Come with your bright harp and shepherding staff
  Soon . . . Soon !

BIBLE BROWN

By H. M. Tomlinson

THAT romantic seaport town of the Orient made him uneasy. He wanted to get away from it. Yet how it had attracted him once—but that was when it was only a fine name on the map of the coast where the Indian Ocean meets the China Sea. Its upheaval of life startled him with a hint that it was without mind, and did not know its power and what it was doing. This life seemed to have no intelligence; it was driven by blind impulse, even to its own destruction. Humanity would go on, without knowing why, and without getting anywhere, till its momentum failed.

He would have to get away from the place. If Christ himself were there he would have to pull a jinrickshaw till he dropped, or sweat from sunrise to dark in an evil barge, even if he were lucky enough to escape one of those many diseases with a course as certain, in that climate, as a spark in tinder. He would have no name, though he had God's last word to men. He would be only a bubble on that broad tide, and when he went out who would notice it on such a flood?

But questions about human life in the East might just as well be addressed to the silent jungle, at the back of the town. That was fecund, coarse, and rank. No way was to be found through it. It climbed for air and light, and clung to its neighbours, glued itself to them and choked them or was choked, coiled in strong sappy lengths, was full of thorns and poisons, though sometimes it had a beautiful blossom and a sweet smell. The seaport was like the jungle. Its people flowing in dense

streams incessantly through its streets were moved by powers without more purpose or conscience than the unseen causes of the jungle and the coral reefs. These Chinese were not men and women, but conflicting torrents. And the white people only appeared to be different. But they were not. They were fewer, and so more noticeable. They were drifting on the same casual flood. They kept themselves cleaner and safer by superior cunning ; but they were going the same way, with the same barbarous indifference. Duty was whatever was most pleasant. Beauty was as far as the sunrise and sunset. Conscience was a funny prohibition of freedom. He would have regretted leaving home, only he began to see that the Orient, London, and the jungle, were all driven by the same unknown causes to an undesigned end. Human life had come to the earth, just as fungus comes at a certain incidence of moisture and warmth, and as it would slough when the right focus faded. All these movements of life would slow and stop as unreasonably as they began and continued, and nobody would ever know why.

Some of the men he met there enjoyed it. They preferred life without any restrictions. They quoted Kipling—they were always quoting Kipling. You were broadminded if you did as you pleased. Places like Malay Street were in the nature of things in the tropics, like hibiscus blossoms and fevers. It was no good expecting tabernacle notions to be helpful in that climate. Nothing mattered in life except to see that you did not get stung through carelessness when taking the honey.

He would have to get out of it. He boarded a little coasting steamer, and then learned she was bound for Bangkok. Anywhere would do. Bangkok would be another heaving pool of men, but there would be an interval of the sea between, which would take some time to cross. He had thought, when he left London, that he was escaping the shadow of the war, which was the

shadow of humanity without a head; but either that shadow was everywhere or else it was indistinguishable from his own. She was an old, neat, and homely little steamer. The ss. *Brunei* could have been lowered into the hold of a liner. She might have been a token out of the past of what had been good and solid. Yet her character would have been plain only to a sailor or an experienced traveller, because her lower deck was a tumult of Malay and Chinese passengers and her crew of natives; and parrots, shouting Chinese stevedores, and cargo hurtling through the air on hooks and slings.

There were four other saloon passengers, English planters and traders. One shared his cabin. That fellow was already occupying it, grunting as he stripped himself, "to get into something dry." The cabin smelt of his acrid body. "I've been ringing for that dam Chinese steward for ten minutes. Seen him about? I want a drink . . . but I know what it is. They're trying to hold me off. I'll have it though, I'll have that drink and another. Bible Brown can't stop me."

"Who's he?"

"Don't you know him? He's the skipper. The only man out here who thanks God at table with his head bowed over tinned food. It's a fact." His cabin mate chuckled while his head struggled with his shirt. "And he's against the booze and the ladies. But I ain't. Not in this God-forsaken world. How does he live?" His cabin mate dropped his heavy bulk suddenly on the settee and began to pull off his drawers.

So he left that small place to his chance companion. The collars, hairbrushes, cigar-boxes, boots, and clothes of that big, prompt, perspiring fellow were scattered over both bunks, the hooks, and the floor. Just forward of the cabin a little man in uniform was leaning over the rail, and in a mild voice was calling some advice to the lower deck. Then the little man turned wearily and absently, but saw him and surveyed

him with friendly eyes for a moment in a detachment which seemed to put centuries between them.

"Good-morning. Are you Mr. Royden? I've a parcel for you. Come with me." The little man led young Royden to a door over the top of which was the word Captain. The uproar of the anchorage remained outside that cabin ; it might have been an insulated compartment. Over a table by the foreward bulkhead, between two port-windows looking ahead, was a card with a bright floral design round the text, "Lo, I am with you always." A pair of spectacles rested on a large Bible, which lay beside a blotting-pad covered with shipping documents.

"We shall be leaving in an hour, Mr. Royden. I hope you will be comfortable aboard. She's very small, this ship, and bad when she rolls, but she'll stand anything." The captain looked up at his tall young passenger, and touched his arm in a reassuring way; he seemed tired and grey, as if he were holding on to a task of which now he knew the best and worst. His clipped and grizzled moustache and square chin checked any easy presumption on his good nature which might have been encouraged by his kindly brown eyes. "If you want any books to read, there you are," said the captain. He nodded to a small glass-fronted cupboard. Royden took one step and glanced at the books with interest. Then he shook his head. He would not have shown a smile about it, only when he turned the captain met his look with whimsical amusement. "I thought not," said Bible Brown. "Yet I don't know how I should have lived without them, out here, out here." The captain talked of politics, of the war, and of the affairs of the big town just outside, as though these were matters he had certainly heard about, were matters which experience teaches a man he should expect to meet in this world, and may take his notice for a moment from the real concerns of life. So Royden had been in

the war, in France? Yes? He gazed at his passenger thoughtfully for a second, but asked no questions. Royden felt a little indignant. That had been the most awful thing in history; and he had seen it. But this cold little man, with his Bible, thought nothing of human life. That didn't worry him. He didn't care what became of it.

All that day they were passing the land, close in. That coast must have been the same when the earliest navigators saw it. Man had made no impression on it. It had defeated his feverish activities with a tougher and more abundant growth. The sombreness of its forests looked like a sullen defiance. It would give no quarter. The turmoil of humanity at the big seaport from which they had sailed that morning appeared to have less significance than ever. This jungle, with the least chance, would push that swarm of men and women into the sea again. The day died in flames behind the forest, an appalling spectacle of despairing wrath, as in a final effort, soon quenched, to light an earth abandoned to dark savagery. Let it go.

The *Brunei* was in ultimate night itself, carrying its own frail glints, apparently nowhither. There was nothing in sight. The stars were hidden. There was only the melancholy chant of the surge, the song of the bodiless memory of an earth which has passed. On the lower deck, just showing in the feeble glow of a few lamps hanging from the beams, were what appeared to be a cargo of bundles of coloured rags. Not a sound came from there. Beneath the nearest of the lamps a little child lay asleep on its back beside a shapeless heap of crimson cloth. With its ivory skin it looked as though it were dead, in that light. Its tiny face expressed repose and entire confidence. One arm was stretched out, as though it had reached for something it wanted before it died, but the hand was empty, and the forgetful fingers were half-closed over the palm. On

the deck above, the three planters, round a table, were sitting in their pyjamas, drinking. They were not talking. They appeared to have surrendered to everything, after trying to escape together under that one light in ultimate night for company and refuge. They did not look at him.

Royden remembered that the captain had told him he might go up on the bridge whenever he felt like it. He fumbled in the gloom forward of the deck-house for the handrail of the ladder to the bridge, and felt his way up. For a moment he thought nobody was there, that the ship had been left to go where she pleased. Then he saw the head of a Malay, just the head in the darkness, apparently self-luminous, suspended, and with its eyes cast downwards, as though steadfastly contemplating the invisible body it had left. In another moment Royden saw the head was bent over the wheel. Then he heard a mild voice, as though it came from the sea, beyond the ship ; " Here I am." The captain was at the extremity of the starboard side of the bridge. The little man was only a shadow even when Royden stood next to him, leaning his arms on the rail, looking ahead. Neither spoke for some time. Nothing was to be seen ahead. There was no light, and no sea.

" I suppose," said Bible Brown presently, " the other passengers below are drinking."

" Yes. Well, some are sleeping."

The captain made no comment. Royden said, after a pause, " You must get a curious view of us. You see an odd habit or two of ours, for a few days, and then you see us no more."

Still the captain was silent. When he spoke he said, " You are mostly alike. You are simple enough. I know you."

Royden was slightly startled. The old fellow had never seen him before. But he smiled to himself when he thought that these cranks, too, were all alike.

" You are all alike," continued the captain. " I see you once—once or twice—and not again. You cannot help yourselves. . . . Sometimes I wish I could help you, but there is no time. You all know where you are going, and you are gone too quickly."

The complete assurance of the old fellow ! But what did he care for humanity after all ?

" You are going to Bangkok, Mr. Royden, aren't you ? " asked the captain. " Some voyages ago I had a passenger for there. Young like you, but a girl, a child. She had come out from England. She was a little different from the rest of you. I thought she looked like my own daughter. Couldn't make out what she was going to do in a place like that—an innocent girl of about twenty. She asked me some funny questions about Bangkok. I could see she was frightened. Then it came out. A native prince had sent her money, and there she was, going to marry him. Do you know what that means ? Well, I told her. Told her how many wives he had already. She cried. She didn't know till then. But do you think I could help her ? No, Mr. Royden. She had taken the money, and spent it, and there she was. She said she was forced to do it now. It was her duty. I had to leave her at Bangkok. She was bound to go, she said. . . . Poor little soul. Where is she to-night ? "

They both stared ahead. There it was entirely dark. The sound of the surge, to Royden, was like the droning of his own thoughts. All were drifting. Nobody really knew where they were going, nor why. Not even Bible Brown.

" I can't make out, captain," he said, " how you find your way in a darkness like this."

" Find my way ? This darkness is nothing. It is a fine night. I know my course. There is the compass. The darkness is nothing. I keep my course. To-morrow we shall be off Tumpat. I know where I am."

DOES THE PUBLIC KNOW WHAT IT WANTS?

By Charles Chaplin

In the days before the films had become a leading industry and the filming of complicated stories, the building of elaborate sets, the spending of weeks in preparation and standards of lighting and photography that prevail to-day were not even dreamed of, I was called upon to make a short comedy between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon. When I reached the studio of the old Keystone Company I was told by the director that a short comedy was needed and needed that day. I was promised that if I could turn out the sort of picture that was wanted I would receive an extra twenty-five dollars. I had no story, I hadn't even an idea, and I had no actors, but I wanted that twenty-five.

I dashed about the studio. " I want you for the girl, you for the heavy man, and you," I said to a stunt comedian, " to do just any bit of clowning."

Then I thought of my story. A beginning came to me, and we rarely had more than a beginning in those days. The character that I play in all my pictures was to be on a bridge, standing on the rail about to jump. A pretty girl passes by, and the would-be suicide changes his mind.

The resultant picture, which was called *Twenty Minutes of Love,* proved to be a fair success. The public was willing to vote it a laugh-maker, but in the filming of that crude little comedy I completely disregarded the public. I had a high regard for the twenty-

five dollars, and my job was to please the man who had asked me to make the picture, and not the public.

In the progress of the screen, which has made careful planning not only possible but necessary, a great deal of the old spontaneity which made converts to the screen in the early days has disappeared. Naturally, if it is necessary to spend several hundred thousand dollars instead of a few hundred, the business man, the banker, the artist, or whoever he is who puts up the money wants to be assured in his own mind that he has a good chance of success and that the public will respond.

And therefore we all argue about what " they " want —" they," of course, meaning the paying public. But this has created a situation which I firmly believe stultifies imagination and is a barrier to originality. When *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* proved a failure, although an artistic success unquestionably, our wiseacres jumped to the conclusion that the public did not want originality. Certainly *Caligari* was original, and surely it failed, but the truth of this does not mean that the public, although it may never like *Caligari* in any guise, is lined up in solid ranks to protest against originality.

The public may generalize that they do not want a certain type—*Caligari*, if you will; but that does not prove that they have a definite type in mind that they do want.

The public does not stand at the box-office window and say : " We want a drama after this pattern : Virtue shall be its own reward. Punishment shall be meted out to the wrongdoers, and there must be a happy ending, with the assurance that the boy and girl are to live happily for ever after. And there must be a nice blend of pathos and humour. Give us that, or we will stay away."

Nor does the public demand that the film comedy shall contain a good deal of slapstick, a certain number

of gags—and by " gags " I mean those good old tricks that have always proved successful—three or so dashes of serious situation and a bit of irony, to top off. The public has no such specifications for films. The demands of the public are negative at best. Entertainment is what " they " really want.

Quite frankly, I do not believe that the public knows what it wants ; that is the conclusion that I get from my own career. There was no idea in the public mind that it wanted to see the character that I have played in so many films and through so many situations until that character was revealed. Before I could get that character to the public I met with every discouragement. It would require quiet treatment, and what " they " wanted was robustness. It would be necessary to use make-up, and that was not effective on the screen. The public paid to see real persons as they are.

In the early days, when I made pictures for the sheer money and vicarious happiness I got out of the work, I had no responsibility, and I turned out genuine comedy. Suddenly, with no thought to that end, it was brought home to me, I may write in all modesty, that I was famous.

From that time on, at least from the time that I felt I had a reputation to sustain, I had responsibility, and my work became in most ways improved, but in many respects more studied. Finish alone, however, will not count for long. The more I thought and planned, the more I found that I was depending on the mechanism of humour and not the spirit. I was trying to intellectualize myself and to study the demands which the films were creating in the public. I wanted to please the people who were so good as to like me. I must give them what we call the " sure-fire stuff," or the things that are bound to get a laugh and often have nothing to do with the other action or the sheer exuberance of the story.

Just about this time, when I had decided that I knew what the public wanted and my success encouraged me to that belief, I received a jolt in the form of a letter from a man I have never seen and whose name I don't even know to-day, though his letter I can write here word for word. He had seen me in *The Fireman* in a large theatre in the Middle West, and wrote:

> I have noticed in your last picture a lack of spontaneity. Although the picture was unfailing as a laugh-getter, the laughter was not so round as at some of your earlier work. I am afraid you are becoming a slave to your public, whereas in most of your pictures the audiences were a slave to you. The public, Charlie, likes to be slaves.

This letter was a great lesson to me, and I took stock, so to speak. My work could be no good unless I got the right spirit of joy, joy in itself. And since that letter I have tried to avoid what I think the public wants. I prefer my taste as a truer expression of what the public wants of me than anything that I can fathom out of the things that I can observe, either in my own work or in that of others that are unmistakably successful. This is obviously not meant as a slap at the public, but rather at those of us who think we can tell just what "they" want, whether we are editors, theatrical managers, or business men who have commodities to sell to the public. In the eternal argument as to what is wrong with the pictures there is the recurring criticism that pictures are always alike. And they are, most of the time! If you are a regular follower of the films or if you have seen only a few pictures you will come to but one conclusion, and that is that in naming the best pictures you have seen you will not include five or six that are all in one field. You may like a certain actress and may go and see all of her pictures, but if called upon to select your favourites you will not place all of her six pictures in your pet list. Your list will contain variety, and most

often you will find that variety in something that is either very different or else is a new way of doing the old.

It must be certain that the public does not get what it wants, for the first of any new thing, type or story, or the first appearance of any new or different personality is almost always an immediate success. When Douglas Fairbanks left the stage and appeared on the screen he was a success at once. He offered something new and different to the conventional type of young American that had come to be known as the screen hero. He had served in the theatre and had from the beginning great seriousness, earnestness and enthusiasm for the films. But in his success the producers saw merely athletics, and, one after another, acrobats were brought forward to wrest his laurels from him. But Fairbanks' spirit and ability were missing, and some years afterwards the original was so firmly established in the public mind that no one bothered any longer to try to imitate him.

When a new personality comes along the producer concludes : " Now that's what ' they ' want—new personalities entirely. Let's get rid of the established favourites." But just then the old-time favourite comes back with a conventional or simple story that rings true, and it gets well-deserved success. But we may complicate the case still further : An old story made into a good film is produced ; it made no difference what the cast was in *Over the Hills ;* its story, although highly sentimental, had colour, sweep and universal appeal.

Now where are we? And they shake their heads. The confusion is more confused, because the very next week one of the new personalities may succeed quickly, as Valentino did in *The Four Horsemen.* I can just imagine how many arguments were made out of this man's success. The natural conclusion of the producer mind would be : " He's a foreigner ; they are tired of American faces." In this hastily arrived at conclusion

it is, of course, forgotten that Valentino is a good actor, handsome and, what so few actors are either on the stage or on the screen, picturesque and natural in costume, and that his first real success was when he was cast as a young soldier in the extremely well-made film from a popular and highly advertised novel, *The Four Horsemen.*

When we had such a run on vamp films, for which I am sure there was no great demand, one or two met with success, and the deduction was that the public wanted to see such pictures, and one sinful sister followed another in machine-made stories. When four or five of these failed the producer hesitated and pondered just what was the matter with the public. It was getting what it wanted and still stayed away. There might be a sixth attempt, which was by chance a good story, and the producer would be reassured that he was right after all, and then there could be no halting of the procession of chequered careers for women.

In the early days a few costume pictures were attempted and, because they were untrue, the acting bad, and the costumes the merest apology for correctness, the plays were disastrous to the box office. It was a stock argument that patrons would look at the billing in front of a picture house and, if they saw costumes in those advertisements, they journeyed across the street and saw some gripping modern drama where there were at least three dress suits. Along came the German film, *Passion*, and it was forthwith certain that the costume picture would be worked to death.

When Griffith produced *The Birth of a Nation* in many reels the rival producers who knew to a certainty what the public wanted shook their heads. The effort was beforehand consigned to failure. The two-reel picture was the natural length. But when *The Birth of a Nation* turned out to be a tremendous success the future of spectacular films was certain and many others

followed quickly. These did not come up to the mark, so—from the producers' angle—the public was tired of long pictures.

Thus every time the all-knowing person who can figure to a nicety what the public wants goes wrong. He assumes a wrong psychology to account for success—a big picture—its length ; a strange personality—its newness. And when both their dope and their pictures go wrong it is easy for them to blame it all on the public's lack of taste.

I have heard directors, scenario writers and others who are directly concerned with the shape that the moving picture shall take argue under the shadow of this great fear of the public. They begin with a good idea, and then they lose courage and deceive themselves. The consciousness of what the public will want is for them so terrific. If they do something that is a little different because they have forgotten—while filming the episode—that there is such a thing as an audience, they are in doubt about it when they stop to consider. It is difficult to consider the public secondarily, but unless the person making the picture can achieve that state there will be no originality in his work.

One man, who thinks that the public's taste is bad, will write down to his public, and another man, who appreciates his own sense of inferiority as a creative artist, will write up to the demands of his medium and the public. Both of the types will make mistakes, and there will be just as many mistakes up as down, just as many bad pictures from persons who know their inferiority as from those who condescend in meeting their audiences. In no particular field is this truer than in the so-called artistic attempts, the conscious effort to do something fine.

I do not know what constitutes the so-called art picture. Very often around film studios it has meant something that the producer and the initiated like but

that they fear is too good for the public. Often it is a tragedy or a picture with a tragic ending. Now there can be just as inartistic tragedies—in spite of their accumulation of woe and grief—as comedies, and the unhappy ending, which is so often in plays, stories and pictures misconstrued for artistry, can be worse than a custard pie. Usually the unhappy ending in films is inartistic because it is jumped at and arrived at through false scenes.

There haven't been many pictures that could be called "art" pictures—and I quote the word "art"; but then, so far as I know, there are but few perfect works of art in any creative field. Without apologizing for the medium of the films—which all those of us who use it accept as an art—there is more reason for imperfection in the pictures than there is in any other field. We cannot revise as a writer may, nor correct and redraw as a painter may. There is a natural flow to the picture when exhibited, but sequences are often taken over many days. Items are forgotten, and even with the elaborate system used to check up that is employed in the best studios, mistakes are made.

The films may have their drawbacks from the point of view of the creative artist, but they have, too, their joys; and one of the incidental joys of making pictures is that every now and then the unexpected—and at times even a mistake—triumphs. In the making of a comedy I usually leave the mistakes in, as there is a certain spontaneity, and sometimes the very recorded annoyance that the wrong thing caused may prove funny. In the making of *The Pilgrim* I was wearing a flat-brimmed clerical hat instead of my usual derby. In walking up and down a station platform, trying to be very dignified, my hat blew off. I was much irritated, for I felt that what we had been doing was fairly good, and now we would have to take the scene over again. We did so, and succeeded in getting the hat to keep in place; but

when both sequences were run, we found that we had done the first one better, except for the one mistake.

When we were showing the first "take," a stranger in the projection room suddenly burst out laughing, and it occurred to me: Why should not my hat blow off? Certainly here was the element of comedy, and I was annoyed at the accident simply because I had approached my work conventionally, as rehearsed. The camera man insisted that it held up the action of the scene, but this mistake was retained in the picture and audiences laugh at the incident.

It seems unreasonable to me to make a picture in six or eight weeks. A fine and authentic picture would take a year to make. Even then there probably wouldn't be much art in it, and I doubt whether the man who made it would care to look at it ten or twelve years afterward. If there were time, and we had the money, the ideal way would be to take a picture quickly and see what it was like, and then do it all over.

From the making of pictures I get a good deal of thrill. I get it more as a director and producer than I do as an actor. It is the old satisfaction that one is making something, forming something that has body. There is the photography. There are the angles of the sets. There is the day's work, making individual scenes; whether one acts in them or not, one feels a little elated when they are well done.

There are the "rushes" or "takes" of the day before to look at, and corrections to be made, and the gradual assembling of the whole in sequence as ultimately it will go before an audience.

I like making pictures; and I like acting in them; and I suppose that I shall always be a bit of film—that is, just as long as I have the money to buy the raw stock on which to take pictures.

FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL

By Roger Dataller

[The following pages have been written by a working pitman. Not one of your demi-semi-down-an-hour-out-and-away pitmen, but one whose cleansing is a matter of *definite* occupation, of actual scrubbing, above neck and below.—R. D.]

THE PIT HEAD

. . . The ribs and legs of the pit-head staging . . . a monster . . . without ruth.—H. M. T. in *Old Junk.*

Sept. 4th, 1922.

I am a number now. I have been a number for quite ten minutes. I shed my name at the lamp cabin, when they rattled out this highly polished safety-lamp, and thrust it in my hands. Sixteen hundred and twenty-one. That's the number bitten into my brass check, and that I am for a matter of the next seven hours or so. Other numbers stand around; silent for the most part, with soapy-shiny faces, and eyes that are full of a certain detachment. They, too, are numbers, you see, self-contained and indivisible. . . .

The twin wheels whine aloft. The long, black, oily ropes are lowering the chair; behind one's back there comes the sombre thrust of the engine and the clatter of oncoming clogs. I keep my place within the queue . . . without remark . . . watching the filmy white vapour of my breath, the paling moon, the inextricable tangle of the tall headgear. . . .

Clash!

The chair comes suddenly, swinging up from nowhere,

bearing up the rising gate and standing with a sullen clink of metal.

Dirty, coal-grimed faces hurry by . . . flashing teeth and whites of eyes . . . I think of nigger minstrels, troupe on troupe. . . . A bell shrills quickly. Once. Twice. Thrice. The queue moves up.

Bang! The cage has fallen into space again. Behind, the engine, panting, pounding, sends out puffs of steam like balls of cotton wool.

Standing on tiptoe I find it possible to count the men in front. There are seventeen heads altogether and sixteen make a load or "draw."

"Next time for me," I tell myself, "the very next time, or the after time?"

"Can you," says a boy immediately in front, addressing his companion in the line rather nervously. "Can you tell me how deep New Tollgate Pit is?"

The other glances sideways at his interrogator, with eyelids contemptuously lowered. I see that he has a red silk handkerchief around his neck, tied in a diminutive knot behind his left ear.

"Eh-h-h?" he drawls.

The boy repeats his question.

"Sixteen miles, ten furlongs, three bushels, five gallons, and a bloody bit!" says Mentor, spitting over his finger and turning disdainfully away.

The boy averts his gaze, and stares with mesmeric intensity upon the iron flooring of the pit-head platform.

Clip! Clop! Clogs are clattering on the steel floor of the chair.

"Fifteen! . . . sixteen!" the banksman counts stentoriously, and thrusts his arm across my chest.

"Wait a minute, mate—wait a bit, plenty o' room—next time ——" He smacks the push-bell smartly, chalking the "draw." The cage drops out of sight, and the shaft yawns emptily. The steel ropes, black

and sleek, are sliding now, moving into impenetrable darkness, down and away. . . .

"There's a sight o' bricks in that 'ere shaft," says someone. And receiving no reply, "A few thousand I bet," he adds. . . .

Thus we stand upon the very threshold of that Cimmerian darkness, creatures of some substantial nightmare, with a hole before our feet, that gapes and yawns, and will not cease from gaping and yawning. . . .

The banksman conjures up a tune, whistling with a breezy nonchalance that seems almost an offence. . . .

Cargo!

We are inside. Sixteen in all, prisoned by triple bars, a roof of steel above, a floor of steel below, and underneath . . .?

Sixteen, dancing on a thin steel rope! Waiting on the tiptoe of expectancy, one finds every movement, every sound almost, intolerable. A gentle laugh ascends from somewhere and we gaze fiercely outwards, upwards, in the direction of the sound. "Nervous debility," says a collier, to no one in particular.

The day is whitening now. We are able to see the long tenuous ribbon of road, the mist pooling in the valley, the window of the engine-house and the shadow of the fly-wheel thrown aslant . . . then . . . suddenly . . . DARKNESS! Road, and hill, and mist, are clipped away. We are falling, falling, plunging into space. Our feet are charged with a strange insubstantiality. Our "innards" lift—lift perceptibly. A tiny jet of air cuts through the floor, billowing out our coats, invading the looseness of our trousers, stirring our hair even. . . .

Down!

And then comes the recognition that we are all falling. Here the sixteen are, standing like a crowd of ghosts, belted, with their puny lights, wordless, voiceless, silent.

A man throws up his lamp with a sudden movement. We see the slimy walls slip past, streaking upwards with the strange shadow of bars flung upon the brickwork. The air is whistling now, howling, shrieking. . . .

The four, straight, steel conductors roar. . . .

Down . . . down. . . .

I look upon the lamp, turning my thought thither, closing my hand above the sturdy glass. It is comforting this light, this quiet burning eye; this little fragment of the greater sunshine. It speaks of ordered life, and of enduring things. It holds an eternal quality, elusive enough, but true. A sudden gust of spray whirls in, wetting one's face, and spattering the round glass of the lamp. At the same time, without any warning, the floor begins to bounce upwards. Our feet encounter a tangible resistance. We know now that far away above, through the little speck of light, no larger than a pinhead, far away above, the rope has tightened on the drum, and lifting, lifting, with one preliminary flash, the pit-bottom platform leaps to meet us. With the drip-drip-dripping of water, twelve lights gleaming in the whitewashed roof, and a faint railway-station atmosphere, are deputies, colliers, trammers, boys, crowded higgledy-piggledy. . . .

One by one, we hand our lamps to the Deputy in charge of our district. He takes the lamp in both his hands, holding it (with a kind of sacrificial movement) on the level of his eyes, and then, with a short and vigorous puff he tries his utmost to disturb that tranquil flame. It stands unshaken, and he tries again. Then, without a word, he hands it back, and looking at my face he gives the slightest possible grunt of recognition. That is all. I am safe now. Passed through. So far as rules and regulations go, I am free to make a further exploration, and so together with my mates, we shamble off into the darkness.

The trammers' motties clink, (motties are metal numbers that the trammers fasten on each loaded corf—a recognizing number)—a pony passes, walking with leisured feet, dragging chains (the ponies are used for pulling in difficult places), we walk with lowered head avoiding the heavy timber of the roof, and continue so in silence. We know our way, of course. We also gauge (estimating fairly, I believe) the landmarks overground. After five minutes' journeying we know that we are underneath the local churchyard, and further on, we pass below Combe village. . . . Now we are approaching Silton Dam, a large stretch of water, to the west of the Colliery. Our working place is there. There the coal is waiting, hissing slightly all along the face ; there,—how far beneath the "tranquil lake"!—we shall undress and don our working garb, a pair of cotton under-drawers, no more. There is timber to be drawn—new timber to set up. Pick and wedge will bite into the face—the coal will slither down and the trammer, swearing, sweating, straining on with feet and hands and back, sometimes pushing with his head, will run the tubs into the travelling roads. . . .

It is said of Bayard, that he held three excellent things—onset of greyhound, fence of boar, and flight of wolf. Well, the collier needs them all.

They rode home in the olden days, with battle-battered casques, and sword-indented breastplates. Their coming was heralded with the shrilling of invocatory trumpets. Fair lips smiled and small and lily hands made bright the way with flowers. Nowadays the flinging of roses has fallen somewhat into disuse. But I never look upon colliers returning home from labour, save as one thinks of tired and triumphant warriors, departing from some hard-fought battlefield. There are few perceptible casualties, but the evidence of an earthly warfare is upon them. One sees it in their clothing,

disreputable, ragged, combed by impish talons, sometimes torn out of all recognition; in their clogs ridged and abraded, bright of sole, where the ceaseless thrusting and spurning of the flat-sheet, or the coal itself, has brightened the iron fortification; in their Dudleys, those round and corded tin receptacles, holding just a quart of water, and slung around the shoulder, as one slings a haversack—in the Dudleys most of all! The Epic of the Dudley! Who will write it? This round, and battered water tin, faithful, companionable, and of the mine. Oh! most lovable Dudley! How often have my lips closed round about your welcome mouthpiece, cleaving, loving, insistent, longing never to let thee go? Ambassador of healing springs, of coolly laving water, of meadows and repose—but there! one grows ecstatic and loses all proportion, in the contemplation of what, after all, is only a proper drink at a proper time.

EDUCATION

October 7th, 1922.

I suppose we are an ignorant lot, uncultivated, dishonest, ungainly even. And yet, consider for a moment, the nature of our employment, working in a humid darkness, illumined only by the feeble gleaming of some safety-lamp. Consider, too, the sequestered nature of the occupation, for there are no folk-songs in a pit, no salutations roughly called (as in the case of steel works and of kindred firms) and in a sense, no fellowship. I mean ideas are very rarely interchanged, each working place is self-contained, with its separate number, and its separate order of payment. The trammer, heaving at his tubs, bears to and from the "Jinneys" and the stark coal-face; and even where the colliers work together, there is never (or rarely ever) more than two of them in a working hole at one particular time. Thus, the darkness and the working arrangements seem to

coalesce into a policy of sequestration. Add to this the heat, the ultra-humid air (in spite of ventilation schemes and stringent regulations) the danger of a fall of stone, coal or kennel, or sometimes the difficulty of water, or an insufficient supply of tubs. . . .

Of course, we get our share of the University Extension lecturing under the Welfare Scheme. "Political Economy" they give us, talks on literature, and in the town of M—— the lecturer is guiding the colliers, trammers, and datallers of the place through the intricacies of modern music.

Our own classes, I must confess, are rather poorly attended. An audience of twenty at most, assembles in a smaller room within the Free Library. The lecturer is an eager young man from the University of —— and the current subject "The Development of Parliamentary Institutions in the Nineteenth Century." He has an extraordinary repertoire of gesticulation, flinging his arms around (almost like a windmill), leaning backwards with hands clasped behind his head, lifting one knee suddenly, and placing it upon the table edge as though he meditates a sudden dousing of the gas, and stabbing the air with a predatory forefinger, even when quoting long excerpts from the many and voluminous books that seem to be part of his lecturing equipment. . . .

The miners sit around with stone-cold eyes. They regard all these antics, this lecture-room posturing, and the like, with supreme indifference. So far as twisting, and turning, bending, break-back attitudes are concerned, they are past masters in *that* art and the clever young fellow can teach them nothing. But a few eager spirits here and there hold to definitely Communistic theories, and these together with an individualistic Single Taxer, and the village humorist, always make question time an occasion of uplifted heart, and merriment of soul. . . .

The lecturer is very kind. He shakes hands at the door and bids " Good-night."

But . . .

" It's all book knowledge," said one chap the other night. " I'll bet yon bloke can't make a rabbit hutch."

" 'E's none so daft," returned another, " 'e gets 'is livin' wi'out workin' an' that's more'n you nor me can do ! "

At 12 o'clock came Morgan, hurrying in from the Southern district, mopping his brow, and swearing in a mild and wondering fashion.

" Up yonder in No. 3 District," he said. " Nay . . ." and he paused again, gasping with astonishment and drawing in his breath between his teeth. " Up yonder," he continued . . . " I 'ad just passed No. 24's when I began to 'ear a low mumblin' just like some fellow chantin' a prayer, so I stopped and listened. It were that R—— W—— I thought talkin' to hisself. And 'e was. He was chantin' t' funeral service over to hissen. I could 'ear 'im. ' Man that is born of woman hath but a little time to live.' It's as true as I'm standing 'ere ! Well, my knees knocked, I'll tell yer, an' what's more you couldn't see me then for dust an' I'm not goin' up there again in a hurry."

I suppose we are an ignorant lot, and I am reminded of one great literary gentleman (I name no names) who found it possible to take up his pen in order to dispense a stinging castigation to the " pampered " colliers. And reading what he had to say, straightway I remembered W—— B—— and what had happened to W—— B—— the week before, and a question that arose within a circle of black-faced, sober men. " Now who will go and tell them at his home? " . . .

It wasn't the literary gentleman who went.

CONCERNING CLOWNS

By D. L. Murray

He is a forlorn-looking little figure, with one arm broken short. He has the nose and hump of Punch, the sad eyes and shaven head of Pierrot, and his large feet in their clumsy sandals are plain precursors of Charlie Chaplin's shuffle. This is not astonishing, since he is the father of all the clowns of Europe. His name is Maccus. He was dug up, I believe, at Herculaneum in the early eighteenth century, and he is known to be the hero of the Atellane farces at Rome. He is the ancestral cell from which by successive differentiations have emerged all the variety of clownish types we know to-day. From his loins, poor slave that he is, will spring all those flamboyant figures that gleam upon the sheets of Maurice Sand's *Masques et Bouffons*. He is *en raccourci* Harlequin, Trivelino and Truffaldino; Pulcinella, Polichinelle, Meo-Patacca and Marco-Pepe; Pierrot, Bertoldo, Pagliaccio, Pedrolino and Peppe-Nappa; Stenterello, Scapin, Brighella, Beltramo, Francatrippa, Turlupin, Scaramouche, Pasquino, Pasquariello, Coviello, Fritellino, Burattino, Tartaglia, Joey, the Old 'Un, the Doctor and the Policeman. And yet he stands there humbly in his coarse tunic, the great, grotesque head bowed, it would seem, in the act of craving pardon. It is a wise father that knows his own grandchildren.

So much may, perhaps, be said without talking too great nonsense. But what is the mediaeval link between the buffoons of antiquity and the Cinquecento Comedy of Masks? Nobody can tell. The broken arches of

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> sight of the old Mask Comedy in the general obscurity,
> strain vainly through the gloom to see the silhouette of
> buffoons of antiquity. What became of them during t
> long period of darkness? Did they lurk with the l
> remnants of paganism, in the rural festivals, playing th
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> life that remained, and let them loose to dance, gesticula
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trestles with enlarged ideals; added a noble Lelio, an elegant Isabella, to their serving wenches and bucolic lovers; put together a stock of ornate set-speeches with which to vary their own rude *lazzi*—their "gags" and "wheezes," we should call them. Compare in Maurice Sand's volume the Harlequin of 1570 with the Harlequin of 1671. The patched jacket has become a suit of brilliant symmetrical lozenges; the rabbit's tail adds gloss to a new hat; the later Harlequin has a ruff to his throat, and in place of rude sandals ribboned and buckled shoes. A similar change from chrysalis to butterfly has befallen many of his comrades—for example, Pulcinella. That Neapolitan bandit, wearing his black mask and the white blouse in which he disguised himself (an earlier Grindoff) as the miller's man, fell in somehow at Paris or Madrid with the magnificent Captain Spavento della Valle Inferna, himself enriched by many ducats and much finery since he tramped the highways and haunted Alsatia in rusty black with the lean beak of Ancient Pistol. Pulcinella (so I read the story) bludgeoned the craven braggart and stole his clothes, his proud peaked cap and gay jerkin. This metamorphosis made the Punchinello of France, the Punch of our English puppet-show, though it would seem that the Neapolitan clown had a brother who survived him. Him I have lately seen in his primitive white and black performing outside the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore, a harder hitter even than our Punch, though over here, it is true, the audience do not thrust their fists into the combats as they do in Rome. As for Pantalone dei Bisognosi, the merchant of Venice, he, I think, can never have passed through a threadbare stage. Prosperity is his essence; if ever he was poor, you will never discover it. He is as inscrutable as the Doges you see in Venetian art kneeling in the foreground of scenes of sacred history. We are not so illbred as to ask how they came to be there.

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No one can really say. All we know is that there came from Bergamo a loutish valet in patched and tattered suit, a cudgel thrust into his belt and a scrap of fur ornamenting his ragged hat. His name was Arlecchino, and he made one of a group of farcical types—the rogue, the fool, the doctor, the dotard, the notary, the swaggering soldier—to be seen playing tricks and brief comedies at the fairs and on the piazzas. By degrees he and his comrades got themselves "taken up" by noble society; they appeared in palaces and stately villas, improvising their comic scenes as interludes in the classical comedies performed by their cultured hosts. What they had seen they did not forget. They returned to their professional

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This Masked Comedy flourished from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It is a branch of the classical drama, although its dialogue was technically improvised (*sc.*: fitted together from traditions and stock note-books). Had it been left at that, it would have gone down with the rest of the *ancien régime* at the Revolution. But there were other forces at work. Exactly how the Masks gained their footing in England is another of the unsolved mysteries of this story. There is, as it were, an aroma of them in Shakespeare. By the Restoration, when so many foreign fal-lals were brought upon our stage, they were ubiquitous enough to stir Dryden to satire.

> Instead of wit and humours, your delight
> Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
> Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in
> And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin.

The first name that matters is that of John Rich, the founder of Covent Garden Theatre. Illiterate knave as he was, Rich had the romantic instinct of the Englishman; for the *commedia dell'arte* as a symmetrical comedy in the classical mould of repartee and intrigue he could have no taste. An accomplished pantomimist (he could not speak correct English) he invented Harlequin the enchanter. If we turn to one more plate in *Masques et Bouffons* we find "Harlequin, 1758." This Harlequin, transplanted to France, is simply the Harlequin of Rich. His loose particoloured jacket and trousers have become a tight-fitting shape of variegated lozenges, his hat a close skull-cap, his cudgel a white magician's wand. He is now a fairy, hatched out of a giant egg by the sunshine, and able by the tap of his bat to make palaces of hovels, and transform crowded streets to barren wastes. Most of us can still remember by their [illegible]nsible annexe to the annual Drury Lane not forget[illegible]d the harlequinade. How came it [illegible] go back to the pantomime of Rich

for the answer. This was an entertainment in two parts. The first half might be a mythological spectacle filled with pagan gods and goddesses, or, better still, a country comedy. If the latter, there would be a Squire with a lovely daughter, a poor but preferred suitor and a rich but ugly wooer. In striving to keep his girl from the man she had chosen, and press upon her the wealthy *parti,* the heavy father was aided by a comic country servant. At the crucial point,

> the good fairy made her appearance and, changing the refractory pair into Harlequin and Columbine, the old curmudgeon into Pantaloon, and the body servant into Clown, the two latter in company with the rejected "lover," as he was called, comenced the pursuit of the happy pair, and the comic business consisted of a dozen or more cleverly constructed scenes, in which all the tricks and changes had a meaning and were introduced as contrivances to favour the escape of Harlequin and Columbine when too closely pressed by their enemies . . . till the inevitable dark scene came—a cavern or forest in which they were overtaken by their enemies and the magic wand of Harlequin snatched from his grasp by the Clown.*

Then the Fairy again intervened, enforced a happy ending, and waved on the grand transformation scene that made the climax of the spectacle. Such was the English pantomime formula until about the 'eighties of last century. Any nursery tale would do for the opening, the only essential was the changing of hero and heroine into Harlequin and Columbine, ogre and comic character into Pantaloon and Clown.

Let us fasten on that Clown. He is the least Italianate of the four. He it is who is called when the direction "Enter Clown" appears in Shakespeare. He remains Elizabethan ; look at his frill, his trunks, his love-lock. As Harlequin is the creation of Rich so is the Clown the re-creation of Joseph Grimaldi—his name

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will be "Joey" while he lives. In 1838 Dickens wrote a preface for a curious little volume (illustrated by Cruikshank) which was based on some memoirs left behind him by the famous Clown. Grimaldi, the son of an Italian ballet-master, began to make his mark about 1794, and he died in 1837. He thus belongs to the age of the Regency and the bucks, and his whole conception of the Clown reflects that period of genteel blackguardism, pugilism and practical jokes. The "grimacing, filching, irresistible Clown," his white face larded with red like a schoolboy's that has been dipped in a surreptitious jampot, is a plebeian successor of the "mohocks," a companion of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom, whose recreations are breaking windows, tripping up old women and assaulting the constable. Grimaldi's private life, though he was a sensitive creature and had more sorrows than most Clowns, was a continuous series of hoaxes, of which sometimes himself, sometimes a tradesman, yokel or lesser limb of justice were the victims. The spirit of the day may be gauged from an anecdote in the memoirs. Some stage hands having a grudge against Ellar the Harlequin, who had not tipped them, coolly proposed to hold the blanket into which he was to do a dangerous trick fall so that he would miss it. Ellar, suspecting their plan, contrived to fall so as only to break his wrist, not his neck. In half an hour he had forgiven the men! Dibdin's pantomime *Harlequin Hoax* is an excellent example of the humour of the day.

> To meet Columbine at the street-door, Harlequin throws himself out of a three pair of stairs window, and is caught with his head in a lamp-iron; the lamplighter pours a gallon of oil down his throat . . . and sticks a lighted wick in his mouth, and a set of drunken bucks, having no better business on earth than to break lamps, knock his nob to shivers and all go to the watch-house together.

No wonder the harlequinade wilted slowly and faded away with the progress of the Victorian age.

We must pick up the thread meanwhile in France. By an infiltration of which it is hard to trace the steps, perhaps simply through the migratory habits of showmen, the English pantomime found its way during the eighteenth century into the little theatres of the Parisian fairs which were always fighting the Lieutenant of Police for the right to exist, and arguing that dumb-show performances were not "plays" within the meaning of the Acts protecting the great Paris theatres. I do not think we can doubt the English parentage of the French pantomime when we find such a title among them as *Ma Mère l'Oie, ou Arlequin et l'Œuf d'Or*. Moreover we see the same quartette of characters but slightly changed. Cassandre is the variant of Pantaloon; Harlequin remains the dancer and trickster, though he is now more the amorous adventurer than the magician; Columbine is still heroine, if more coquette than fay. The only missing partner is the jovial Clown. His place is taken by the spectral Pierrot. Gaspard Deburau is the Grimaldi of France; only—we meet these amusing national differences at every step—he does not appear at the Française or the Opera, as Grimaldi does at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. His theatre is the Funambules, a dank cellar on the boulevard du Temple, where he was engaged in 1826. The wordless Pierrot of his creation, which brought the literary world of Paris crowding to his tiny show, is the ironic and passionless spectator of existence, faintly smiling where Grimaldi grinned, tricking friend and foe with a restrained *finesse* that has nothing in common with the broad humour of the English clown. Delicate observers saw something more. They remarked, to quote M. Hugounet, "every time Deburau had to play with some instrument of death or violence, *e.g.*, a razor or a poison, a special gaiety, sombre and terrifying, a gaiety that escaped the crowd, but was seized by certain choice spirits, and provoked

an admiration, tempered by a doubt how far the will of this cold and cruel mocker would go. A Satanic Pierrot, in short, and plainly a *compère* of the sinister heroes of French Romanticism. He has the coldness and the menace of the moonbeam.

If Deburau had not invented the Romantic Pierrot the Goncourts could not have written *Les Frères Zemganno*. Their two clowns bring us from the stage to the ring; but the difference of *milieu* is not important. Grimaldi himself seems to have been liable by the terms of his engagement to serve as "clown to the rope," that is, to fill the intervals in which the rope-dancer rested. The brothers Gianni and Nello in the Goncourts' novel, although they may appear on the tan, are of the tradition of Deburau and his successors, who have made of the white-faced Pierrot with the drooping sleeves a tragic rather than a sinister figure. The fantasy of their displays "évoquait dans l'esprit des spectateurs, l'idée et le souvenir d'une création ironique baignant dans du clair-obscur, d'une espèce de rêve Shakespearien, d'une sorte de 'Nuit d'Eté,' dont ils semblaient les poètiques acrobates." We are evidently still in the Romantic era.

But *Les Frères Zemganno* als marks the coming of a change. Circus clowns are international figures, and the arrival in Paris o the English disciples of Grimaldi —they were a craze in the 'sixties—had a peculiar effect, which is registered in the Goncourts' book. One nation always puts the worst construction upon the humour of another. As we find the French Pierrot cruel and debauched, so they found the English Clown brutal and drunken! The wild contortions and frenzied "knock-about" over which English schoolboys chuckled gleefully aroused in Parisian audiences visions of "Bedlam, Newcastle, operating theatres, gaols, and morgues." They put the cruellest construction upon the crimson patches that adorned the cheeks of Joey. Demand

creates supply, and if the Continent, then in the throes of the Naturalist novel, and craving gloom and horrors, desired the *macabr* in its pantomimes, there were performers ready to give it. In 1872 the Hanlon-Lees* appeared at Paris, to be, as the quality of their talent disclosed itself, loudly acclaimed by Zola. If the business of their scenes was conventional, burlesque duels, tipsy misadventures, crazy juggling with household furniture, upsets in stage-coaches and collisions of railway-trains, the savage intensity of their silent acting was, to those who could pierce a little beneath the surface, Mephistophelean. Zola saw the personages of their pantomimes in vision, "revelling amid broken limbs and riddled trunks, triumphing in the apotheosis of vice and crime in the teeth of outraged morality." There would be a pretty outcry, he said, if he dared to make his novels as brutal as their buffooneries. These ironists of genius were not only the quintessence of the "Realistic" epoch; they were also the embodiment of the age of mechanical invention. Next to the cruelty of their caricature, what was most remarked was the precision of their movements. They were human marionettes. The coach in which they made their entry might fall to pieces, but they would roll out of the debris and the confusion into a faultless line sitting parallel to the footlights. The sleeping-car of which they were the demon conductors might take fire and explode with a crash: above the wreckage when the smoke grew thinner they would be seen perched safely on the trees by the line. They were the cynic philosophers of the *fin-de-siècle*, the unconscious prophets of the crash of its civilization.

Out of the ruins what Clown has crawled? The

* The Hanlon Brothers, probably direct descendants of these, are still occasionally to be seen on the London music-halls. Their technical accomplishment is extraordinary.

pathetic Grock. He is, in his naïve helplessness, the interpreter of the post-war spirit. With his tremulous grin of good-will, his wistful eagerness for achievement and happiness, he simply does not know which way to turn. He opens the great 'cello-case to find nothing but a tiny doll's fiddle inside. The grand piano and its ocean of sleeping melody is just six inches beyond his finger tips as he writhes upon his seat. Now he is straining frantically to push the piano closer to the stool —you expect him every minute to appeal to the League of Nations. He bursts into full-throated song : by what malign enchantment does the unpropitious atmosphere give back only this faint cackling and quavering? He is the victim of black bewitchment, but he has not the sense to see it. You would feel inclined to kick him, if the innocent vacuity of his face did not turn you to pity. If he has still illusions let him keep them, at least he means no harm. He will not have *del. trem.*: brandy costs too much. He will burn nobody with a red-hot poker, cut off no one's head and stick a baker's loaf into the collar. (Loaves do not grow on trees in post-war Europe.) What is it he is fumbling and searching for? The great jaws gape portentously; they work to and fro, up and down, in the agony of frustrated expression. Come, tell us what it is you want! Yes, we are listening: yes, what is it, now? "Yes—you—have—no . . ." Oh! really this is too bad. Let us stop before we become as silly as you are.

CHROMOSOMES AND CONSCIOUSNESS

By Henry Chester Tracy

THERE is an old cleavage between God and Nature that has been responsible for the death of many words. The word "Religion"—as a name-plate—suggests obsequies to many in the United States. Perhaps most of us who have been reading THE ADELPHI will accept a recent distinction made there, between religion and faith, thus revivifying the old word. Its death, if die it must, will come through malnutrition, due to a separation from the sources of life.

St. Cyprian quite immortalized that cleavage in his well-known lines, giving expression to one of the loveliest of lies when he wrote of the flowers that there is about them

> Nil jocundum, nil amoenum,
> Nil salubre, nil serenum,
> Nihil dulce, nihil plenum—

the thing itself being a flower of euphony and rhythm. The Carthaginian, one is compelled to believe, had his rebirth in a flame of religion and his spiritual senescence in a crystallization called faith : a cycle that overtakes the majorities to-day.

Those of us who want to see the flame made immortal at the expense of the encrustation or case have a hard task before us ; but it is the fight of youth, and creation backs us. Destiny perhaps moves our way : we do not know—but with creation behind us we take a risk. The cleavage must go. We must find faith in and through

the chromosomes of the body, or not at all; but if we lose faith we discover faithfulness in living, which is perhaps as good as dying for a faith.

He will be a benefactor who can rechristen the underlying motion that gave meaning to life (that I take to be religion) and send it on its way unencumbered with glooms. Stripped of its Joseph-coat of dreams, that motion would gain in force. It could do with less aesthetic, fewer masks.

The ground-meaning by which the body lives is bedded in the chromosome and its *-meres;* they record its faithfulness to life. The chromosome remembers its tribal consciousness, its god; but that memory is not a reflection, it is a potential act: an act of faithfulness to the being behind and the one to come. Past and future meet in the chromosome; God and sex. There is a rendezvous here for Eros and Jahveh. Their supposed enmity is a cerebral myth, not a fact. There is no cleavage but in the broken consciousness of mind. All of Genesis is implied in the evolution of the cell; catastrophic as well as smooth. God took tremendous risks when he linked the chromosome with a moral-making mind. Earth is pock-marked with the resulting scars.

The chromosome, heedless of coming controversy, added to its experiences: the cell rose. Emotions became functional in the pre-conscious, and rampant in the conscious life. We now swim in them as in a mist—or deny them and become as ice. There is masquerade called the soul, the intriguing one, the many-veiled. We place it *nowhere,* and presently *we* are there, ourselves.

Meantime there are the *colour-bodies*—rightly named so, since they impart the colour to life—the chromosomes in the cells. They are the last court of hearing for our sins in the flesh. But their religion is not that of St. Paul.

These did not seek to buffet the body and bring it under, but to direct it and evolve from it the sum of its powers, working in a medium called *race*. They were not conscious of the individual, they rather ignored him; he was but the carrier of their *genes* or potencies and could never warp them to his will. He was a mixing-bowl, a transient vessel that only now begins to grasp the ideation for which these blind ones give their lives. Blind, we call them, and so they may be; but even so, the body (which they foreshadow and build out of stone and the mists) owns to us some sort of recognition: a sort of mutuality—spirit and flesh partaking of existence at the same board. Each respects the other's prerogatives, limitations and bounds. At least this is true when any sort of poise exists. All the rest is distemper, and has no significance on this plane. Here rules a harmony, discovering its own laws, breath by breath.

Nature has always its eccentrics, and at times these are a dominant strain. They are flame-pots flung into humanity and perhaps do more damage than good. Humanity rights itself after their incursion, and falls back on the sane. We attribute the restoration to conscious achievement and forget that history is made in the cells. It is the deep religion of their chromosomes that compels a return of harmony after cerebral storms.

And, all the time, this mood of harmony is as natural as the falling of ripe fruit. It belongs to a spiritual maturity. If we lack it we are either green and raw, or else we have been fevered, soured, festered or burned. Such real misfortunes can befall our miserable souls. A soured self tastes no immortality; and yet a ripened self is hardly a self at all: it has lost its selfness, while absorbing the fine rhythms of the world. Thought now runs to mysticism. You cannot evade it. One knows directly, or one knows nothing at all.

Few are willing to talk or write of religion, and no one cares to rear a catafalque for a dead word. The

things one would like to convey have no association with death and were not acquired from rabbis, cults or schools. As they have so much to do with rhythms, it is not unnatural to link them with a world that floats somewhat above the pounding surf of material " laws."

From chromosomes to consciousness : it sounds a ong step, but it is one we living take every day. Religion expressed as conduct is the moral burden, but eligion expressed as reality is the lift. What the rabbis ailed to convey to earth's consciousness was brought to by Kol Nidrei, which poignantly articulates the quest or the real. That, like all worlds of music, is for ' gentiles," despite the silly barriers the faiths have aised. Handel plumbed reality a span farther than resent knowing or guessing, and cast a parabola, in ne overture, that falls far beyond the experience of the ace. So with others who wrought in that medium we ry to describe by our trivial word " music," which uggests tympanum, pipes and drums. The need is to ranscend it : an accomplishment which Plato fairly well orecast in one of his dialectic myths. . . .

Schubert was not remembered as a religious person. Ie was known as a maker of songs and of other music harged with " poetic feeling " ; which to pedants and their dupes tells all of him we know or need to know. ven so his Symphony in b-minor (Unfinished) is popurly known, and loved (I suppose) for a certain quality sweetness which the child-mind associates with things at it " likes." That transient touch of moodmpelling harmony is enough to recall the float-spirit it to earth : and so, under no greater urgency than a him of *liking,* we cause to dip to us a carrier of experiices utterly unknown to the race. That second movement is full of an unearthly beauty that is beyond the ach of emotion and draws it only as the moon draws e tides. One can only assent and enter into a modal mprehension of it that refuses to be translated into

words, and at best yields to language a bare hint of some other-worldly harmonization that is adrift on our tides and shoals. *Mere talk is the resultant; but in the* moment of appreciation it was real. It was not emotion. It was more than mood. One saw through.

And yet the highest aesthetic expressions, ***and with them all realities,*** depend upon a perfect mechanism. Without they cannot be conveyed. No one, on that account, denies the existence of beauty in expression; and he who thinks to exhaust beauty in a mesh of technique is a fool; yet all of it, with the meaning and transcendence, ties to number and rhythm, to vibrations, to mathematical laws. Within the utterly exacting, the unsparing, the relentless mathematic is a pure freedom like that of a bird on the wing.

Soul seems to depend for its conscious existence on mechanisms as flimsy as those the musicians employ. Rude shocks, or even minor tensions, disturb its functioning, drive it aground. If its nature were a harmony, the thing vanishes; if a discord, we hate it for being what it is. There are negative states, lapses, contradictions, confusions. We blame the mechanism and we deny the soul: two solecisms of which the chromosome was never guilty in its dim, religious and molecular heart.

One notes that in a music-mongering activity known to the United States (which thereby proves that a dip to Gehenna is not far or beneath its reach) the heavenly schema of the "Unfinished Symphony" has been worked over into a modern waltz; that is, something has. Thematic sequences have been stolen; the symphony itself is safe from harm. Larval creatures, intellectual maggots, may find satisfaction in achievements like that. It is their dismal destiny, no doubt. There seems room in the universe for their writhings, their Judas-traffic. A generous harbour, this universe. Perhaps, after all, a safe one; for that second move-

ment, despite these machinations, remains an unscathed door to a celestial world. Moral monsters, survivors of the soul's Jurassic period, cannot destroy it. Yet it seems that very few find their way to that world. A sluggishness prevents. On the other hand, our "intellectuals" often find it an empty door, burglarized by their cleverness, but in vain.

Religion: a motivation grounded in being; an experience that has the solid earth as its fundament but finds its expression in things fainter than mood. If the word itself were dead as a name-plate, why be irked by the cadaver of that word? Reality, life and music moult names readily enough, moult cadences, but their ground and meaning goes on.

TOLSTOI'S REQUEST.—The following is the last paragraph of Tolstoi's will, as it appears in his diary for March 27th, 1895:

"There is one more request, and it is the most important. I ask everyone, relations and strangers alike, not to praise me. (I know that praise is inevitable, because it has happened during my lifetime, and in the worst possible way.) Again, if people are going to occupy themselves with my writings, let them dwell upon those passages in which I know the Divine power spoke through me; and let them make use of them in their lives. There were times when I felt that I had become the agent of the Divine will. Often I was so impure, so filled with personal passions, that the light of this truth was obscured by my darkness; but at times the truth passed through me, and those were the happiest moments of my life. God grant that they were not profaned by their passage through me, and that, notwithstanding the pettiness and impurity which they received from me, men may feed on them. The value of my writings lies in these alone. Therefore I am to be blamed for them, but not praised."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

JUMBOISM.—Something serious has been happening in this country. The warnings of the hoardings, the placards, and the Press have been trying to avert us from a grave danger. But it was hard to make out what the danger was. So are we saved? Does anyone know?

There was a great national crisis, however, whether we got saved in it or not. That was proved by the photographic records of Mr. Lloyd George's face as he spoke into amplifiers at railway stations while his frantic special train, speeding God knows where, waited for just a minute—one precious minute to which the country clung in desperation—while his words were amplified, broadcasted, distorted, magnified, inverted, megaphoned, and got to our nerves somehow. It was wonderful. He was "all out." He said so himself. All of us were all out. That the situation was perilous, whatever it was, could be seen if you read the *Star*. Because only lately the *Star* was showing us Mr. Lloyd George as a funny little Artful Dodger who required a lot of watching; and then quite suddenly things became so bad for somebody or everybody that it had to be done—the *Star* had to do it—the Dodger became a Saviour in a night—became a Saviour on a whirlwind tour addressing gigantic multitudes with tremendous energy and magnificent fire to enormous enthusiasm. There is no doubt now about the possibility of Divine miracles. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and apparently a bit ahead of the Last Trump, a miracle happened in the *Star* office—in fact in the office of every Liberal newspaper. The man who led Big Business to victory over the survivors of the War to End War in the election of 1918, and afterwards signed a confirmation of that victory at Versailles, in one night developed

every virtue you could think of, and more. That could only happen in a Christian land.

And the conversion came not a minute too soon. That was the lucky thing about it. Whatever the danger was it was dreadful. Some men, placed high in editorial chairs or in Whitehall, actually saw it, though they could not describe it. But by their behaviour you could see they were upset. Mr. Garvin in the *Observer,* usually so cool and reticent, who knows as well as any man that half Europe is dying, even he began to get agitated. You know how people talk when they are worried. There is no mistaking the sign. "Let us tear ourselves away from the region of metaphor," said Mr. Garvin, trying to retain his calm, "and come back to solid ground." Yet almost immediately after that he cries aloud—he can't help himself, so serious is the danger—"What does Lancashire think of Pangloss converted to Jeremiah by a miracle exceeding Balaam? What of cotton? The Choice! A Fateful Moment! Change or Decline! Gravity of our Post-War Danger! Break the Spell!"

One ought not to be surprised. It must have been frightful, the sight of that peril hidden from the nation, but seen plainly enough by those highest, clearest and best eyes. That was why the people in the lowly morning and evening trains became, under the stress of it, too eager and anxious to be able to read. They would put down their newspapers after a restless minute, look round, catch the eye of a stranger, and then the whole compartment was at it. All the great orators in the country began to strip themselves recklessly in public, not caring who saw them. The English language acquired new powers, and words new meanings. Words began to mean almost anything. People spoke to perfect strangers in loud and scornful menace, or almost fainted with excitement. As though tongues of fire had visibly descended from Heaven, and

touched us all, the Absolute Truth was in everybody's mouth. It varied a bit, though. And it was thrust through the letter boxes at last, the Truth, God's Truth, Mr. Lloyd George's Truth, Mr. Baldwin's Truth; the Whole Truth. The contempt and anger for ignorance, villainy, and lies was in all the Press. It could not be mistaken. It was a noble sign. But what was it all about?

Nobody knows. Even the *Daily Mail* was puzzled. It knew something was happening but it did not know what. One day, indeed, it frankly gave it up. You would not have thought, looking at its pages, that England had come to any dangerous pass. Its leading article incited us on that day to stop this Rum-Running, and its chief news feature was about a new German Chancellor. Yet maybe this was only a pose on the part of the *Daily Mail,* to show its courage, and to help ours, like the man who stood on the parapet, lit his pipe, and asked to be shown the German trenches. Who would have thought Lord Rothermere could be so splendid? Especially when it is remembered that Mr. Bottomley is no longer giving moral guidance to the *Sunday Pictorial,* but has gone to Wormwood Scrubbs.

Perhaps you haven't read the story of Jumbo? You can get it from Mr. Jonathan Cape, in the *Life of Barnum* by Mr. M. Werner. It is a dispassionate story. If it were not you could not believe it. When you have read that astonishing document you will admit there ought to be a shrine to Jumbo. It should be placed just behind the Speaker's chair. That is the ideal place for it. A carrot should be placed there, or a wisp of hay, by every new Member, after taking the Oath; but not before the Oath, because the Carrot is the Sacred Symbol of Democracy, and should only be touched at a shrine to the great Jumbo by those who have just pledged themselves in a solemn moment.

Jumbo came before Mr. Lloyd George. When he lay down in the Zoo, at the iniquitous effort to remove him from his loved ones, from his buns, and refused to move, he must have been inspired. He did it in a day when there were no amplifiers, when there was no broadcasting. It was a sublime act. Jumbo would not move. Telegrams, by slow and antique cables, were sent to Barnum. Barnum replied—so long before the age of Bottomley—" Let him lie down as long as he wants to. The publicity is worth it." Barnum knew. He didn't care. Let England wring its heart.

England did. Tears fell into the breakfast eggs all over the land. The journalists and the Publicity Agents, having got them started, kept the tears flowing. England began to hate the rich and brutal and mercenary Americans. There might have been a war.

Besides, it was dangerous to allow so great an animal among passengers in mid-ocean. He might go mad. Eminent naturalists wrote to *The Times* to prove it. Kind ladies wrote letters imploring editors to prevent this bitter wrong. Mr. Justice Chitty, however, on consideration, could not issue an injunction to prevent the wrenching of Jumbo from the children's loving arms, even though he might prove dangerous to an Atlantic liner. We had to let him go. The English nation was singing songs of love and farewell to him, and were in indignant tears. He left very early one morning for the docks, nine miles away by road, and a long grieving procession went with him. People stood on the roofs. " As the boat dropped down to Gravesend, Jumbo received royal honours, the crews of the training ships mounting the yards as he went by." Lord Winchilsea wrote a poem. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, " friend and correspondent of Dickens, admirer of Louis Napoleon, and collector of Shakespeare folios," had sent ahead of Jumbo a large box of buns for his use on his passage.

She herself boarded the ship and gave Jumbo his last new English bun. They gave the animal beer. Accounts of the elephant's health were signalled to the Cornish coast. " The ship also carried elastic bags, into which communications concerning Jumbo were placed and dropped overboard for the information of the British public."

It appears this sort of thing can be done whenever some people want it done. Final Victory! Hang the Kaiser! Make Germany Pay! Squeeze the Last Pip! Free Trade is England's Glory! Protection is our only Hope! We will not Sheathe the Sword! Defeatists and Pro-Huns! So the reason why the Israelites had to wander in the Wilderness for forty years can now be easily guessed. No doubt they enjoyed a jolly row together about the best way to get out more than just getting out of it. Their goats and camels could never have stuck it for forty years. *They* would have got out of it in a week. Only the human intelligence could have devised the means to exist in such a place for that length of time; and only the human intelligence would have gone to all that trouble about a perfectly simple matter, in which the warnings of the stomach would have been a better guide than subtlety in debate. If the mere shepherds and their wives had suddenly determined to keep the wise elders in separate tents without meat or drink till there was a promise that the damned nonsense was over, then all would have been in the green pastures in a few marches. Why didn't they do it?

Well, probably it will be called the Will of God. We put it all on God. Even the war was His fault: that was inevitable. So no doubt that last exciting election was God's will too, and inevitable. Yet, to be on the safe side, perhaps the Socialists should now consider whether they will not add a virgin Carrot, rampant, to their Red Flag. That ought to make it a better symbol. —JOHN WHICHELOW.

"THE IMMORTAL HOUR."—I had heard strange things about *The Immortal Hour*: that it was kept running by a band of devotees, who returned again and again and knew each other by sight as belonging to a race apart,—initiates. Someone had been to hear it sixty odd times, and—what was more serious—one or two of my own friends confessed to anything between a dozen and a score. All this was highly mysterious: for I cannot conceive myself going to see or hear any play or opera more than twice in a single year. I don't care to be drugged, even by beauty; I have not the least desire to be taken out of myself continually.

So I felt that I must go to see what manner of thing it was that induced this strange behaviour in people otherwise fairly dependable. Accordingly, I told one of my addicted friends that I proposed to go, in company with a few fellow-sceptics, to explore. A few days after, my friend invited me to go with her. I guessed her motive: horror at the thought that my band of cold investigators should, by their mere presence, profane the mystery, and a half-determination to do what she could to convert me beforehand, at least to have had me surrounded at my first visit—which might, if all went well, be the first of twenty—with the proper atmosphere.

I was well content; I like being taken to the theatre by nice people, and even nasty ones are quite bearable in a place where you need not talk. So far from wanting to be offensively detached and critical, I was even anxious to submit myself to the magic, if I could. After all, it is hardly civilized to scoff at that which others revere: that is, of course, if they really do revere it, and are not simply pretending to admire something they have been told they ought to admire. As far as I could gather, the reverence was genuine enough in the case of *The Immortal Hour*; and I was prepared to behave

accordingly—to submit myself and see what would happen.

Well, for the first act nothing happened at all. The tall man with a green face who went on and on and on was terribly boring. I don't know what he was: some sort of King of the Otherworld, I supposed. And those weird people who would keep rushing in and dancing and falling down on the extreme right annoyed me. Then a lovely girl with a lovely voice came in. Evidently she had lost her way: probably wandered out of this world into the Other. I was sorry about that; for it wasn't at all a nice place, and the green-faced man would have frightened me. Much more, I should have thought, a girl. But she was brave. Or was she in a kind of trance? Or perhaps she really belonged there? If she did, I was sorry. No, it must be a trance: she moved so very slowly. And the green-faced man went on and on and on. Then, just as she had disappeared, a man with a spear entered. The King, of course; and she was the Queen, and he was looking for her. I was sorry. He wouldn't have much chance of finding her now. If he'd only been a minute earlier! It was a pity: she was far too nice to lose. And then, quite suddenly, I had an authentic thrill, when the stage was empty and he began calling, calling for her, and her voice grew fainter and fainter. It was sad.

In the next act there is the Queen in a hut. She must have escaped from the Otherworld, for the hut is in this world, relatively speaking, for it contains a pantomime goose and two churls. Will the King find her here? I think he will. He does. But she isn't very glad to see him; she is sad. And then I suddenly realize that I have got it all wrong. She isn't the Queen, yet. They aren't married. But he has fallen in love with her voice: so would I have done. Now, I understand why she is sad. She has fallen in love with him. And it is a strangely sad thing to fall in love; it's such a surrender;

you are not your own any more ; your maiden pride bites the dust. Yes, this is beautiful and in essentials true. And I know this love of theirs will come to disaster. It is one of the things mortals must not have ; one of the things they must learn not even to desire.

Now she is a Queen, indeed. She has been a Queen for a year, and she has grown still more beautiful. But she is weary and sick ; only when a little haunting melody sounds, a smile of dreaming recognition lights her face and she makes as if to start away. Ah, now I know. She will be summoned back whence she came. Does the King understand? I am sorry for him, and I hope, quite naïvely, that she has borne him a child to comfort him when she is gone. But it will hardly be so. Now, being sick and weary, she has gone away to rest, and the King is left alone with one of those old Druids. Now, the King, too, has a premonition of disaster. And here comes the Messenger from the Otherworld. She must go, she must ; and " whither I go, you cannot come." And the King falls, stunned.

Yes, I understand why people go again and again. *The Immortal Hour* is not very good, or very important, but there is in it a real truth of human experience, which the composer has felt and at moments truly expressed : and a grain of truth is more worth than a ton of cleverness. So long as men's hearts reach out for impossible beatitudes and are discomfited, so long a simple rendering of the theme will move them. I recognize it, and applaud ; but I am too old, I do not look for immortal hours any more, I should not want them if they came. But they will not come : I am armed against them.—J. M. MURRY.

VAN GOGH AT THE LEICESTER GALLERY.—These pictures are not like ordinary pictures. In ordinary pictures it is possible to speak of perspective, drawing, style ; here we cannot speak of anything of the kind.

Before ordinary pictures we can think of schools, methods, influences; these pictures stand sharply apart from all schools and all influences. Cézanne's pictures are full of classical organization, architectural development. Gauguin's pictures disengage themselves—or fail to disengage themselves—from an atmosphere of troubled exoticism. Both "date." But Van Gogh's works do not date—they might have been painted at any time during the last two thousand years. Their creator was inspired, not by a method but by an idea. This idea he tried at first to preach to others. But only the poor could understand his preaching, and it was not necessary to preach to those who understood. It was necessary to preach to the rich, the "intelligent," the snobbish art-loving aristocracy. Their ears were open, but their eyes and hearts were sealed. And these pictures, painted in three years of furious toil by a man possessed to the point of self-abandonment, were each an attempt—a desperate attempt—to open the eyes of superior people and to make them see and understand fully.

Rembrandt, of course, in his later period, when he ceased to be fashionable, had tried to do something like this. He had lived in a world of paupers and of common folk which was *his* world, and a world glorified by the inner beauty he had discovered in it. But Van Gogh, when he moved to Arles, was able to get away from Rembrandt and nineteenth-century Paris at the same time. Here was *terra incognita,* and it was all his. Moreover, Rembrandt had discreetly veiled his vision with arbitrary shadows. Here there would be no shadows; nothing but naked sunlight—and in that sunlight people, houses, trees, flowers, and inanimate objects would reveal themselves completely at last. Nothing would be concealed, nothing would be secret before such sunlight. Here it was necessary to paint everything. From a kitchen chair to a pot of sun-

flowers, from the drunken postman who resembled Socrates to the postman's shapeless wife who took in washing and was as great-hearted as the Madonna, everything had to be painted. And then Gauguin came along, and could not understand it at all. In the tropics he, too, might have wanted to paint everything; but here it was different. To paint postmen was bourgeois —worse, it was banal. And so the inevitable blow fell.

When, some months later, Van Gogh at last realized that his brain would somehow never be the same, his sole idea was to try and repay his brother Theo, for the money which had been spent on training him as an artist. He would live in the asylum and paint there, and by and by, his pictures would sell. It was all right, and everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds—but he wished the other patients would leave him in peace. But soon—altogether too soon—their society became as much an aggravation to him as that of Gauguin, or that of the citizens of Arles, who had insisted that he go back to the asylum. Well, he was ready to try anything—what about this Dr. Gachet at Anvers? But even there, things went badly, and Theo was ill, with a wife and baby to look after. It was time then, "to go home."

Here, in this gallery, are some of these pictures that no one wanted to buy and that are not like ordinary pictures. The crowd, from what I see of it, does not realize the difference. A most timid, reserved, commonplace crowd! One or two stop before the sunflowers and let fall the word "wonderful." Yes, it is wonderful that ordinary flowers in an ordinary pot can be like this. How many can see them thus? Outside, in Piccadilly, are two blue-nosed sandwichmen. Each bears aloft a board with the label "The Van Gogh Exhibition." How Vincent, who knew and loved this London with an affection that seems only granted to poets and to strangers, would have enjoyed painting them!—
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

Of Hades and a Lost Adjective.—The time is 3 a.m., the place a notorious American town.

I have, often, in Hollywood, a sense of exposure to nothingness and space; as if the lining had been ripped away and earth showed her raw seams to the stars. These bungalows, new-fitted, devastatingly modern: an encampment on the edge of night. These hill-scaling streets, graded yesterday out of the Ceanothus brush, sown with Spanish-American (or better, American-Spanish) architecture over-night: they are bizarre, correct, blatant and almost beautiful (quite so when the winter evening dulls them to moss and mauve) and perilously near—for all their ever-blooming acacias—perilously near the spatial cold. I've felt a more binding hominess on the plateau of the Wasatch, fifty miles from a steel rail. Cedar and piñon have the air of the ages; they brood. . . . This stark modernity of the newer Los Angeles—"Instant Postum," instant architecture—violates a sense of decency which, other-whiles, the planet wore.

Not that one mourns the ginger-bread architecture of the 'fifties and 'sixties. It was heinous; enough remains to prove that. But at least there was deliberation. Walls and terraces aged to use, and bred atmosphere. Now they are landscaped to perfection while one sleeps.

One does not always sleep.

Any time, any place may become the coast of Hades to the man unseasonably lying awake; but if one must get up and walk the streets after midnight he may do it with as little discomfort in Hollywood as in any other suburb of its size. He will not be frozen or rained upon. He will not be stabbed in the back.

If he would rail at all the first-born of Egypt he can do it with as good a gust, here, as anywhere else. No policeman will intercept him, although if he waver in his coming and going he may be accosted by the Nick Harris watch.

I lodge in the lee of W—— Heights, and at 2 a.m. I climb them in the hope of colliding with the cooling stars; instead I encounter the garish electroliers that W—— himself installed in his pride (when he put his two hundred and fortieth subdivision on the realty market) and commanded that we admire them in his name. They diminish the glories of the moon and quite obliterate those pin-points, the stars. Meantime, all-night illuminations from Beverly Hills to San Pedro puncture the decent dark of a city that's provincial enough to be asleep; would be sleeping but for a fabulous night life that exists chiefly in the imagination of a jealous eastern United States.

I descend the hill with an undulled belief in Hades, promoter of real estate and possessor of tired souls. The boulevard is decently deserted but for the habitués of Bloomfield's "Montmartre," where a few cinema folk are gathered to eat. They are dully decorous and seriously gay. I take coffee for an excuse and in defiance of hygiene. Coffee, of course. An alkaloid is useful and not by any means inapropos when raw protoplasm goes forth on a quest. . . . Raw ploto-plasm: that is the thing that I am when I fare forth at such hours of the night. And yet, coming back up Las Palmas where a rift in the street-trees shows the sky, I catch and lose in one instant the clue to that more-than-meaning that frequents the byways of sleeping towns. It was here, and I had it, in an adjective. (One adjective will, at times, carry unimagined loads.) A sense, it was, that unsated protoplasm, for all its quests, knows nothing of: I all but trapped it in a verbal noose. It had to do with some innocence, primal and essential, that hangs about the humanity of streets asleep, home-lined, on the crust of this futile ball. Thought flickered, and the adjective—élite, precious—was shaken from the fruiting twig of my mind. Now I mourn it. It can never be retrieved . . . because

already the early trucks begin to hurtle down that dark chasm Cahuenga Pass, with new birth-days for commercialism in tow. They rattle the conscience of the world.—H. C. Tracy.

Tarzan and Orson.—Everyone knows or has heard of Tarzan. All over the civilized world children scream with delight as he strangles natives or drives his knife into the lion's throat; and young girls gaze at the noble savage, clad becomingly in skins, and wish the young men of their acquaintance had a little more "devil" in them.

There happens to be an old story, called *Valentine and Orson,* which is simply *Tarzan* in a mediaeval setting and treated from the mediaeval standpoint. It is worth while to consider how far we have improved upon it in the modern version.

Valentine and Orson, twin sons of the Emperor of Constantinople, were born in a wood near Orleans. Orson was carried off by a bear, who suckled him with her cubs. Valentine was found by his uncle, King Pepin, who took pity on him, not knowing him to be his nephew, and was rewarded by seeing Valentine develop into the bravest and most accomplished knight of his Court.

Meanwhile Orson, brought up in the healthy but unrefined society of bears, had become an immensely fierce and powerful savage. For many miles about the peasants went in fear of their lives, and merchants journeying from Orleans to Paris were continually waylaid, robbed, and murdered by him.

One by one the knights of King Pepin sallied out to slay this public menace, and did not return. Finally Valentine sallied out. He, of course, did return, bringing Orson captive. Orson's identity was revealed, Valentine took him in hand, had him baptized, instructed him in the manners of polite society, and

married him to Fezon, daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine—a respectable match.

In the modern version, however, it is the wild man of the woods who is the hero of the piece. Not only is Tarzan superhumanly strong, active, and brave : these advantages are perhaps the natural result of being brought up by a she-ape. He is also gentle and chivalrous, and most careful, when he clasps the American heiress to his breast, not to alarm her by any primitive manifestations of passion. The modern Valentine, on the other hand, the young Earl of Greystoke, is always exhibited as a most contemptible creature, whether he is running after housemaids or away from niggers.

The difference is clear. In the mediaeval story the civilized man is assumed to be the finer type. In the modern story the civilized man is a degenerate, and the foster-child of apes a model of manly excellence. This change of view has its interest.—HUGH LUNN.

ON STANDING ALONE

By The Journeyman

SOMETIMES my colleague, the Editor, allows me a glimpse of his articles. More exactly, sometimes, when I call in at the office, I am required to read his proof. so it happened this month ; and it was as well that it did, for I was without a subject. I am uneasy if my subjects do not come to me naturally. If I have to cast about for a theme, I immediately begin to feel that I shall be making the thing up ; and I have spent too much of my life writing to order (remember, I *am* a journeyman) not to respect this opportunity of writing what I like. When I don't like anything that comes into my head, I feel it my duty to wait for the entrance into it of something that I do.

Nothing had entered, until I was required to read the proof of " Religion and Christianity." On the whole, I agree with it ; so much so indeed that I couldn't say whether it was good or bad. And yet, I was not quite satisfied. I felt that something, not important perhaps, yet not unimportant, had been left out. When I suggested that it should be included, the Editor said that he couldn't rewrite his article ; but there wasn't the faintest reason why I should not say whatever I wanted to say. *He* didn't mind.

Let me say it, then. It begins with this : I think that to stand alone is nothing like so easy as he implies. Not that I do not believe in standing alone : I have been compelled to it by circumstances, I have done my best to hold out to the end, and I am glad that it has been so. But there are moments. . . .

I don't want to talk about the moments, which anyone who has tried to stand alone must know as well as I: moments when in our small ways we too go through the agony of the Garden, and cry out our question to the God of our loneliness: Why hast Thou forsaken me? But it seemed to me that anyone who has known these pangs must be tender towards those who shrink from enduring them: and further that anyone who felt this tenderness would be willing to admit that there are in the Christian Church souls who flee to it for motives which are not adequately described by the word "fear."

I mean this: that between those who are willing to stand alone and those who enter the Church as a mere association of men, may there not be a third division, of those who seek the shelter of the Church as a home where they may receive something of that tender solicitude which has radiated from the name of Christ for two thousand years? They seek to love Him and to be loved by Him. I do not pretend to know whether they believe in Him as God or not: I can only think back to my own smallest childhood, when I used to say my prayers to "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and I thought of Him as someone who was very concerned about me, who was sorry if I got into trouble or hurt myself, and who would—if the worst came to the worst—do all he could to save me from the anger of the old man with a beard who was God. Jesus was to me, in those days, as he has remained ever since, utterly different from God. I was ready to believe that he was the Son of God, because I knew from my own small experience that awful and incalculable fathers could have very kind and loving sons. And anyhow I had nothing to do with God—the less the better for me. My relations were with Jesus. "Pity mice implicity," I said to Him: and I knew it was all right. He was the kind o man who did pity mice, and looked after two sparrows sold for a farthing—what very little sparrows they must

have been !—and lilies of the field, and all kinds of things about my size. And did He not say, was it not written in a golden scroll above my washstand? "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Oh, it was quite all right with Him.

Well, one doesn't stay at four or five years old, it is true. But yet I cannot help thinking that some such attitude towards Him may be kept by simple people of simple faith, and that many lonely souls seek His love within the Church. For them the Church would be a place rather than a society, a place where they can think of Him and pray to Him and be with Him in imagination; where they hear His simple and mysterious words, and obey His own simple commandment to break bread and drink wine in His remembrance. There are times, I confess, when I do these things, not indeed in order to escape loneliness, but simply in order to clear a quiet space within my soul wherein I can remember Him as I desire to remember Him—as the champion and the lover of mankind. That He laid down His life for me I have never doubted, and I have never doubted His word: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." I was an unborn friend of His; so were all men. And I should think it a poor thing in myself if I did not sometimes remember Him in the way He asked to be remembered.

I understand what Mr. Murry means when he says that the true loyalty to Christ is to follow Him into isolation; or, still more truly perhaps, to try to carry on in oneself the lonely exploration of which He was the great leader. I admit that Christ can be understood and the meaning of His words comprehended only by those who have the courage to fight out the unending battle in themselves, alone. Nevertheless, I also believe that a simple love of Christ is a tremendous thing. Not that it answers all problems. It does not. But love of Christ alone will carry a man far; for the man who loves

Christ passionately will passionately doubt Christianity; by his very love of Christ he will be driven outside the Church. And he will then be forced to stand alone: and then he will discover the full significance of the man whom he has passionately loved.

But I also feel that there must be many of a less heroic build—men and women, but above all women, who love Christ and remain in the Church for His sake. They do not feel the discrepancy: they shut their eyes to all but the consolation and the love which they find in thinking of Him. The rest simply does not matter to them. What matters is the moments when they feel that He is near. Moreover, I can imagine that there are men of a robuster build than these who yet remain in the Church out of a loyal love for Christ. They would be those whom I can imagine as desiring to testify in the only way that plainly offers itself to them their love and reverence for a great leader of humanity. It would be for them a means of paying homage to qualities which they revere. I do not think it can be fairly said that fear is the motive of those who remain in the Church either from love of Christ or from reverence towards Him.

Still, I suppose that it does remain the fact that if they were willing to stand alone, they would not need the Church. They could love Christ and revere Him, not less but more, if they stood apart from all the organized societies which bear His name. Yes, yes, it is so. I am driven back on to the truth which I know so well in other forms. You have to make a choice: you must either go alone or in company. You cannot do both. And, as the God of the man who is alone is other than the God of the man who must go in company; so are their Christs different.

Yet I cannot wholly put away the fancy, indulged by so many of my kind before me, that if the Christian Churches were to begin really to follow Christ, we

should not be quite so far apart. I do not mean by following Him, to follow Him in the most exacting sense of Mr. Murry's article, but quite simply. For the Christian who tried quite simply to obey the precepts of Christ would speedily find himself alone; he would scarcely need to put himself outside the Church; he would be put outside instead. And very likely he would be put into gaol as well, or at least have kindly care taken of him in a private asylum at the instance of thoughtful relatives who would be pained by his proclivities towards selling all that he had and giving it to the poor.

Not that I want to see men literally obeying Christ's precepts; I think that it is a bad thing, a narrow and unfruitful thing, for a man to obey any spiritual authority except his own. Not even the highest, not even the dearest: because I believe there is no final, lasting satisfaction to be got that way, but only ecstasies. Ecstasies are no use: I know them of old: they fade, leaving behind them ashes and bitterness and desolation. A man must not seek to stand outside himself, but within: that is his purpose as a *man*. And the only way I know towards that end is that a man should accept responsibility for himself to the last verge and agony of annihilation; that he should refuse all limitations till he has proved them, and all certainties till he has discovered them. There is a moment when he must stop his ears to the most loved voice in all the world, calling to him: "Follow me"; when in pain and numbness of heart, he must stand his ground, even though it shake like a quicksand beneath his feet, and say: "I cannot." Then the last bond of human love will be snapped; and he will be apart, and separate, and lost. And out of that death of love, whether for another human soul or for Christ or I know not whom, a new and a different love is born.

MULTUM IN PARVO

THE GLORY OF MUSIC.—Pei Men Ch'eng once spoke to the Yellow Emperor : " When your Majesty played the *Han-ch'ih* in the wilds of Tung-t'ing, the first time I heard it I was afraid, the second time I was amazed, and the last time I was confused, speechless, overwhelmed."

" You are not far from the truth," replied the Yellow Emperor. " I played as a man who draws inspiration from God. The execution was punctilious, the expression sublime.

" Perfect music first shapes itself according to a human standard ; then it follows the lines of the divine ; then it proceeds in harmony with the five virtues ; then it passes into pure spontaneity. The four seasons then are blended, and all creation brought into accord. As the seasons come forth in turn, so are all things produced. Now fullness, now decay, now soft, now loud, now clear, now muffled, the harmony of He and She. Like a flash was the sound which roused you as the insect world is roused by the sudden breath of spring ; and it was followed by a thundering peal, without end and without beginning, now dying, now living, now sinking, now rising, on and on without a moment's break. And so you were afraid.

" When I played the second time, it was the harmony of the He and She, lighted by the glory of sun and moon, now broken, now prolonged, now gentle, now severe, in one incessant and unfathomable flood of sound. Filling valley and gorge, stopping the ears, subduing the senses, the sound whirled around on every side with shrill note and clear. The spirits of darkness abode within their realm. Sun, moon and stars pursued

their appointed course. When the melody was exhausted, I stopped; if the melody did not stop, I went on. You may have felt, but you could not understand; you may have looked, but you could not see; you may have pursued, but you could not overtake. You stood dazed in the midst of the wilderness, leaning against a tree and crooning, your eye conscious of exhausted vision, your strength failing for the pursuit, and so unable to overtake me. Your body was but an empty shell. You were completely at a loss, and so you were amazed.

"Then I played in sounds which produce no amazement, the melodious law of spontaneity, springing forth like Nature's countless buds, in manifold but formless joy, as though poured out to the dregs, in deep but soundless bass. Beginning nowhere, the melody rested in void; some would say dead, others alive, others real, others artificial, as it scattered itself on all sides in never to be anticipated chords.

"The wondering world inquires of the Sage concerning it, for he is in relation with its variations and follows the same eternal law. When no human devices are in motion and yet the instrumentation is complete, this is the music of God. The mind awakes to the enjoyment of it without waiting to be called. Therefore Yu Piao praised it, saying, 'Listening, you cannot hear its sound; gazing, you cannot see its form. It fills heaven and earth. It embraces the six cardinal points.' Now you desired to listen to it, but you were unable to grasp its existence. And so you were confused." (*Chuang-Tse.*)

SHAKESPEARE.—When we speak of the aim and art observable in Shakespeare's works, we must not forget that art belongs to Nature; that it is, so to speak, self-viewing, self-imitating, self-fashioning Nature. The art of a well-developed genius is far different from the art-

fulness of the understanding, of the merely reasoning mind. Shakespeare was no calculator, no learned thinker; he was a mighty, many-gifted soul, whose feelings and works, like products of Nature, bear the stamp of the same spirit, and in which the last and deepest of observers will still find new harmonies with the structure of the universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man. They are emblematic, have many meanings, are simple and inexhaustible, like products of Nature; and nothing more unsuitable could be said of them than that they are works of art, in that narrow mechanical acceptation of the word. (*Novalis.*)

DISSATISFACTION.—That vague current of dissatisfaction which sometimes encroaches on moods of the greatest happiness, is quite a different thing from actual melancholy. It is less clearly known; less insistent. It brings no cataclysmic falls, no horrid forebodings or depths of fear, neither does it cry aloud its message, rending the dark, unexplored caverns of subconscious knowledge. Instead, it just whispers, softly, insidiously, and the sound of its whispering is scarcely heard, only half understood.

"Ah, but what is the use?" is the burden of its plaint. "Ah, but what is the use?" And very kindly, very gently it tries to undermine all one's cherished ideals and hopes.

"Ah, but what is the use?" And though I would not listen to the small husky voice, yet while I laughed and talked and the wind blew in the trees, I heard it dimly behind my mind, muttering, muttering.—V. LE M.

ABOUT REVIEWING.—How does it happen that laudatory reviews are given by professional critics to the most deplorable books on the market? Recently a few minor productions of the present season were sent

me for review. The first volume was a collectio verse, appalling verse, almost the worst I have read. Yet on one of the end pages appeared a lis the writer's other poetical works, with excessi laudatory comments, purporting to have appeare several respectable newspapers and reviews. Nov is quite unthinkable that any poet whose earlier w deserved such praise should suddenly drop to the l of the 112 pages with which I had to deal. The explanation that occurs to me is that the poet mus an American millionaire in disguise who has been ro the newspaper offices distributing largesse to the cri However, no largesse came my way, so I did disguise my opinion.

The second book was a third-rate novel by a w with a second-rate reputation. I have since b interested to see what another paper had to say al this book. I found that no less than two columns w devoted to it. The reviewer began with an appre tion of the author's presentation of good " breedin in the aristocratic sub-heroine. The lady's " breedin in the story took the form of bouncing into the hous a respectable middle-aged man to whom she had been introduced and informing him of her plans for passing of his remaining years. I am exercised explain to myself how a critic—presumably trained experienced in the judging of books—finds it poss to write about a novel which has neither thought moral force behind it in terms of generous enthusia After due meditation I have evolved the theory critics must work by dividing literature into two clas in respect of merit, and judging them by two standa thus :—

(1) Literature betraying thought and intellige Poetry which has something to say, and is not m prose written in lines. Criticize these for benefit of earnest and intelligent persons.

(2) Purely brainless and emotional literature. Poetry with an abundance of familiar phrases and very little else. Criticize these for the benefit of more or less uneducated persons, who want to indulge in a little literary gaspiping, and who have no conception of the *use* of literature.

Is this what the critics really do? I can quite see that in writing for public No. 2, it would be fruitless to maintain the austere standard required for the guidance of public No. 1. So do they just pretend there isn't any public No. 1 and spend all their approval on the books they recommend to public No. 2? Will someone enlighten me?—P. McD.

TRUE EDUCATION.—A child certainly allows himself to be impressed by the grand talk of his parents. But is it really imagined that the child is thereby educated? Actually it is the parents' lives that educate the child—what they add thereto by word and gesture at best serves only to confuse him. (*C. G. Jung.*)

PROBLEM No. 8: A party of four niggers, accompanied by a pet monkey, make an expedition to gather nuts. They work all day and agree to share between them next morning the pile of nuts they have collected. During the night one nigger gets up, divides the pile into four equal heaps, finds there is one nut over which he gives the monkey, takes a heap with him and goes to bed. The second nigger then gets up, divides the remaining nuts into four, finds there is one over which the monkey gets, takes a fourth part with him and goes to bed. The third and fourth niggers do the same in turn. In the morning they all divide the remaining nuts into four and find there is one over. How many nuts were there?

Answer to Problem No. 7:
Two years.

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// The Adelphi

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HEADS OR TAILS?

By John Middleton Murry

THERE are two worlds. Not this one and the next. I know nothing about the next, anyhow. But two worlds here and now. Two co-existent worlds that perplex me.

They perplex me—it would be truer to say—chiefly when I think about them ; and I think about them chiefly when I am suddenly compelled to. Then I cannot reconcile them. It seems to me that I was born subject to both, and that I am troubled by a divided allegiance.

If I were consistent, I should call them "the world within" and "the world without." But that is too solemn. O Lord, deliver me from my besetting virtue, which is solemnity ! Things are much more truly seen, if we can look at them with a twinkle in the eye. I am afraid mine do not twinkle quite so readily as they ought. Give me the smallest chance, the merest fraction of a second to wind myself up, and I am tense, at strain, with the air of one who is taking a decision for all eternity.

It is not that I really feel things in that way. Once upon a time I used to; but that has changed. (*Umberufen!*) What remains, however, is some old trick of the mechanism, so that if I have to point out to the greengrocer that he is charging me twopence too much on a dozen oranges, I lapse immediately into the attitude of Achilles defying the lightning. All for twopence! And I still seem to spend on catching a train,

or on looking for a bed in an unfamiliar town, energy enough to supply the whole of England with electric light for a day.

So I have to take precautions against my mechanism, which from two words or two ideas, always pushes the more portentous to the tip of my tongue. I will not talk of "the world within" and "the world without" any more just now. It is the New Year. Moreover, I have been to the play—*Our Betters,* by Somerset Maugham. It is not a very good play. Mr. Maugham suffered also from the divided soul : he couldn't make up his mind between satire and sentiment. But he makes somebody say : "If we all thought about things the night before the same as we do the morning after," life would be a much simpler affair than it is.

Much simpler, no doubt ; but very different from what it is. If it had been so, indeed, in *Our Betters,* Mr. Maugham would have been left without a play at all. But the division suits me better than the more solemn one that is habitual.

These then are the two worlds : the world of the night before and the world of the morning after. Everybody has a foot, if not a foothold, in both of them. Some people, most people perhaps, are pretty solidly planted in one of them, and towards the other they behave like little babies who go to the seaside for the first time in their lives. The rounded froth of a spent wave slides swiftly up the sand ; it touches the tip of their toes, and they scuttle shrieking back to their element. Contrariwise, I suppose the little fishes, when they are caught up beyond the high surf barrier, bundled into the no-man's-land of the broken waves, and touch the terrifying shingle, give an agonized flick with their fins and shoot into the deep once more.

I am neither a little child nor a little fish. I am a merman (if I am kind to myself) or a monster (if I am not). Let it be a merman—a man with a large fishy

tail. I give a great swish with my tail—that is the night before—and then I find myself with a dazed mind and unfamiliar hands trying to get a firm grip of a slippery rock, fairly grounded in no-man's-land, where my tail doesn't work and my hands are a great deal less useful than a good earthy pair of hands would be—that is the morning after. A stranded merman! A most unconvincing beast!

Well, well, I say to myself: I *was* in the sea. Indubitable. And I *am* on the—no, that's just what I do not say. No, that I cannot really admit. I don't always go about challenging reality: when a motor-'bus makes for me, I get out of the way. When I want tobacco I put my money down and pick up my change; and I speak politely to policemen. I behave circumspectly, and try to dissemble my tail in a pair of trousers—even a pair of spats when I am feeling a peculiar need of protective colouring. But I do not really admit all these things. I feel that I have been pushed on to a stage, where I must behave like a little gentleman. But somewhere in my heart I cherish a secret conviction that the whole pasteboard contraption will vanish away.

In the meantime, with that grain of comfort, I wait for the tide to rise and cover me again. Next time, I say to myself, once I have the water fairly over me again, I will give such a flick with my tail as will carry me clean through the morning after, and the morning after that for ever and ever. And then, according to the theory of evolution, my useless hands will drop off, I shall grow scales to keep the water out, and I shall be no longer a hybrid merman, but a fish indeed, as Mr. Lawrence says I ought to be.

But I have not succeeded yet. I sometimes think that I am getting fishier and fishier, and that only my head remains unaffected. But it seems a very obstinate sort of head. The only thing that occurs to me to do

with it is to bury it in the sand. I know that is what the ostrich does, and not the fish. But it's pleasant to welcome all these animals who come uninvited into the argument. (What's an ostrich more or less? Why not a chameleon as well? I once heard a Scotswoman describe a common acquaintance as a chameleon who tried to sit on a rainbow : the effort was too much for him.) Well, I put my head into the sand, in the hope that sooner or later it will come out something different. So far all that has happened is that I have got a great deal of sand in my eyes. Yet somehow it does not vastly matter, and I'm not sure that it's not rather a good thing. When your eyes are watering you don't see so very much ; and it's very good training for the moment, which will not fail to come, when the tide is up and one is a fish again. Your eyes are bound to smart in the one element or the other ; it is better that they should hurt you least in the one you most delight in.

But it's all very well to try to laugh about these things. One can't keep it up : at least, I can't. (At that moment, as if to add point to the joke, I stretched out to turn on the electric light and fell off my chair sideways.) It is not that this division into the night before and the morning after is flippant, but that it is too simple. It suggests that there are, in fact, only two worlds to deal with. I begin to suspect that there may be a hundred or more. Or, if we go back to our merman and fishes—for I am not enough of a realist to like "the night before" or "the morning after"—I have an uncomfortable presentiment that there are not merely the dry land and the ocean and the foreshore between them on which I mostly live, but as many different oceans as there are fishes to swim in them. For instance, when the waters seem to have covered me indubitably and I begin to swim about with a sensation of speed and ease that is positively alarming, the chances

are that somebody else whom I have been accustomed to regard as a perfect fish, instead of admiring my beautiful evolutions as I expect him to or at least acquiescing in them, suddenly changes into an unmitigated land-animal, and begins to beat me about the head with his walking-stick. He is angry, and he shouts at me: "Don't make such a damned fool of yourself! Can't you *see* what a spectacle you are? If you don't leave off this instant, I'll have done with you for ever." And at the very moment when I think I am doing something superlative, some dolphin-roll that took an unusual amount of courage, he smites me with a quite special vehemence, and cries: "Really, you make me sick!"

So I shake the sand out of my eyes and discover myself there in the old attitude, floundering on the beach, in the middle of an unpleasant sandy mess I have been churning up with my tail. Can that be all really? Am I nothing more than a monster in a circus? It is a very nasty moment. One goes all sick inside, but sick, sick, and death is near and desirable. Anything would be better; better than all else would be to close one's eyes and die, dreaming that one was a fish again.

Of course, I don't accept anybody's evidence as to what I am or the quality of my behaviour. Probably, all the inhabitants of the earthy world save one or two might beat me on the head for days together and roar at me through megaphones by the hour, and I should not turn a hair. I simply should not feel their blows or hear their voices. I at all events have got a tail, and I will not listen to those ordinary two-legged animals who would like to bully me. But, on the other hand, there are one or two people who, I believe, are fishier than I am; and, anyhow, what I believe or think in their regard is not of very much account beside the fact that when they speak to me it reverberates in my bowels. I cannot help it: the fact is elemental. I can only recognize it and obey.

So there I am: split clean in two, half of me still thinking I am a fish, half of me persuaded that I am only a circus-monster. It is indeed an unpleasant position, so very unpleasant that it is as well that this essay has been pitched in this minor key: otherwise I should be letting myself go and really making a spectacle of myself. The sense of nullity, of complete not-being that comes of such a split in the consciousness is purely nauseating. The ground gives way beneath you; you are falling, falling. Worse than that, for this ground on which you trod so securely was your own, painfully won. Your old brave words echo sickeningly in your ears. "Obey no spiritual authority but your own." Easy to say; hard to follow: for the voice from outside which you recognize as authoritative *is* your own. "Be loyal to your own certainty." But there are two certainties, in conflict, and they are both your own. "When in doubt, do the hardest thing." There is nothing to choose between them. It is just as hard to pretend you are a fish with that voice ringing—not in your soul, for that has slipped through the chasm—in your depths, as it is to admit that you are merely a circus-monster beside himself. Either way, something snaps.

And you, poor fool, had thought the time had come—had you not waited for it, had you not paid for it?—when you could trust yourself as a single thing. You had, by innumerable lonely pains, metamorphosed yourself into a fish. Now you realize, that, although your outward shape has changed, you are still the hybrid that you were; your inside is a merman's still. You are—just what you were when you began, so many years ago. The mists of illusion begin to clear, and you see through them the old familiar situations with which you struggled when you first began to struggle at all. Nothing has changed by the suddenness and immensity of the shock. That, it seems, has increased a thousand times: but that also may be an illusion.

So, in the depths of your dismay, it will appear. And yet, perhaps, if you could be still and look more closely, you would find that something indeed had changed: that there was less of an old weak self-assertion about it all, that as your sacrifice was more of a sacrifice, your choice was more of a choice, and that, when it came to splitting yourself, you were more prepared to let the split go clean through. Small comforts at the best; but small comforts are better than none.

At least, I suppose they ought to be. But when you have got into the position of not being able to make head or tail of yourself, grains of comfort are oddly intangible and unsustaining. You require something far more substantial, nothing less, indeed, than the assurance of a miracle: that next time your head will really come along with your tail, and be a proper fish's head, or that your tail will come along with your head and turn into a sensible pair of legs, fit for standing on. For the difficulty of standing on your head is nothing compared with the difficulty of standing on your tail. On the only occasion of which I know when that miracle was accomplished, the world was saved by it.

> Once upon a time all the water in the world was swallowed by a huge frog. It was most inconvenient, especially for the fishes, who flapped about and gasped on the dry land. The other animals also were troubled, because there was nothing to drink. So they laid their heads together and came to the conclusion that the only way to make the frog disgorge his waters was to make him laugh. Accordingly they gathered before him and cut capers and played pranks which would have caused any ordinary person to die of laughing. But the frog did not even smile. He sat there in gloomy silence, with his great goggle eyes and his swollen cheeks, as grave as a judge. As a last resort the eel stood up on its tail and wriggled and danced about, twisting itself into most ridiculous contortions. This was more than even the frog could bear. His face relaxed, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks and the water poured out of his mouth. However, the animals now got more than they bargained for, since the waters disgorged

> by the frog swelled into a great flood. Indeed, the whole of mankind would have been drowned, if the pelican had not gone about in a canoe picking up the survivors.

That is the story as Sir James Frazer tells it. So you see, first, how hard it must be to stand on one's tail; and, secondly, that although in this great instance it brought salvation, the remedy was within an ace of being too heroic altogether. It is better not to try.

In short, at the present moment, I do not know what advice to give to those of the merman breed. Perhaps the farmer's wife—Magna Mater—could be found to cut off their tails with a carving-knife; if she were to cut off their heads by mistake, it would not greatly matter. But that is too drastic: I am gentle by nature, and particularly gentle to those of my kind. I would rather suggest a sun-cure. Let them bask on a warm rock, and go to sleep in the sunshine. It is a pity we can't all afford that: for sometimes I think that half our maladies are due to the fact that for most of the time the England we live in is like the bottom of a dingy aquarium. And we try to behave accordingly.

A VERSE FRAGMENT

By Katherine Mansfield

So that mysterious mother faint with sleep
Had given into her arms her new-born son,
And felt upon her bosom the cherished one
Breathe and stiffen his tiny limbs and weep.
Her arms became as wings, folding him over
Into that lovely pleasance, and her heart
Beat like a tiny bell: " He is my lover,
He is my son, and we shall never part—
Never, never, never, never—but why?"
And she suddenly bowed her head and began to cry.

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL

By Katherine Mansfield

WHETHER he had forgotten what it felt like, or his head had really grown bigger since the summer before, Henry could not decide. But his straw hat hurt him: it pinched his forehead and started a dull ache in the two bones just over the temples. So he chose a corner seat in a third-class "smoker," took off his hat and put it in the rack with his large black cardboard portfolio and his Aunt B's Christmas-present gloves. The carriage smelt horribly of wet india-rubber and soot. There were ten minutes to spare before the train went, so Henry decided to go and have a look at the bookstall. Sunlight darted through the glass roof of the station in long beams of blue and gold; a little boy ran up and down carrying a tray of primroses; there was something about the people—about the women especially—something idle and yet eager. The most thrilling day of the year, the first real day of Spring had unclosed its warm delicious beauty even to London eyes. It had put a spangle in every colour and a new tone in every voice, and city folks walked as though they carried real live bodies under their clothes with real live hearts pumping the stiff blood through.

Henry was a great fellow for books. He did not read many nor did he possess above half a dozen. He looked at all in the Charing Cross Road during lunch-time and at any odd time in London; the quantity with which he was on nodding terms was amazing. By his clean neat handling of them and by his nice choice of

phrase when discussing them with one or another bookseller you would have thought that he had taken his pap with a tome propped before his nurse's bosom. But you would have been quite wrong. That was only Henry's way with everything he touched or said. That afternoon it was an anthology of English poetry, and he turned over the pages until a title struck his eye—*Something Childish but very Naturall*

> Had I but two little wings,
> And were a little feathery bird,
> To you I'd fly, my dear,
> But thoughts like these are idle things,
> And I stay here.
>
> But in my sleep to you I fly,
> I'm always with you in my sleep,
> The world is all one's own,
> But then one wakes and where am I?
> All, all alone.
>
> Sleep stays not though a monarch bids,
> So I love to wake at break of day,
> For though my sleep be gone,
> Yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids,
> And so, dreams on.

He could not have done with the little poem. It was not the words so much as the whole air of it that charmed him! He might have written it lying in bed, very early in the morning, and watching the sun dance on the ceiling. "It is *still* like that," thought Henry. "I am sure he wrote it when he was half-awake sometime, for it's got a smile of a dream on it." He stared at the poem and then looked away and repeated it by heart, missed a word in the third verse and looked again, and again until he became conscious of shouting and shuffling, and he looked up to see the train moving slowly. . . .

"God's thunder!" Henry dashed forward. A man with a flag and a whistle had his hand on a door. He clutched Henry somehow . . . Henry was inside

with the door slammed, in a carriage that wasn't a "smoker," that had not a trace of his straw hat or the black portfolio or his Aunt B's Christmas-present gloves. Instead, in the opposite corner, close against the wall, there sat a girl. Henry did not dare to look at her, but he felt certain she was staring at him. "She must think I'm mad," he thought, "dashing into a train without even a hat, and in the evening, too." He felt so funny. He didn't know how to sit or sprawl. He put his hands in his pockets and tried to appear quite indifferent and frown at a large photograph of Bolton Abbey. But feeling her eyes on him he gave her just the tiniest glance. Quick she looked away out of the window, and then Henry, careful of her slightest movement, went on looking. She sat pressed against the window, her cheek and shoulder half hidden by a long wave of marigold-coloured hair. One little hand in a grey cotton glove held a leather case on her lap with the initials E. M. on it. The other hand she had slipped through the window-strap and Henry noticed a silver bangle on the wrist with a Swiss cow-bell and a silver shoe and a fish. She wore a green coat and a hat with a wreath round it. All this Henry saw while the title of the new poem persisted in his brain—*Something Childish but very Natural.* "I suppose she goes to some school in London," thought Henry. "She might be in an office. Oh, no, she is too young. Besides she'd have her hair up if she was. It isn't even down her back." He could not keep his eyes off that beautiful waving hair. "'My eyes are like two drunken bees. . . .' Now, I wonder if I read that or made it up?"

That moment the girl turned round and, catching his glance, she blushed. She bent her head to hide the red colour that flew in her cheeks, and Henry, terribly embarrassed, blushed too. "I shall have to speak—have to—have to!" He started putting up his hand

to raise the hat that wasn't there. He thought that funny; it gave him confidence.

"I'm—I'm most awfully sorry," he said, smiling at the girl's hat. "But I can't go on sitting in the same carriage with you and not explaining why I dashed in like that, without my hat even. I'm sure I gave you a fright and just now I was staring at you—but that's only an awful fault of mine; I'm a terrible starer! If you'd like me to explain—how I got in here—not about the staring, of course,"—he gave a little laugh—"I will."

For a minute she said nothing, then in a low, shy voice—"It doesn't matter."

The train had flung behind the roofs and chimneys. They were swinging into the country, past little black woods and fading fields and pools of water shining under an apricot evening sky. Henry's heart began to thump and beat to the beat of the train. He couldn't leave it like that. She sat so quiet, hidden in her falling hair. He felt that it was absolutely necessary that she should look up and understand him—understand him at least. He leant forward and clasped his hands round his knees.

"You see I'd just put all my things—a portfolio—into a third-class 'smoker' and was having a look at the book-stall," he explained.

As he told the story she raised her head. He saw her grey eyes under the shadow of her hat and her eyebrows like two gold feathers. Her lips were faintly parted. Almost unconsciously he seemed to absorb the fact that she was wearing a bunch of primroses and that her throat was white—the shape of her face wonderfully delicate against all that burning hair. "How beautiful she is! How simply beautiful she is!" sang Henry's heart, and swelled with the words, bigger and bigger and trembling like a marvellous bubble—so that he was afraid to breathe for fear of breaking it.

" I hope there was nothing valuable in the portfolio," said she, very grave.

" Oh, only some silly drawings that I was taking back from the office," answered Henry, airily. " And—I was rather glad to lose my hat. It had been hurting me all day."

" Yes," she said. " It's left a mark," and she nearly smiled. Why on earth should those words have made Henry feel so free suddenly and so happy and so madly excited? What was happening between them? They said nothing, but to Henry their silence was alive and warm. It covered him from his head to his feet in a trembling wave. Her marvellous words " It's made a mark " had in some mysterious fashion established a bond between them. They could not be utter strangers to each other if she spoke so simply and so naturally. And now she was really smiling. The smile danced in her eyes, crept over her cheeks to her lips and stayed there. He leant back. The words flew from him—" Isn't life wonderful! "

At that moment the train dashed into a tunnel. He heard her voice raised against the noise. She leant forward.

" I don't think so. But then I've been a fatalist for a long time now "—a pause—" months."

They were shattering through the dark. " Why? " called Henry.

" Oh. . . ."

Then she shrugged, and smiled and shook her head, meaning she could not speak against the noise. He nodded and leant back. They came out of the tunnel into a sprinkle of lights and houses. He waited for her to explain. But she got up and buttoned her coat and put her hands to her hat, swaying a little. " I get out here," she said. That seemed quite impossible to Henry.

The train slowed down and the lights outside

grew brighter. She moved towards his end of the carriage.

"Look here!" he stammered. "Shan't I see you again?" He got up, too, and leant against the rack with one hand. "I *must* see you again." The train was stopping.

She said breathlessly, "I come down from London every evening."

"You—you—you do—really?" His eagerness frightened her. He was quick to curb it. Shall we or shall we not shake hands? raced through his brain. One hand was on the door-handle, the other held the little bag. The train stopped. Without another word or glance she was gone.

II.

Then came Saturday—a half day at the office—and Sunday between. By Monday evening Henry was quite exhausted. He was at the station far too early, with a pack of silly thoughts at his heels as it were driving him up and down. "She didn't say she came by this train!" "And supposing I go up and she cuts me." "There may be somebody with her." "Why do you suppose she's ever thought of you again?" "What are you going to say if you do see her?" He even prayed "Lord if it be Thy will, let us meet."

But nothing helped. White smoke floated against the roof of the station—dissolved and came again in swaying wreaths. Of a sudden, as he watched it, so delicate and so silent, moving with such mysterious grace above the crowd and the scuffle, he grew calm. He felt very tired—he only wanted to sit down and shut his eyes—she was not coming—a forlorn relief breathed in the words. And then he saw her quite near to him walking towards the train with the same little leather case in her hand. Henry waited. He knew, some-

how, that she had seen him, but he did not move until she came close to him and said in her low, shy voice—
"Did you get them again?"
"Oh, yes, thank you, I got them again," and with a funny half-gesture he showed her the portfolio and the gloves. They walked side by side to the train and into an empty carriage. They sat down opposite to each other, smiling timidly but not speaking, while the train moved slowly, and slowly gathered speed and smoothness. Henry spoke first.
"It's so silly," he said, "not knowing your name." She put back a big piece of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and he saw how her hand in the grey glove was shaking. Then he noticed that she was sitting very stiffly with her knees pressed together—and he was, too—both of them trying not to tremble so. She said "My name is Edna."
"And mine is Henry."
In the pause they took possession of each other's names and turned them over and put them away, a shade less frightened after that.
"I want to ask you something else now," said Henry. He looked at Edna, his head a little on one side. "How old are you?"
"Over sixteen," she said, "and you?"
"I'm nearly eighteen. . . ."
"Isn't it hot?" she said suddenly, and pulled off her grey gloves and put her hands to her cheeks and kept them there. Their eyes were not frightened—they looked at each other with a sort of desperate calmness. If only their bodies would not tremble so stupidly! Still half hidden by her hair, Edna said:
"Have you ever been in love before?"
"No, never! Have you?"
"Oh, never in all my life." She shook her head. "I never even thought it possible."
His next words came in a rush. "Whatever have

you been doing since last Friday evening? Whatever did you do all Saturday and all Sunday and to-day?"

But she did not answer—only shook her head and smiled and said—"No, you tell *me*."

"I?" cried Henry—and then he found he couldn't tell her either. He couldn't climb back to those mountains of days, and he had to shake his head, too.

"But it's been agony," he said, smiling brilliantly—"agony." At that she took away her hands and started laughing and Henry joined her. They laughed until they were tired.

"It's so—so extraordinary," she said. "So suddenly, you know, and I feel as if I'd known you for years."

"So do I . . ." said Henry. "I believe it must be the Spring. I believe I've swallowed a butterfly—and it's fanning its wings just here." He put his hand on his heart.

"And the really extraordinary thing is," said Edna, "that I had made up my mind that I didn't care for—men at all. I mean all the girls at College——"

"Were you at College?"

She nodded. "A training College, learning to be a Secretary." She sounded scornful.

"I'm in an office," said Henry. "An Architect's office—such a funny little place up one hundred and thirty stairs. We ought to be building nests instead of houses, I always think."

"Do you like it?"

"No, of course I don't. I don't want to do anything, do you?"

"No, I hate it. . . . And," she said, "my mother is a Hungarian—I believe that makes me hate it even more."

That seemed to Henry quite natural. "It would," he said.

"Mother and I are exactly alike. I haven't a thing

in common with my father; he's just . . . a little man in the City—but mother has got wild blood in her and she's given it to me. She hates our life just as much as I do." She paused and frowned. "All the same, we don't get on a bit together—that's funny—isn't it? But I'm absolutely alone at home."

Henry was listening—in a way he was listening, but there was something else he wanted to ask her. He said, very shyly, "Would you—would you take off your hat?"

She looked startled. "Take off my hat?"

"Yes—it's your hair. I'd give anything to see your hair properly."

She protested. "It isn't really . . . "

"Oh, it *is*," cried Henry, and then, as she took off the hat and gave her head a little toss, "Oh, Edna! it's the loveliest thing in the world."

"Do you like it?" she said, smiling and very pleased. She pulled it round her shoulders like a cape of gold. "People generally laugh at it. It's such an absurd colour." But Henry would not believe that. She leaned her elbows on her knees and cupped her chin in her hands. "That's how I often sit when I'm angry and then I feel it burning me up. . . . Silly?"

"No, no, not a bit," said Henry. "I knew you did. It's your sort of weapon against all the dull horrid things."

"However did you know that?—yes, that's just it. But however did you know?"

"Just knew," smiled Henry. "My God!" he cried, "what fools people are! All the little pollies that you know and that I know. Just look at you and me. Here we are—that's all there is to be said. I know about you and you know about me—we've just found each other—quite simply—just by being natural. That's all life is—something childish and very natural. Isn't it?"

"Yes—yes," she said eagerly. "That's what I've always thought."

"It's people that make things so—silly. As long as you can keep away from them you're safe and you're happy."

"Oh, I've thought that for a long time."

"Then you're just like me," said Henry. The wonder of that was so great that he almost wanted to cry. Instead he said very solemnly: "I believe we're the only two people alive who think as we do. In fact, I'm sure of it. Nobody understands me. I feel as though I were living in a world of strange beings—do you?"

"Always."

"We'll be in that loathsome tunnel again in a minute," said Henry. "Edna! can I—just touch your hair?"

She drew back quickly. "Oh no, please don't," and as they were going into the dark she moved a little away from him.

III.

"Edna! I've bought the tickets. The man at the concert hall didn't seem at all surprised that I had the money. Meet me outside the gallery doors at three, and wear that cream blouse and the corals—will you? I love you. I don't like sending these letters to the shop. I always feel those people with 'Letters received' in their window keep a kettle in their back-parlour that would steam open an elephant's ear of an envelope. But it really doesn't matter, does it, darling? Can you get away on Sunday? Pretend you are going to spend the day with one of the girls from the office, and let's meet at some little place and walk or find a field where we can watch the daisies uncurling. I do love you, Edna. But Sundays without

you are simply impossible. Don't get run over before Saturday and don't eat anything out of a tin or drink anything from a public fountain. That's all, darling."

"My dearest, yes, I'll be there on Saturday—and I've arranged about Sunday, too. That is one great blessing. I'm quite free at home. I have just come in from the garden. It's such a lovely evening. Oh, Henry, I could sit and cry, I love you so to-night. Silly—isn't it? I either feel so happy I can hardly stop laughing or else so sad I can hardly stop crying and both for the same reason. But we are so young to have found each other, aren't we? I am sending you a violet. It is quite warm. I wish you were here now, just for a minute even. Good-night, darling. I am Edna."

IV.

"Safe," said Edna, "safe! And excellent places, aren't they, Henry?"

She stood up to take off her coat and Henry made a movement to help her. "No—no—it's off." She tucked it under the seat. She sat down beside him. "Oh, Henry, what have you got there? Flowers?"

"Only two tiny little roses." He laid them in her lap.

"Did you get my letter all right?" asked Edna, unpinning the paper.

"Yes," he said, "and the violet is growing beautifully. You should see my room. I planted a little piece of it in every corner and one on my pillow and one in the pocket of my pyjama jacket."

She shook her hair at him. "Henry, give me the programme."

"Here it is—you can read it with me. I'll hold it for you."

"No, let me have it."

"Well, then I'll read it for you."

"No, you can have it after."

"Edna," he whispered.

"Oh, please don't," she pleaded, "not here—the people."

Why did he want to touch her so much and why did she mind? Whenever he was with her he wanted to hold her hand or take her arm when they walked together, or lean against her—not hard—just lean lightly so that his shoulder should touch her shoulder—and she wouldn't even have that. All the time that he was away from her he was hungry, he craved the nearness of her. There seemed to be comfort and warmth breathing from Edna that he needed to keep him calm. Yes, that was it. He couldn't get calm with her because she wouldn't let him touch her. But she loved him. He knew that. Why did she feel so curiously about it? Every time he tried to or even asked for her hand she shrank back and looked at him with pleading frightened eyes as though he wanted to hurt her. They could say anything to each other. And there wasn't any question of their belonging to each other. And yet he couldn't touch her. Why he couldn't even help her off with her coat. Her voice dropped into his thoughts.

"Henry!" He leaned to listen, setting his lips. "I want to explain something to you. I will—I will—I promise—after the concert."

"All right." He was still hurt.

"You're not sad, are you?" she said.

He shook his head.

"Yes, you are, Henry."

"No, really not." He looked at the roses lying in her hands.

"Well, are you happy?"

"Yes. Here comes the orchestra."

It was twilight when they came out of the hall. A blue net of light hung over the streets and houses and pink clouds floated in a pale sky. As they walked away

from the hall Henry felt they were very little and alone. For the first time since he had known Edna his heart was heavy.

"Henry!" She stopped suddenly and stared at him. "Henry, I'm not coming to the station with you. Don't—don't wait for me. Please, please leave me."

"My God!" cried Henry, and started, "what's the matter—Edna—darling—Edna, what have I done?"

"Oh, nothing—go away," and she turned and ran across the street into a square and leaned up against the square railings—and hid her face in her hands.

"Edna—Edna—my little love—you're crying. Edna, my baby girl!"

She leaned her arms along the railings and sobbed distractedly.

"Edna—stop—it's all my fault. I'm a fool—I'm a thundering idiot. I've spoiled your afternoon. I've tortured you with my idiotic mad bloody clumsiness. That's it. Isn't it, Edna? For God's sake."

"Oh," she sobbed, "I do hate hurting you so. Every time you ask me to let—let you hold my hand or—or kiss me I could kill myself for not doing it—for not letting you. I don't know why I don't even." She said wildly. "It's not that I'm frightened of you—it's not that—it's only a feeling, Henry, that I can't understand myself even. Give me your handkerchief, darling." He pulled it from his pocket. "All through the concert I've been haunted by this, and every time we meet I know it's bound to come up. Somehow I feel if once we did that—you know—held each other's hands and kissed it would be all changed—and I feel we wouldn't be free like we are—we'd be doing something secret. We wouldn't be children any more . . . silly, isn't it? I'd feel awkward with you, Henry, and I'd feel shy, and I do so feel that just because you and I are you and I, we don't need that sort of thing."

She turned and looked at him, pressing her hands to her cheeks in the way he knew so well, and behind her as in a dream he saw the sky and half a white moon and the trees of the square with their unbroken buds. He kept twisting, twisting up in his hands the concert programme. "Henry! You do understand me—don't you?"

"Yes, I think I do. But you're not going to be frightened any more, are you?" He tried to smile. "We'll forget, Edna. I'll never mention it again. We'll bury the bogy in this square—now—you and I—won't we?"

"But," she said, searching his face—"will it make you love me less?"

"Oh, no," he said. "Nothing could—nothing on earth could do that."

(To be concluded.)

Great Men of the Past.—He did not see that it was nothing at all to him what other men had written: that though Plato was indeed a transcendently great man in himself yet Plato must not be transcendently great to him (Pierre), so long as he (Pierre himself) would also do something transcendently great. He did not see that there is no such thing as a standard for the creative spirit; that no one book must ever be separately regarded and permitted to domineer with its own uniqueness upon the creative mind; but that all existing works must be federated in the fancy; and so regarded as a miscellaneous and Pantheistic whole; and then—without at all dictating to his own mind, or unduly tracing it any way—thus combined, they would prove simply an exhilarative and provocative to him. (*Herman Melville.*)

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

By D. H. Lawrence

THE problem is not, and never was, whether God exists or doesn't exist. Man is so made, that the word God has a special effect on him, even if only to afford a safety-valve for his feelings when he must swear or burst. And there ends the vexation of questioning the existence of God. Whatever the queer little word means, it means something we can none of us ever quite get away from, or at; something connected with our deepest explosions.

It isn't really quite a word. It's an ejaculation and a glyph. It never had a definition. "Give a definition of the word God," says somebody, and everybody smiles, with just a trifle of malice. There's going to be a bit of sport.

Of course, nobody can define it. And a word nobody can define isn't a word at all. It's just a noise and a shape, like pop! or Ra or Om.

When a man says: *There is a God,* or *There is no God,* or *I don't know whether there's a God or not,* he is merely using the little word like a toy pistol, to announce that he has taken an attitude. When he says: *There is no God,* he just means to say: *Nobody knows any better about life than I know myself, so nobody need try to chirp it over me.* Which is the democratic attitude. When he says: *There is a God,* he is either sentimental or sincere. If he is sincere, it means he refers himself back to some undefinable pulse of life in him, which gives him his direction and his substance. If he is sentimental, it means he is subtly winking to his

audience to imply : *Let's make an arrangement favourable to ourselves.* That's the conservative attitude. Thirdly and lastly, when a man says : *I don't know whether there's a God or not,* he is merely making the crafty announcement : *I hold myself free to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, whichever I feel like at the time.*—And that's the so-called artistic or pagan attitude.

In the end, one becomes bored by the man who believes that nobody, ultimately, can tell him anything. One becomes very bored by the men who wink a God into existence for their own convenience. And the man who holds himself free to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds doesn't hold interest any more. All these three classes of men bore us even to the death of boredom.

Remains the man who sincerely says : *I believe in God.* He may still be an interesting fellow.

I : *How* do you believe in God?

He : I believe in goodness.

Basta! Turn him down and try again.

I : *How* do you believe in God?

He : I believe in love.

Exit. Call another.

I : *How* do you believe in God?

He : I don't know.

I : What difference does it make to you, whether you believe in God or not?

He : It makes a difference, but I couldn't quite put it into words.

I : Are you sure it makes a difference? Does it make you kinder or fiercer?

He : Oh—I think it makes me more tolerant.

Retro me——

Enter another believer.

He : Hullo!

I : Hullo!

He : What's up?
I : Do you believe in God?
He : What the hell is that to you?
I : Oh, I'm just asking.
He : What about yourself?
I : Yes, I believe.
He : D'you say your prayers at night?
I : No.
He : When d'you say 'em then?
I : I don't.
He : Then what use is your God to you?
I : He merely isn't the sort you pray to.
He : What do you do with him then?
I : It's what he does with me.
He : And what does he do with you?
I : Oh, I don't know. He uses me as the thin end of the wedge.
He : Thin enough! What about the thick end?
I : That's what we're waiting for.
He : You're a funny customer.
I : Why not? Do you believe in God?
He : Oh, I don't know. I might, if it looked like fun.
I : Right you are.

This is what I call a conversation between two true believers. Either believing in a real God looks like fun, or it's no go at all. The Great God has been treated to so many sighs, supplications, prayers, tears, and yearnings that, for the time, He's had enough. There is, I believe, a great strike on in heaven. The Almighty has vacated the throne, abdicated, climbed down. It's no good your looking up into the sky. It's empty. Where the Most High used to sit listening to woes, supplications, and repentances, there's nothing but a great gap in the empyrean. You can still go on praying to that gap, if you like. The Most High has gone out.

He has climbed down. He has just calmly stepped

down the ladder of the angels, and is standing behind you. You can go on gazing and yearning up the shaft of hollow heaven if you like. The Most High just stands behind you, grinning to Himself.

Now this isn't a deliberate piece of blasphemy. It's just one way of stating an everlasting truth : or pair of truths. First, there is always the Great God. Second, as regards man, He shifts his position in the cosmos. The Great God departs from the heaven where man has located Him, and plumps His throne down somewhere else. Man, being an ass, keeps going to the same door to beg for his carrot, even when the Master has gone away to another house. The ass keeps on going to the same spring to drink, even when the spring has dried up, and there's nothing but clay and hoofmarks. It doesn't occur to him to look round, to see where the water has broken out afresh, somewhere else, out of some live rock. Habit! God has become a human habit, and Man expects the Almighty habitually to lend Himself to it. Whereas the Almighty—it's one of His characteristics—won't. He makes a move, and laughs when Man goes on praying to the gap in the Cosmos.

"Oh, little hole in the wall! Oh, little gap, holy little gap!" as the Russian peasants are supposed to have prayed, making a deity of the hole in the wall.

Which makes me laugh. And nobody will persuade me that the Lord Almighty doesn't roar with laughter, seeing all the Christians still rolling their imploring eyes to the skies where the hole is, which the Great God left when He picked up His throne and walked.

I tell you, it isn't blasphemy. Ask any philosopher or theologian, and he'll tell you that the real problem for humanity isn't, whether God exists or not. God always is, and we all know it. But the problem is, how to get at Him. That is the greatest problem ever set to our habit-making humanity. The theologians try to

find out: How shall Man put himself into relation to God, into a living relation? Which is, How shall Man *find* God? That's the real problem.

Because God doesn't just sit still somewhere in the Cosmos. Why should He? He, too, wanders His Own strange way down the avenues of time, across the intricacies of space. Just as the heavens shift. Just as the pole of heaven shifts. We know now that, in the strange widdishins movement of the heavens, called precession, the great stars and constellations and planets are all the time slowly, invisibly, but absolutely shifting their positions, even the pole-star is silently stealing away from the pole. Four thousand years ago, our pole-star wasn't a pole-star. The earth had another one. Even at the present moment, Polaris has side-stepped. He doesn't really stand at the axis of the heavens. Ask any astronomer. We shall soon have to have another pole-star.

So it is with the Great God. He slowly and silently and invisibly shifts His throne, inch by inch, across the Cosmos. Inch by inch, across the blue floor of heaven, till He comes to the stairs of the angels. Then step by step down the ladder.

Where is He now? Where is the Great God now? Where has He put His throne?

We have lost Him! We have lost the Great God! Oh God, Oh God, we have lost our Great God! Jesus, Jesus, Thou art the Way! Jesus, Jesus, Thou art the Way to the Father, to the Lord Everlasting.

But Jesus shakes His head. In the great wandering of the heavens, the foot of the Cross has shifted. The great and majestic movement of the heavens has slowly carried away even the Cross of Jesus from its place on Calvary. And Jesus, who was our Way to God, has stepped aside, over the horizon, with the Father.

So it is. Man is only Man. And even the Gods and the Great God go their way; stepping slowly, invisibly,

across the heavens of time and space, going somewhere, we know not where. They do not stand still. They go and go, till they pass below the horizon of Man.

Till Man has lost his Great God, and there remains only the Gap, and images, and hollow words. The Way, even the Great Way of Salvation, leads only to the pit, the nothingness, the gap.

It is not our fault. It is nobody's fault. It is the mysterious and sublime fashion of the Almighty, who travels too. At least, as far as we are concerned, He travels. Apparently He is the same to-day, yesterday, and forever. Like the pole-star. But now we know the pole-star slowly but inevitably side-steps. Polaris is no longer at the pole of the heavens.

Gradually, gradually God travels away from us, on His mysterious journey. And we, being creatures of obstinacy and will, we insist that He cannot move. God gave us a way to Himself. God gave us Jesus, and the way of repentance and love, the way to God. The salvation through Christ Jesus our Lord.

And hence, we assert that the Almighty cannot go back on it. He can never get away from us again. At the end of the way of repentance and love, there God *is*, and *must be*. Must be, because God Himself *said* that He would receive us at the end of the road of repentance and love.

And He *did* receive men at the end of this road. He received our fathers even, into peace and salvation.

Then He must receive us.

And He doesn't. The road no longer leads to the Throne.

We are let down.

Are we? Did Jesus ever say: *I am the way, and there is no other way?* At the moment, there was no other way. For many centuries, there was no other way. But all the time, the heavens were mysteriously revolving, and God was going His own unspeakable

way. All the time, men had to be making the road afresh. Even the road called Jesus, the Way of the Christian to God, had to be subtly altered, century by century. At the Renaissance, in the eighteenth century, great curves in the Christian road to God, new strange directions.

As a matter of fact, never did God or Jesus say that there was one straight way of salvation, forever and ever. On the contrary, Jesus plainly indicated the changing of the way. And what is more, He indicated the only means to the finding of the right way. The Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is within you. And it is a Ghost, forever a Ghost, never a Way or a Word. Jesus is a Way and a Word. God is the Goal. But the Holy Ghost is forever Ghostly, unrealizable. And against this unsubstantial unreality, you may never sin, or woe betide you.

Only the Holy Ghost within you can scent the new tracks of the Great God across the Cosmos of Creation. The Holy Ghost is the dark hound of Heaven whose baying we ought to listen to, as he runs ahead into the unknown, tracking the mysterious everlasting departing of the Lord God, who is forever departing from us.

And now the Lord God has gone over our horizon. The foot of the Cross is lifted from the Mound, and moved across the heavens. The pole-star no longer stands on guard at the true polaric centre. We are all disorientated, all is gone out of gear.

All right, the Lord God left us neither blind nor comfortless nor helpless. We've got the Holy Ghost. And we hear him baying down strange darknesses, in other places.

The Almighty has shifted His throne, and we've got to find a new road. Therefore we've got to get off the old road. You can't stay on the old road, and find a new road. We've got to find our way to God. From time to time Man wakes up and realizes that the Lord

Almighty has made a great removal, and passed over the known horizon. Then starts the frenzy, the howling, the despair. Much better listen to the dark hound of Heaven, and start off into the dark of the unknown, in search.

From time to time, the Great God sends a new saviour. Christians will no longer have the pettiness to assert that Jesus is the only Saviour ever sent by the everlasting God. There have been other saviours, in other lands, at other times, with other messages. And all of them Sons of God. All of them sharing the Godhead with the Father. All of them showing the Way of Salvation and of Right. Different Saviours. Different Ways of Salvation. Different pole-stars, in the great wandering Cosmos of time. And the Infinite God, always changing, and always the same infinite God, at the end of the different Ways.

Now, if I ask you if you believe in God, I do not ask you if you know the Way to God. For the moment, we are lost. Let us admit it. None of us knows the way to God. The Lord of time and space has passed over our horizon, and here we sit in our mundane creation, rather flabbergasted. Let us admit it.

Jesus, the Saviour, is no longer our Way of Salvation. He *was* the Saviour, and is not. Once it was Mithras: and has not been Mithras for these many years. It never *was* Mithras for us. God sends different Saviours to different peoples at different times.

Now, for the moment, there is no Saviour. The Jews have waited for three thousand years. They preferred just to wait. We do not. Jesus taught us what to do, when He, Christ, could no longer save us.

We go in search of God, following the Holy Ghost, and depending on the Holy Ghost. There is no Way. There is no Word. There is no Light. The Holy Ghost is ghostly and invisible. The Holy Ghost is nothing, if you like. Yet we hear his strange calling,

the strange calling like a hound on the scent, away in the unmapped wilderness. And it seems great fun to follow. Oh, great fun, God's own good fun.

Myself, I believe in God. But I'm off on a different road.

Adios! And, if you like, *au revoir!*

Diplomatic Criticism.—There are, for instance, among writers of verse and literary prose certain persons either distinguished by social position or deserving of respect for other forms of their activities, or attractive and lovable for their goodness and amiability, whose artistic output does not rise to the level of their achievements and qualities in other fields. This everybody sees more or less, but everybody, or nearly everybody, as if by a tacit agreement, refuses to say so. With this object they have recourse to a kind of diplomatic criticism which either loses itself in empty sound or circles round the problem. . . . If you allow the slightest hint of serious criticism to flash in front of this tissue of clever, non-committal phrases, confusion arises, as I have myself experienced on more than one occasion in my judgments. . . . A host of scandalized friends fall upon me with : " The writer is a noble personality." I quite agree ; but he is not a poet. " The writer stands alone, apart, unmoved by vulgar applause." That is to say, he is a man of dignity, but not that he is a poet. . . . In fact it looks as if the problem most people try to solve is to find how not to criticize while appearing to do so. Faced with this determination, as tenacious as it is often unconscious, to hide the truth as we hide the gravity of his illness from an invalid, the innocent critic who tries to do his duty is treated with impatient disgust as a nuisance. . . . Woe to the man who seeks to shed a brilliant light in places which people want to keep in darkness or shadow. (*Benedetto Croce.*)

BOOKS AT SEA

By H. M. Tomlinson

On the first day at sea, and for some days after, there is no wish to read. There may be a man, and I wish I had his fortitude and detachment, who can give a glance along the wet and unhospitable deck then moving away from a quay in a home city, turn from those familiar buildings receding into the murk, go to the cabin which he has had no time to know, pull out the trunk which he has had no time to unpack, take out a chosen volume he was careful to place near the top, and absent himself. What a heart!

What are books then to most of us? It is possible that we find a greater eloquence in literature when we are either not very much alive, and so need to have our daylight confirmed, or else are so much above urgent contemporary affairs that they appear to us relative and diminished, as though they had already taken their unimportant place in general history.

But most of us happen to be more or less alive, and therefore feel a keener interest in life itself than in books; and very few of us indeed are so astonishingly vital that we are superior to the important activities of our fellow men because, enjoying tranquillity in a day which is already in the future and beyond their knowledge, we see, in sorrow, to what end their important activities will come.

What are books, then, to men like ourselves, fairly alive but not astonishingly vital, when the light of the sea is on them? They turn a little pale. Much of their meaning fades. For the surge, especially at night,

might be the murmuring of eternity, a reverberation from the utter darkness into which we peer and see nothing. Its sound is not only awful with those intimations which we think we hear in great music and great literature, but it is the echoing of the profound secret itself. What, then, is the reading of books to us? A sort of idleness. But somehow it is not idling to listen passively for hours to those undertones from the outer dark. They are beyond speech. They awaken responses from those secrets in us that are the cause of all great art, and of the love of art, secrets which are never directly revealed. Books, for about the first week at sea, are usually no more than reminders of the distracting affairs about which we want to hear nothing for a while.

For just about a week! At first the men of the ship you meet in odd cabins and corners talk the very stuff of books, and shape it better than most books because they are not concerned in the least with style; they are happily innocent of the notion that they ought to be characters, and should use words as though they were always quoting Kipling. As naturally as the sea itself they expose the barbarous superstition that only "light literature"—as we call the stuff which looks as much alike as the butt-ends in a timber-yard—should be taken for reading at sea. An insult sufficient to invoke evil in the calmest of waters! But retribution is instant. One might as well declare that only the confection known as jam-sponge should be taken to sea. The sea air turns all that into a very horrible and homogeneous mess. Passengers certainly bring easy fiction aboard, and I have seen them nursing it in the lap, with finger marking the unreadable page of the book, which was closed. Walk along the promenade deck on the weather side an hour after the wind has risen, when the spindrift occasionally volleys inboard, and the deck-chairs are packed and abandoned. Only a seaman is there,

relacing the rebellious corner of a wind-screen. You see the light and bright books then, those books whose dust-covers are attractive with coloured pictures of an arch and idiotic simper, and you see what their owners think of them; they are left to the weather. Not deliberately, of course. Merely forgotten, being of no consequence. The scorn of the owners is quite unintentional. The books were carried up after breakfast; people dread being left alone, especially after breakfast, with their thoughts, perhaps for the reason that they cannot face them, perhaps because they soon grow weary of staring at nothing. Yet it seems that staring at nothing, or even staring at dark doubts we would rather ignore (only they won't go away), is preferable to the delineation, however becoming, of a woman's empty head. So there the light literature is, with the rain on it. But I have rarely found a good book so outcast. I have hunted for one, at such a likely time, to borrow it. The readable volumes, the books with substance and merit, appear to be gathered up naturally when there is a flight, with the purses, handbags, and furs; if any goods books were ever there, of course. It had better be admitted that there may be more than one reason why good books appear to be as highly regarded as purses and furs.

On the long voyage out on a cargo steamer I found the pilotage books and sailing directions in the chart-room better than any reading I had brought with me. The old editions of sailing directions, it ought to be reported, are much better than the recent issues. At one time the directions for all the Atlantic Ocean were in two volumes—North and South. If you should find among the derelict rubbish of a junk shop those two obsolete books of advice to mariners, think yourself lucky. They were compiled for the masters of sailing ships. They contain intimate and leisurely information, and personal reports by forgotten ships, of obscure

coasts, anchorages, and islands, of no interest to-day and so not given to masters of full-powered steamers who receive with direction-finders cross bearings by wireless when they have any doubt about their exact position on well-frequented tracks; therefore all that fascinating reading is omitted from the latest editions. A few of those older editions made the best kind of reading for the voyage out.

But on the voyage home I had had six months of the sea and unusual coasts, and of villages with names like Kota Bharu. There had been no reading of English but in old newspapers, and the older they were, then the more seemed their interest and curiosity. The Blue Funnel liner on the voyage home had a genuine library, the best I have ever seen in a ship, and I went to it as to good meat and drink after a long traverse of a desert. That ship's library, in fact, was a lucky escape; yet I found myself holding its familiar books, as it were at arm's length. Their faces were the same as ever, but their insides looked curiously different.

Among the rest was an anthology of modern English verse. It contained Walter de la Mare's *Listeners*. "And what does it mean?" another passenger asked me, when I passed that flower from the bouquet over to him. What a question to ask a poet or a poet's reader. Who knows? It means nothing, if it means nothing to us. It is like listening to the surge at night. What does that mean? Nothing, perhaps, except to the listeners. What does music ever mean? But what chiefly sounded in that book from our modern poets, I thought, was a melancholy plaint, something far, thin, and weak, that fell into the mysterious silence enveloping life's thickets, and died. Yet even that faint and pitiful cry was better than the one confident poem in the book, G. K. Chesterton's *Lepanto*. Chesterton, as a jolly Christian apologist whose mediaeval axe is chastened by a holy symbol, convinced us long ago that, with cham-

pions so rousing and lively about her, the Church will never lack for plenty of heretics outside. But a re-reading of *Lepanto* put the matter a little clearer for me. G. K. C. in a leopard skin, leaping in seductive rhythm to the sound of tom-toms round an Ashanti bone-heap, would be hardly distinguishable, in essentials, from the Christian chorister of the glories of Lepanto. He would be just the same as he is now; the fetiches and taboos would merely have other names to which other barbarians were as passionately devoted as himself. He would be, as an Ashanti shaman, just as heartily convinced of the Christian missionary's abominable heresy, and just as merry and bloody-minded when denouncing the miserable wretch in the Sacred Grove. The priests of Moloch, in the act of casting children into the Fiery Belly, no doubt sang something like Lepanto, confident in their knowledge of God.

I re-read, in untroubled leisure and with what was a false impression, no doubt, of perfectly calm lucidity, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*. In spite of its lapses from its evident first desire to be purely objective testimony, and the unlucky surrender of its conclusion to the glozing sentimentalists, I think *Babbitt* is as much beyond the work of the younger English novelists, say Walpole, McKenna, and Compton Mackenzie, as is any work of art from the curate's nice village entertainment. The American novelist, as a writer should be, is moved to a controlled passion by the conviction that there is something new and important to be said to his drifting and casual fellow men. The others have nothing to say, and they say it to a familiar conclusion that is like an amateur pianist's version of the National Anthem. And one of our young and popular English novelists has been describing W. N. P. Barbellion, I see, as a "disgusting" writer. I read Barbellion again in the Red Sea—a place that author never saw, except when he accom-

panied me on my voyage home. His ghost seemed entirely native. It was quite familiar with the Red Sea. I thought it was enjoying the voyage. I know I did, with Barbellion. Yet he is, after all, a " disgusting " writer.

How these chance epithets of ours betray us! We use our chosen measured phrases with such abominable calm and well-glazed dignity that it never occurs to an audience sufficiently impressed to question us. No rude Voice interrupts us from the gallery, as it does unfortunate politicians in their high flights, " Go hon! " Disgusting was the word this clever young writer used. Those unfortunate asides and unconscious gestures! We cannot escape from the implications of that self-criticism. For now, with so careless a reference to Barbellion, we understand better not only our own respect for that candid diarist, but we get light on our indifference for the novels of the young man who thinks Barbellion disgusting. Naturally, Barbellion's writings would be that to any man to whom life's mysteries are no more than the hesitation between the attractions of one shop in Bond Street and the next shop. Barbellion, however, happened to have a more courageous curiosity about life than that. If he had met Old Bones himself, with the bright scythe, in Bond Street, he would have turned from the socks and pearls in sudden forgetfulness, and boldly challenged him, though the interruption were likely to prove fatal. There is much more in life than the most confident young man may find in any cathedral close, and I am more assured than ever that the *Journal of a Disappointed Man* is of greater importance than the works in aggregate of quite a number of our nicest writers.

REMINISCENCES OF LEONID ANDREYEV

By Maxim Gorki

In the spring of 1898 I read in the Moscow *Courier* a story called *Bergamot and Garaska*—an Easter story of the usual type. Written to appeal to the heart of the holiday reader, it reminded him once again that man is still capable, at certain moments and in certain special circumstances, of a feeling of generosity, and that at times enemies become friends, if only for a short while, if only for a day.

I wrote the author a few lines about his story, and I received from L. Andreyev an amusing answer; he wrote merry, unusual phrases in a singular handwriting, with half-printed letters, and amongst them stood out in particular relief a disingenuous but sceptical aphorism:

"To a well-fed man to be generous is as pleasant as to have coffee after dinner."

So began my acquaintance with Leonid Nicolaievitch Andreyev. In the summer I read some more of his short stories and light articles under his journalistic pseudonym of James Lynch, and noticed how quickly and boldly the individual talent of the new writer was developing.

In the autumn, on my way to the Crimea, at the Kursk railway station in Moscow, someone introduced us to each other. Dressed in an oldish overcoat, in a shaggy sheepskin hat tilted to one side, he looked like a young actor in an Ukrainian theatrical company. His handsome face struck me as not very mobile, but in the fixed glance of his dark eyes gleamed the smile which

so pleasantly irradiated his stories and light articles. I don't remember his words, but they were unusual, and unusual also was the construction of his agitated speech. He spoke hurriedly, with a dullish, booming voice, with a little crisp cough, his words slightly choking him, while he waved his hands monotonously as though he were conducting. He appeared to me a healthy, sprite-like, cheery man capable of supporting with a laugh the woes of this world. His excitement was pleasant.

"Let us be friends!" he said, pressing my hand.

I, too, was joyfully excited.

§

In the winter, on my way from the Crimea to Nijni, I stopped in Moscow, and there our relations rapidly assumed the character of a close friendship.

Seeing how little in touch he was with reality, how little interested in it, indeed,—I was the more surprised by the power of his intuition, by the fertility of his imagination, by the grip of his fantasy. A single phrase, at times a single pointed word was enough to start him off, and seizing the insignificant thing given him he would instantly develop it into a scene, anecdote, character, story.

"Who is S.?" he asked about a certain author fairly popular at that time.

"A tiger out of a fur shop," I replied.

He laughs and lowering his voice, as though communicating a secret, says hurriedly:

"You know, I must describe a man who has convinced himself that he is a hero, a tremendous destroyer of all that exists, and has become frightful to himself even—yes! Everybody believes him,—so well has he deceived himself. But somewhere in his own corner,—in real life,—he is a mere miserable nonentity, is afraid of his wife or even of his cat."

So winding one word after another round the core of

his flexible thought, he was always creating something unexpected and singular, easily and gaily.

The palm of one of his hands had been pierced by a bullet, his fingers were crooked. I asked him how it happened.

"An *equivoque* of youthful romanticism," he replied. "You see, a man who has not tried to kill himself is very small beer."

Thereupon he sat down on the divan close to me and in superb fashion related how once, when a youth, he had thrown himself under a goods train, but fortunately fell between the rails, and the train rushed over him and merely stunned him.

There was something vague, unreal in the story, but he embellished it with an astonishingly vivid description of the sensations of a man over whom hundreds of ton loads are moving with an iron rumble. These sensations were familiar to me, too: as a lad of about ten I used to lie down under a ballast train, competing in audacity with my chums, one of whom, the pointsman's son, played the game with particular cool-headedness. It is an almost safe amusement, provided the furnace of the locomotive is raised high enough and the train is moving up-hill, not down-hill,—for then the brake-chains of the cars are tightly stretched, and can't strike you or, having caught you, fling you on to the sleepers. For a few seconds you experience an eerie sensation, you try to press as flat and close to the ground as possible, and with the exertion of your whole will to overcome the passionate desire to stir, to raise your head. You feel that the stream of iron and timber, rushing over you, tears you off the ground and wants to drag you off somewhere, and the rumble and grinding of the iron rings as it were in your bones. Then, when the train has passed, you still lie motionless for a minute or more, powerless to rise, seeming to swim along after the train; and it is as if your body stretches out end-

lessly, grows, becomes light, melts into air, and—the next moment you will be flying above the earth. It is very pleasant to feel all this.

"What fascinated you in such an absurd game?" asked Andreyev.

I said that perhaps we were testing the power of our wills, by opposing to the mechanical motion of huge masses the conscious immobility of our puny little bodies.

"No," he replied, "that is too good; no child could think that."

Reminding him of how children love to "tread the cradle"—to swing on the supple ice of a new frozen pond or of a shallow river-bank, I said that they generally liked dangerous games.

"No, it can't be that, somehow. Nearly all children are afraid of the dark. . . . The poet said:

> 'There is delight in battle,
> And on the edge of a dark abyss;'

but that is merely 'fine words,' nothing more. I have a different idea, but I can't quite get at it."

And suddenly he started up, as though touched by an inner fire.

"I must write a story about a man who all his life long, suffering madly, sought the truth. And, behold, truth appeared to him, but he shut his eyes, stopped his ears, and said: 'I do not want thee, however fair thou mayst be, for my life, my torments have kindled in my soul a hatred of thee.' What do you think?"

I did not like the theme. He said, with a sigh:

"Yes, one must first answer wherein lies the truth—in man or outside him? According to you—it is in man?"

And he burst out into laughter:

"Then it is very bad, a very paltry affair."

§

Although he possessed a lively and sensitive imagination, he was lazy ; he was much fonder of talking about literature than of creating it. The delight of martyr-like work at night in stillness and solitude seated before a white, clean sheet of paper, was almost impossible to him, he valued but little the joy of covering that sheet with the pattern of words.

" I write with difficulty. Writing is a strain on me," he would confess. " The nibs seem to me inconvenient, the process of writing—too slow and even degrading. My thoughts push about like jackdaws in a fire, I soon tire of catching them and arranging them in proper order. Often this is what happens : I have written a word—and suddenly I am caught in a cobweb—for no reason, I begin to think of geometry, algebra, and the teacher at my old school at Oriol—a very stupid man, indeed. He often quoted the words of some philosopher : ' True wisdom is calm.' But I know that the best men on earth suffer torments of agitation. Curse calm wisdom ! But what is there instead of it? Beauty? Vivat ! However, although I have not seen Venus in the original, she seems to me from her photographs a rather silly female. As a rule, pretty things are always rather stupid. Take, for instance, a peacock, a greyhound, a woman. . . ."

§

Leonid was not fond of reading, and himself the maker of books—the creator of miracles—he looked upon old books distrustfully and heedlessly.

" A book to you is as a fetich is to a savage," he would say. " That is because you have not rubbed holes in your breeches on the benches of a public school, because you have not come into contact with University learning. But to me the Iliad, Poushkin, and all the rest are beslavered by teachers, prostituted by constipated officials. *Sorrow Through Knowledge*

[a play by Griboyedov] is as boring to me as Hall and Knight's Arithmetic. I am as sick of 'The Captain's Daughter' as I am of the little lady from the Tverskoy Boulevard."

I had heard these familiar words about the influence of the public school on one's attitude to literature too often, and they had long since sounded to me unconvincing, for one felt in them the prejudice begotten by Russian laziness. Much more original was Andreyev when describing how the reviews and critical articles in the papers mutilate and maim books, treating them in the style of reports of street accidents.

"They are mills, they grind Shakespeare, the Bible —anything you like—into the dust of banality. I once read in a paper a critical article on Don Quixote, and I suddenly saw with horror that Don Quixote was an old man of my acquaintance, a director of the Court of Exchequer; he had a chronic cold in the nose, and a mistress, a girl from a confectionery shop, whom he called by the grand name of Millie, but in actual life—on the boulevards—she was known as Sonka Bladder. . . ."

But although he regarded knowledge and books lightly, heedlessly, and at times with hostility, he was always keenly interested in what I was reading. On one occasion, seeing in my room at the "Moscow Hotel" Alexey Ostroumov's book on Sinesius, the Bishop of Ptolemais, he asked wonderingly:

"What do you want this for?"

I told him about the queer half-pagan Bishop, and read a few lines from his work *In Praise of Baldness*. "What [asks Sinesius] can be more bald yet what is more divine than the sphere?"

This pathetic exclamation of the descendant of Hercules drove Leonid into a fit of laughter, but immediately, wiping the tears from his eyes and still laughing he said:

"You know, it is a superb subject for a story about an unbeliever who, wishing to test the stupidity of believers, assumes a mask of saintliness, lives the life of a martyr, preaches a new doctrine of God—a very stupid doctrine—and so attains the love and admiration of thousands. Then he says to his disciples and followers: 'All this is rubbish.' But they need a faith, and so they kill him."

I was struck by his words. The point was that Sinesius had expressed the same idea:

"If I were told that a Bishop must share the opinions of the people, I would reveal to all who I am. For what can there be in common between the rabble and philosophy? Divine truth must be hidden; the people need something quite different."

But I had not told Andreyev of that idea, nor had I the opportunity of telling him about the unusual position of the unbaptized pagan-philosopher in the rôle of Bishop of a Christian Church. When eventually I did so, he exclaimed triumphantly and laughing:

"There you see,—one does not need to be always reading in order to know and to understand."

§

Leonid was talented by nature, organically talented; his intuition was astonishingly keen. In all that touched on the dark side of life, the contradictions in the human soul, the rumblings in the domain of the instincts, he had eerie powers of divination. The instance of Bishop Sinesius is not the only one, I could quote a score of such cases.

Thus, talking with him about various seekers after an unshakable belief, I related to him the contents of the MS. *Confession*, by the priest Apollonov,—a work by one of the unknown martyrs of thought which had called forth Leo Tolstoi's *Confession*. I told him what I had observed personally of men of dogmatic beliefs: they

often appear voluntary prisoners of a blind, unyielding faith, and the more they actively defend its validity the more despairingly they doubt it.

Andreyev mused for a while, slowly stirring his glass of tea; then he said, smiling:

"It is strange to me that you understand this; you speak like an atheist, but you think as a believer. If you die before me I will inscribe on your gravestone: 'Crying to others to worship reason he himself secretly jeered at its impotence.'"

And in a couple of minutes leaning on my shoulder, glancing into my eyes with the dilated pupils of his dark eyes, he said in an undertone:

"I shall write about a parson, you will see! This, my dear fellow, I shall do well!"

And threatening someone with his finger, vigorously rubbing his temples, he smiled:

"To-morrow I am going home and shall begin it! I have even got the opening sentence: 'Among people he was lonely, for he had a glimpse of a great mystery' . . ."

Next day he went away to Moscow, and in a week's time—not more—he wrote to me that he was working on the parson, and that his work was going smoothly "as on snow-shoes." Thus he always caught in flight anything that answered the needs of his spirit that was in contact with the most acute and tormenting mysteries of life.

§

The noisy success of his first book filled him to overflowing with youthful joy. He came to me at Nijni—happy, in a brand new tobacco-coloured suit; the front of his stiffly starched shirt was adorned with a rakishly bright tie, and on his feet he had yellow boots.

"I tried to find straw-coloured gloves, but a lady in the shop at Kuznetsky warned me that straw-colour was

no longer the fashion. I suspect that she told a fib. The truth was she valued the freedom of her heart too much to risk becoming convinced of my irresistible attractiveness in straw-coloured gloves. But, between ourselves, I can tell you that all this magnificence is uncomfortable ; a blouse is much better."

And suddenly, hugging my shoulders, he said :

" I want to write a hymn, you know. I don't yet see—to whom or to what ; but a hymn it must be! Something Schillerian, eh? Something grand, sonorous—boom-m ! "

I chaffed him about it.

" Well ! " he exclaimed merrily. " Is not Ecclesiastes right when he says : ' Even a rotten life is better than a good death.' Although he puts it rather differently, something about a lion and a dog : ' For domestic purposes a bad dog is more useful than a nice lion.' Well, what do you think : could Job have read the book of Ecclesiastes? "

Intoxicated with the wine of joy he dreamt of a journey on the Volga in a good boat, of walking to the Crimea.

" I'll drag you off, too. Otherwise you will build yourself in among these old bricks," he said, pointing to the books.

His happiness resembled the lively and comfortable state of a baby which has been hungry too long and now thinks it has eaten enough to last for ever.

We sat on a wide divan, in a little room, drank red wine ; Andreyev took down from the shelf a note-book of poems.

" May I? " he asked, and began reading aloud :

> " ' Columns of coppery firs,
> The monotonous sound of the sea.'

" It is the Crimea? Now, I can't write poems, and I have no desire to. I like ballads best. As a rule :

" 'I love all that is new,
Romantic, nonsensical,
Like the poet
Of olden times.'

" I believe that is a song in the musical comedy *The Green Island* :

" 'And the trees are moaning
Like verses unrhymed.'

"That I like. But—tell me— why do you write poems? It does not suit you at all. After all, whatever you may think, verse is an artificial business."

Then we composed parodies of Skitalez :

I'll grasp a huge log
In my mighty hand,
And all of you—unto the seventh generation—
I will knock down flat!
Moreover I will stupefy you—
Hurrah! Tr—r—remble! I am glad—
I'll dash Kasbeck on your heads,
I'll bring down Ararat upon you!

He laughed as he went on composing verse after verse of delightful, amusing parodies. But suddenly bending towards me, with a glass of wine in his hand, he began in a low voice and gravely :

" I read recently an amusing anecdote. In a certain English town there stands a memorial to Robert Burns, the poet. But there is no inscription on the memorial to inform you to whom it is erected. At the foot of it a boy was selling newspapers. A certain author came up to him and said : 'I'll buy a paper from you if you'll tell me whose statue this is.' 'Robert Burns,' the boy replied. 'Splendid!' said the author. 'Now I'll buy all your papers if you'll tell me why this memorial was erected to Robert Burns.' The boy replied : 'Because he is dead.' How do you like it?"

I did not like it much ; I was always seriously per-

turbed by Leonid's sharp and sudden fluctuations of mood.

§

Fame to him was not merely " a bright patch on the bard's old rags "—he wanted a great deal of it, he wanted it greedily, and he made no secret of his desires. He said :

" When I was only fourteen I said to myself I shall be famous or life won't be worth living. I am not afraid of telling you that all that has been done before my time does not seem to me to be better than what I myself can do. If you take that for conceit, you are wrong. Yes ! Don't you see that this must be the basic conviction of anyone who does not want to place himself in the impersonal ranks of the millions of others. Indeed, the conviction of one's uniqueness must—and can—serve as the source of creative power. First let us say to ourselves : We are not like all the others, and already we are on the way to prove this to all the rest as well."

" In a word you are a baby which does not want to feed at its nurse's breast."

" Just so ! I want the milk of my soul only. Man needs love and attention, or that people should fear him. This even peasants realize, when they put on the mask of a sorcerer. Happiest of all are those who are loved with fear, as Napoleon was."

" Have you read his ' Memoirs ' ? "

" No. I don't need to."

He winked at me, smiling :

" I, too, keep a diary and I know how it is done. Memoirs, Confessions, and such like are the excrements of the soul that is poisoned by bad food."

He loved such sayings, and when they were successful he was sincerely delighted. Despite his gravitation towards pessimism there was in him something

ineradicably childish—for instance, his childishly naïve boasting about his verbal agility, of which he made much better use in conversation than on paper.

Once I told him about a woman who prided herself to such a degree on her "honest" life, and took so much trouble to convince all and sundry of her inaccessibility that those who surrounded her gasped from weariness, and either rushed headlong away from this model of virtue, or hated her to the verge of frenzy.

Andreyev listened, smiled, and suddenly said:

"I am an honest woman, I am. I have no need to clean my nails, eh?"

In these words, with almost perfect exactness, he defined the character and even the habits of the creature of whom I was speaking—the woman was careless in her person. I told him this. He was delighted, and with childish sincerity began to boast:

"My dear fellow, I am myself surprised at times to find how cleverly and pointedly I can in two or three words seize the very essence of a fact or of a character."

And he delivered a long speech in praise of himself; but—sensible man that he was—he realized that this was a trifle ridiculous, and he ended his tirade with a touch of buffoonery.

"In time I shall develop my capacity as a genius to such an extent that I shall be able to define in a single word the meaning of the whole life of a man, of a nation, of an epoch. . . ."

Yet the critical attitude towards himself was not particularly strongly developed in him; and this at times greatly spoiled his work and his life.

§

In every one of us, to my thinking, live and struggle embryos of several personalities. These dispute between themselves until, in the struggle, there is

developed the embryo which is the strongest and most capable of adapting itself to the various reactions to impressions which form the final spiritual character of a man, thus creating a more or less complete psychical individuality.

Strangely and to his own torment Leonid split into two :—in one and the same week he could sing "Hosannah" to the world, and pronounce "Anathema" against it.

This was not an external contradiction between the bases of his character and the habits or demands of his profession ;—no, in both cases he felt equally sincerely. And, the more loudly he proclaimed Hosannah, the more powerfully resounded the echo Anathema.

He said :

"I hate individuals who refuse to walk on the sunny side of the street for fear that their faces may be burnt or their jackets faded,—I hate all those who for dogmatic motives hamper the free, capricious play of their inner ego."

Once he wrote a rather caustic article on the people of the shady side, and immediately after this,—on the occasion of Emile Zola's death from gas fumes—engaged in a vigorous attack on the barbarous asceticism at that time fairly popular among the *intelligenzia*. But talking to me about that attack he declared suddenly :

"And yet, you know, my opponent is more consistent than I am : a writer ought to live like a homeless tramp. Maupassant's yacht is an absurdity."

He was not joking. We had an argument. I maintained : the more varied the needs of man, the more eager he is for the joys of life, however paltry, the quicker develops the culture of the body and of the spirit. He retorted : No, Tolstoi is right, culture is rubbish, it only maims the free growth of the soul.

"'Attachment to things,'" he would say, "is the

fetichism of savages, idolatry. Don't make an idol for yourself, if you do you are rotten,—that is the truth! Make a book to-day, and to-morrow make a machine. Yesterday you made a boot, and you have already forgotten about it. We must learn to forget."

And I said: "It is necessary to remember that each thing is the embodiment of the human spirit, and often the inner value of a thing is more significant than man."

"That is worship of dead matter," he exclaimed.

"In it is embodied immortal thought."

"What is thought? Its impotence makes it double-faced and disgusting."

We argued more and more often, more and more intensely. The sharpest point of difference was our attitude to thought.

To me—thought is the source of all that exists, out of thought arose everything that is seen and felt by man; even in the consciousness of its impotence to solve the "accursed questions" thought is majestic and noble.

I feel that I live in the atmosphere of thought, and, seeing the great and grand things that have been created by it,—I believe that its impotence is temporary. Perhaps I am romancing and exaggerate the creative power of thought; but this is so natural in Russia, in a country where there is no spiritual synthesis, in a country paganly sensual, monstrously cruel.

Leonid regarded thought as a "wicked trick played on man by the devil"; it seemed to him false and hostile. Luring man to the abysses of inexplicable mysteries it deceives him, it leaves him in painful and impotent loneliness in front of all that is mysterious, and itself vanishes.

No less irreconcilably did we differ in our views on man, the source of thought, its furnace. To me man is always the conqueror, even when he is mortally wounded and dying. Splendid is his longing to know

himself and to know Nature; and although his life is a torment, he is ever widening its bounds, creating with his thought wise science, marvellous art. I felt that I did sincerely and actively love man,—him who is at present alive and working side by side with me, and him, too, the sensible, the good, the strong who will follow after in the future. To Andreyev man appeared poor in spirit, a creature interwoven of irreconcilable contradictions of instinct and intellect, for ever deprived of the possibility of attaining inner harmony. All his works are "vanity of vanities," decay, and self-deception. And, above all, he is the slave of death and all his life long he walks dragging its chain.

(*To be continued.*)

(*Authorized translation by Katherine Mansfield and S. S. Koteliansky.*)

Autobiography.—What one says of oneself is always imaginative. To conceive that the tiny details of one's own life are worth the trouble of recording them is to give evidence of a very unpleasant vanity. We write such things in order to transmit to others the theory of the universe which each of us carries in himself. (*Renan.*)

The Poet and the Man.—Poetry is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest or disjoined from them; but rather the result of their general harmony and completion. The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul: the imagination which shudders at the Hell of Dante is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. How does the Poet speak to men, with power, but by being still more a man than they? (*Carlyle.*)

GANNET CITY

By H. J. Massingham

When I first saw the Rock of Ages from the little quay of North Berwick (whose minister is still entitled to twelve gannets per year—to eat, not as guardian angels), it was as the ghost of itself. Just as men see lakes in a desert of sand, I looked out over the water and saw the shadow of a rock, shot with pearl. Was this solid, rather grisly old Bass I had been reading about? It seemed indeed "unwinnabill" by man, not because of its solidity but delusiveness, and from first to last I retained this impression, as of something so "ful of admiration and wonder" that it was not quite real—certainly not in the sense that travelling up in the train and seeing Edinburgh and eating porridge in a hotel far bleaker than Bass and the motor-boat that took us across, were all part of reality. And when you get on closer terms with it, it isn't just a splinter of earth's anatomy left over by an accident in the sea. It is a bone of strange powers, a sort of amulet it looks, with its surface lustre of white and pearl and brown and black-plumaged birds, shining with sun-polish, and between it lines of rose and dull ochres, and again golden and green from the flecks of the lichen, and pools of sombre purple where the rock yawns into hollows.

Nor at first sight are the gannets seen as birds at all, but as rods of light (giant electrons made visible, one might say) winding and circling above and round the Rock in a maze of gleaming curves. When I was high on the third terrace, I saw a line of surf or a great bed of sea-campion blowing on a table of rock just above the

sea's surface. They were kittiwakes, so easily may the object cheat the senses in a place of magic like the Bass. And you have indeed left the accustomed world. This is something different—a new species of world you have discovered for the first time, and that dark, low, long line of shore, scored out against the atmosphere with a pen that goes sharp and deep, marks a finality. The squat mass of Tantallon Castle makes a great blot at one end and the sugarloaf of Berwick Law humps up at the other end. Looking back from the shadow of the Bass at the old familiar face of earth inland, you see that this line with its uprights at either end is a stile that divides you from all the things you used to know and all the associations that bound you to them; it is a stile and you have hent it. We have arrived at the planet of Bass and its people.

"If you sail round the island and look up," wrote William Harvey, "you see on every ledge and shelf and recess, innumerable flocks of birds of almost every size and order; and if you regard the flights that incessantly come and go you may imagine that it is a mighty swarm of bees you have before you." What you see indeed are perpendicular cliffs three hundred and fifty feet high with their surface peeling and flaking off and the débris falling round you in every direction and splashing into the sea. But all these whirling and careering bits are alive. Here is an autumn tree mightier than the mightiest, and with now a murmur, now a wail, now a roar, its leaves come pelting down, scatter wildly and carpet the floor of the sea. But they are living birds, birds so alive that they are one vast helter-skelter and confusion of flying, scudding and diving bodies. The guillemots and their darker-mantled cousins, the razorbills, toppled into the water from every low coign and vantage, sheered through it with frantic paddle-beats and then under they ducked like frogs, and under the water they flew like birds. The

hags left their nests under the vault of the cavern where hey glowed like dark malachite, and the kittiwakes heirs on the heads of little turrets and columns of rock ike carvings exquisitely wrought, while the herring gulls held themselves swaying in the air above their crouching young with wings more still than their anxious eyes, as though suspended on threads.

But the gannets were the major wonder of this new vorld, and beside these craft of a long, rakish build and great spread of lustrous white canvas, the guillemots, azorbills and kittiwakes looked no more important than kiffs. The value and purity of this shining dress in he adult bird is enhanced by the ten black primaries at one end and the yellow ochre of the long necks at the other, matching one of the many tints of the rock. But when they float between two plains of blue, it is easier o believe that such a brightness and such a presence belong to a being translated rather than to a bird. Such a state of bliss in form and colour takes some reaching, oo, as you can see by the intermediate stages of plumage from dark to white before the final perfection. Some authorities say it takes a young bird six years to graduate, others four and a half and others three. At any rate, there are plenty of almost black forms, of pied orms, of forms streaked or spangled, and a motley show hey make until the black is finally driven into the tips of the wings.

Whether you pass slowly round the Rock or stare down from it, whether you are above or below these eddying forms, orderly, unhurriedly, pauselessly goes on their bright procession. If the wind be from the east, the birds usually circle from left to right; if from he west, from right to left. There are such multitudes of them crowding the air from just above the surface of he sea where many others swim high in the water, the young with tails down, the old with tails up, to the tops of the cliffs where the crossed primaries of the birds

sitting on their nests project into space, and above and between where yet others are everywhere packed against the sheer rock like the figures against the front of a Gothic cathedral, that it is amazing they do not collide. But perch yourself high up like a gargoyle on a buttress of rock; look down upon these stately ships of air crossing and recrossing in an endlessly woven pattern of shining wings; fall into their elemental measure as one does after a period of watching, and it will appear impossible that they ever could collide.

I think the reason for this very strong impression is the correspondence between the birds and the elements. For, except that now and again they shook themselves from head to tail like a dog out of water, they were flying no more than the wind was; there was no exertion of vital force against the resistance of the air. The outspread pinions were motionless, but they responded and adjusted themselves by hardly perceptible changes of angle and plane to the various air-currents. Their mastery of the air was their surrender to it. And the sense of time which can only be apprehended by the breaks in it, became lost in their own so smooth and shining current of perpetual motion. The confusion of mind caused by the first tumult of wings and voices gradually passed, and tranquilly one accepted the influence of the place, as these majestic shapes swept round and glided by, as though obedient to a universal measure—the heave of the ocean, the magnetism of the Poles, the revolutions of the moon and the appointed motions of the stars. At one topmost point of the precipitous cliffs—the north corner—where a rusty old cannon lies and wonders when on earth it is going to be fired again, the birds passed within a few feet of one's head, one behind another, swung out again into the infinitude of space in a curve like a meteor's track, and, one behind another, swept back again. In ancestral memory this wonderful folk-dance of Nature was a

familiar sight to me, so powerless were the dull mortality and unrest of time to touch the spectacle. And there was in it a sort of staging of the vast processes, the equilibrium and subtle order of Nature, and well had she chosen her actors.

I have not yet mentioned that the isle was full of noises. Once you are astride his back, old Bass greets you with a hurricane of snorting and bellowing :

> The air was dirkit with the foulis,
> That cam with yowmeris and with yowlis,
> With shrykking, screeching, skryming, scowlis,
> And miklie noyis and showtis.

And yet, when I had listened some time, I began to doubt whether Dunbar really interpreted the tidal surge of sound so intimately as

> The isle is full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again.

For the voices of the birds could be disentangled into their several monotones, as the wind and the distant growling of the sea and the beating of the gannets' wings when they rushed in upon the ledges and thrust themselves back to a dead stop just before they were dashed to pieces, could be blended into a single harmony. There was the subdued and husky roar of the guillemots and razorbills and that matched the sea ; the high laughter of the herring gulls and the wailing, ululating undertone of the kittiwakes, the antistrophe to the wind. The ebbing and flowing of the volume of sound was broken into by the more abrupt strokes of the gannets, a somewhat raven-like inflected barking which has been syllabled by MacGillivray—*varrock, varrock, kirra, cree, cree, krak, krak*—just as the beating of the wings broke into the hum and rush of wind and sea.

Sweet airs?—not in their quality, but in their secret discipline, their modulated relations to one another, and their congenial expression of the wild scene and the character of that great Esau of a Rock which housed the multitudes.

The awful height of the cliffs and the "incredible noumer" of fowls growing out of their vertical sides—so the surprised vision calls out to you who are not quite sure it is not a vision indeed—fetch back the impression that you are an old voyager who has left all but himself behind and arrived at a new-found-land. Birds landing and birds launching, birds vociferating and birds silent, bickering and embracing, struggling for a foothold and carved out of alabaster, what animation and what peace! Gannets with their tails pointing seaward to keep them, presumably, in feather, were plastered everywhere; reclining razorbills brooded their single eggs or young (some of the latter almost ready in this early July to be carried down to the sea by their parents) in the crannies and fissures of the rock-face; guillemots sat up like miniature penguins and straddled theirs on the open shelves, and kittiwakes, poised on the edges of two elements, the rock and the void, dozed on their careful nests. It was all on the scale of a huge Titian canvas, a celebration, a holiday street-scene, a concourse of fauns and nymphs, crowded by the flooding creative energy with hundreds of little masterpieces to themselves.

It is not the habit of social theorists to go to the birds, as sluggards are commanded to go to the ant, for light upon the relation of the individual to the community. Yet these birds were a community insomuch as they enjoyed living together in similar conditions and a common environment of bare rock, while as individuals they were free to conduct their private lives as they chose, interfering but triflingly with their neighbours and with only a minimum of restrictions imposed by the

body of their neighbours upon them. The different tribes kept apart but were joined and the people contained in them went the tribal way by going their own. A very rough adjustment and a very primitive community, certainly less developed than that of the rooks, but it worked, it was free, and it was peaceable. Actually the hand of authority was mighty Bass, the welder of nations and their paternal government. Granted that each bird in the tribe was not so individualized as to fly off from the mass, yet as any watcher could see for himself, he differed in temperamental make-up from his neighbours enough to be called "he" and not "it," while in spite of tiffs, of the naturalists who are impressed by them, of tribal variety and congested accommodation, the real issue of the struggle for existence for the bird-population as a whole had been to live together in peace and understanding. Gurney remarks upon the gannet pugnacity: "with such a character for pugnacity and quarrelsomeness, it is a wonder there is any harmony at all in this thickly packed nursery of birds," and so by admitting the harmony draws the teeth of the quarrelsomeness.

It was the gannets' amorousness that struck me, not their pugnacity. Never had I heard of, much less seen, so many happy love-matches as were here on this one wall of cliff so publicly displayed. The majority of the chicks were out of their eggs and the breeding season was more than four months old. Yet the ardour of the great white birds for their mates was that of the first flowers and blisses of courtship, as though the beauty of each to the other could never grow stale, and was not to be biologically punctuated. Do the sexes separate when the most northerly gannets leave their bowers of rock in October and November to press upon the haunts of those to the south of them and so, as they follow up the migrations of the fishes, set the whole gannet fleets a-sail to the southward? It is to be doubted when a

tenderness so demonstrative persists through the rhythmical progression of the seasons and so defies it. The warblers stop madrigals when the young are hatched, but the gannets go on acting theirs with those grotesque, slate-coloured primitives, those fat-reservoirs, crouched between them. Perpetual motion seems to be theirs in their grand processions through space, and their hymen, too, a perpetual spring. When a bird comes in from the sea like a rush of wind taking the form of a bird of light, he perches by the nest and waves his pinions in the double joy of home and the freedom of the air. The pair of them roll their heads from side to side and shake them bill to bill. Then he opens his gape for her admiration, and their necks slide gently against each other. In such mutual endearments their happy days are passed and seem to have no end. It was extraordinary—the face of this savage cliff was packed with lovers, for ever young in beauty, and moved with the expression of their fondness, for ever warm and still to be enjoyed. So it has been with countless thousands of these superb gannet peoples for thousands upon thousands of years.

They seemed never to stop nest-building either, for gannets would arrive with long ribbons of seaweed and shake them like a dog a bone for five minutes at a stretch, to add them later, though I never saw this done, to the nest. Waving seaweed might, too, have been a flourish of courtship, a suggestion persisted in long after its purpose had been accomplished. What was suggestive for me and would be for any naturalist was to observe how much leisure and recreation the birds enjoyed. I spent several hours of two days on the Rock, and never once saw those near it diving or feeding their young. Not that they are inattentive to them. If there is an accident when a young bird adventures its first leap to sea, other than its own parents that find it will feed it, which would be a worthiness in any com-

munity, while the stolid chicks on the dizzy ledges looked like advertisements of the comfortable life.

Sir Andrew Ramsay's "castle in the moon" and Lauder's "auld crag," they did indeed come to much the same thing. The tree-mallow and the puffins in the prison-windows; the lighthouse keepers, heirs of St. Baldred, with all those hosts in their charge; the gannets, visionary in their flight and their beauty, fabulous in their history and their customs, blest in their affections; redeemed old Bass whose past was so grim and present is so kind; St. Baldred himself who seems to have steered his old ship through to it—as I look back upon all these things that make one harmony, they seem to me like a vision or a legend I have heard, strange and far away, and yet warm and dear.

THE WATCHERS

By Violet le Maistre

WHEN full of tears I cried aloud
  Under the wide and senseless sky
Was there some god behind a cloud
  Watching with ancient friendly eye;

And in the quiet unmoving trees
  Was there a sprite with reedy hair
Shaken and torn from thoughtless ease
  Longing this human grief to share?

RELIGION AND CHRISTIANITY

[Out of the many letters and communications we have received on this subject we have chosen the following as giving individual expression to characteristic points of view.—ED.]

As soon as I opened the January ADELPHI and began reading "Religion and Christianity," I had a strange feeling that it was exactly what I had expected to find, and that if it had not been there I should never have taken the trouble to buy THE ADELPHI again.

Two months ago I was floundering about in the ever-thickening jungle of the circumstances of a busy life, having to accept the specious but to me purely arbitrary values of everyday existence, for want of a better guide, and cursing myself that I had not been born blind enough to follow unquestioningly the guidance of one or other of the Christian Churches. But more and more insistently I was feeling that anything was better than this terrible jungle twilight; that somewhere there must be either light or darkness, and that the only thing that mattered was to find it. I hoped it would be sunlight, but I don't think I minded so much which it was so long as I knew it with certainty.

Then came the opportunity for my forty days in the wilderness, in the shape of a half-term week-end away from blackboards and blue pencils. For four days I tramped about the cliffs of North Cornwall in the teeth of a shrieking wind, three hundred feet above the roar of the sea. The long evenings I spent in a tiny inn with my own thoughts and with Inge's *Confessio Fidei*, in front of a roaring wood fire and two gleaming china dogs, who stared steadfastly from the mantelpiece at

the flickering light on the low ceiling. Within two days I had arrived at that state of certainty of the existence of God which is something quite different from knowledge in the purely intellectual sense. Then came in great flashes, scarcely less vivid than the first, the realization that God (or whatever name you like to use —I prefer God) is not cursed with a three-dimensional sense of proportion ; and, following on that, that we infinitesimal, momentary mortals are tremendously significant so far as we are conscious, as Tolstoi was, of the possibility of the divine power speaking through us.

Life at once took on an entirely new significance, and one of my strongest feelings was that of intense pity for the ninety-and-nine who had never gone exploring in the wilderness. Quotations from the New Testament kept coming into my head as verbal expression for my half-formed thoughts, and I found that every one of them had put on a new and hitherto unsuspected meaning.

But as my four days drew to an end, I felt that although I could never lose the certainty which had come to me, I had not had the time or the ability to work out the application of it to all the little circumstances of everyday life. I felt the unwelcome necessity of sticking to the old arbitrary values until I had the time to verify or supersede them. It was as though I had discovered the dynamo which works the electric lights of a building, but had not been able to trace out the system of wiring. What was worse, I had discovered God in an image which was the result of the highest combined effort which my mind and soul have yet made, and I had the horrible feeling that, though I should never lose the certainty of God, my image of him would shrink as my mind and soul dwindled to their normal proportions when I returned to Plymouth. I felt that I must try to crystallize my conception of God

at the highest point to which I had attained, so that He would not become a mere idea fluctuating with my own moods. I was so impressed by the urgency of this that I did attempt to put down my vision on paper, fully realizing how much would be lost in the process of translation into words. It did not lose so much as I had expected ; I was able to return to my exercise books and petty punishments feeling that even if I had not been able to work out the ramifications of my religion in sufficient detail to give me much guidance when Jones II. told me a lie about his being excused gym., I had by me at all events something to which I could refer when I felt the need of adjusting my sense of proportion and of recognizing the potential significance of Jones II. Further, I had something to start from when the next opportunity should come for a retreat into the wilderness for the purposes of revision and further exploration.

Now, this is a purely personal and individual experience, which appears to have a good deal in common with the experience recorded in THE ADELPHI article which has been referred to, but I feel that my experience throws quite a different light from that article on the origin of creeds. For my attempt to crystallize out my highest experience of my newly found God is surely nothing but the formation of a creed. Of course, it is a purely individual creed, and in details a purely provisional one. But is it not possible that all the creeds of the Churches were originally attempts on the part of men to give material, though inadequate, form to their highest vision of God? Of course, any creed is an attempt to define the infinite, and some attempts, such as the Athanasian Creed, are almost laughable ; but so long as they are regarded as personal, provisional creeds they are at least interesting as throwing light on the minds of their authors. It is only when they are thrust upon, or accepted by, people as a substitute

for a creed of their own that they become a mere refuge for the moral coward. I certainly believe that for children some form of ready-made belief is essential—anything is better than mere indifference—and I cannot imagine anything better for the purpose than the simple teaching of Jesus, free from all sectarian accretions and Athanasian mathematics; a child ought to be placed on the firmest ground we can find until it is old enough to go exploring for itself.

But even if "the man who believes in God does not need a Church," he does need a creed. I entirely disagree with the statement that "the God of those who will stand alone . . . does not need to be defined." Only the hermit engaged in lifelong contemplation can afford not to define his God. The rest of us may have our moments of vision, but we have also our long hours of small things, when the image, though never entirely lost, fades and shrinks and seems to stand outside us. It is then that we need the personal creed that we have hammered out, in order that we may at least refresh ourselves with the darkened reflection of that which we have once seen face to face.

PATRICK THORNHILL.

Your essay on Religion and Christianity has strangely moved me by its sincerity and delighted me with its vision. As one who has known what it is to stand alone, to wander in the wilderness, to "give the temptation a chance," I find myself responding to it with all my heart. But, if I may, I would show my appreciation by suggesting to you (not by dogmatizing) wherein my experience leads me to differ from you.

"The truth of the matter, as I pondered over it, appeared to me thus: that the man who believes in God does not need a Church." I agree, so far as the motive for joining a Church, suggested by you, goes. But I believe in God. I can say because of the wilder-

ness to which I often am driven, that I know God. And I know equally that I need a Church. I know it because I am human : because, being human, I need to guard myself against an unbalanced individualism which would lead me to accept my (relative) knowledge as absolute. I need a Church for the reason embodied in your words : " He would like them to reach it, he would do all that lies in him to hasten that day." I need a Church because I know : " each must reach it in his own way."

Coming together in a fellowship that consists of a variety of experiences profoundly affects my own knowledge of the truth. To put it shortly, you see one colour of the rainbow, Journeyman another, and I another ; and until we find the seven neither is perfect. My experience leads me to differ from you, as I am endeavouring to reveal ; and equally, though from another angle, my experience differs from Journeyman. Yet with both of you I find myself in agreement. The difference I suppose to be due to our respective individualism making contact, thereby causing my individualism to react and as a result clearing my vision, as it never could have been cleared but for you and Journeyman, though I know neither of you in the flesh.

Again, your own words imply that a Church is a necessity : " His duties to himself in this regard are two : first, not to shut himself off from knowledge by any preconceived idea that knowledge can be only of one single and familiar kind, but to keep himself open to the entrance of certainty whencesoever it may come —and a certainty is quite simply defined : it is a conviction by which a man is prepared to live and if need be to die—and the second is this ; not to suffer himself to go one inch beyond his own knowledge, for beyond those bounds the realms of confusion, and disquiet begin." Consider the Church as " the two or three " . . . pioneers if you will. . . . Yourself, Journeyman,

and me. I find correction through the two of you, for your contact with me emphasizes to my own good "that knowledge is not of one single and familiar kind." The two kinds of metaphysically unfamiliar knowledge that come through Journeyman and you to me drive me within myself to a re-examination of my individual experience. I do not accept: I prove. And if I can say with you, I know, I say it; but if I cannot, I find that wherein I differ from you in apprehension, my own experience is strengthened and purified. Thus through this fellowship I am led to avoid assent to secondhand truths ("not to suffer himself to go an inch beyond his own [experience] knowledge ").

"The God of Jesus Christ is the God of a man who stood alone." And you provoke me to ask why did He stand alone? Was it for Himself? And out of your own experience I answer from mine: "Christ was indeed *the great pioneer and champion of humanity*—in the epoch in which we live."

And so I find myself needing a Church; but not a Church as you seem to understand it, or as is popularly understood. I need a Church that admits from its heart with sincerity:

> Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
> Some ask a human image to adore,
> Some crave a spirit vast as life and love:
> Within Thy mansions we have all and more.

Whose witness is in the spirit and by the method of Jesus, who as Milton apprehended Him:

> . . . held it more humane, more heavenly first
> By winning words to conquer willing hearts;
> And make persuasion do the work of fear.

J. A. HALL.

I expect a number of more competent people than I am have been stirred up to write to you about your article in the January ADELPHI; and I have no time for

thought, and am just an ordinary educated person, neither learned nor gifted : yet the feeling of sympathy aroused by it (together with a constant protest) does so persist, that I feel I must say something.

I do really think you must have been unfortunate in the Christians to whom you spoke if you think that fear drives men into a Church : I think that with poor and lonely people the desire of fellowship does count ; but fear of the mental or whatever other self or soul being alone I should have thought could drive people into all sorts of combinations not necessarily religious ; and if you choose a religious one you may not choose it for that reason even unconsciously and may be very conscious also of loneliness within it.

Yet I feel that many, who have, one might almost say from birth, a consciousness of God in the inner self, might easily give the answer you quote that the rest seems easy : it is the overwhelming consciousness of God that is the tremendous thing : and they, too, would call it knowledge rather than belief and differentiate it from their beliefs : and this consciousness is certainly not a willing or anxious suppression of disbelief, nor something which concerns a fragment or facet of the consciousness, but a joyous and strong embrace of the whole self, conscious and subconscious. I am sure there must be many who are like this and are Christians (I am quite an ordinary person) and it does not mean we have no perplexities : but the lesser ones (if I might call creeds and Church customs such) do not worry : there are so many bigger things on hand.

I do not think either that it follows then that one does not need a Church—except in your sense of "need," *i.e.*, that one cannot stand alone in spirit or do without it : on the contrary, one often wishes one need not have it (in a sort of sense), its routine and its party spirit and its struggles about lesser things annoy one ; but I think we believe (and this is belief as opposed

to our knowledge perhaps), and believe quite strongly, that we are incomplete alone and must help and give and share and work toward the bringing into one. All the same I do not feel that one who looks within and analyzes like this does most to help the world : I think people in real distress turn to the simple folk who just go on : and I fancy it is the simple folk who save.

I hope you will not be vexed : I am torn between sympathy and protest : you seemed to mean what you wrote.

MARY H. POWELL.

Though a woman (under thirty) I am not amongst those you cite who " love Christ and remain in the Church for His sake," though I know some genuinely sincere folk who do. (Genuinely sincere is strong for me : I doubt my sure judgment on most matters.) As time goes on, I have a stronger and stronger antipathy to the Church, to the organization which is the Church. My greatest religious desire is for quietness, simply to withdraw within. I know so well that strong desire to go into a Church to do it—as described by " Journeymen "—" to clear a quiet space within my soul where I can remember Him "—but I seldom do now.

I believe I am of a religious disposition—in your sense of the word (I say it humbly). I have no creeds, and cannot bear creeds. My attitude to knowledge is that it must be personally discovered and joined on to experience and all connected up. It must be one's own. At times I have asked myself : Is there anything at all that you *believe*? I asked it again this last week before obtaining the January ADELPHI yesterday. I found I could answer two things. (1) The need for *action* in order to discover reality. (2) The need for steadfastness. The last word probably has not my meaning to anybody else. To me it means what I think Christ meant when he said : Watch and pray, when he

said that Mary (not bustling Martha) had chosen the one needful thing, when he said the "Word" is choked by cares, and riches and pleasures. Now that is all to me most insistently and intimately true, even though I but dimly understand what he meant by the "Word." Of course, the last conviction presupposes a belief in the existence of God. I think I certainly have an absolutely indefinable (even to myself and in human terms) but sure God. The absolute values have something to do with it. And I certainly think Christ was a man, though there has never been any real difficulty to me in that, because "human" and "divine" are such relative terms. But I cannot think Christ divine in the conventional way.

When even convictions falter, I still hope in the sure fact that we are alive (alas! far too little so) *i.e.,* living organisms, therefore one *is* embarked on a sea of discovery and no intellect can know or predict.

I so often have a sense of eluding reality, or of reality eluding me, at every turn. As if one is willy-nilly, merely by most human contacts on the mechanical, or sentimental levels. Now, if I may go back to conviction No. 2, and call it the "prayer" attitude, something tells me that should remedy the sense of unreality. The problem I had in mind of the vagueness of prayer vanishes when I remember that "Ask and ye shall receive" does not require that he who receives the prayer needs to be defined as the Churches define him. I am thinking I suppose of the mystical idea of relationship, contact with God and wondering *if* and *how* God does communicate his spirit to man.

Without this "prayer" attitude of mind, isn't this self a traitor to itself, or is this where "waiting" comes in-and our encounters which are not fortuitous?

I am sometimes appalled in suspecting how few really do stand alone, do make facts absolutely their own, do connect the parts and forge ahead to a different

"whole." Does the Church hinder or help? I am fatalistic enough to think that some people never will think for themselves. Even education (I am concerned a little in education, you see), carried on by the help of right people, cannot touch them. I suppose we *are* concerned with our fellow men, else why do you publish THE ADELPHI?

F. W. KING.

From both the article on "Religion and Christianity" and "On Standing Alone" in the January ADELPHI one gets the impression that there is a choice between standing alone and not standing alone. In the second article it is definitely stated that "You have to make a choice: you must either go alone or in company. You can't do both." But surely there is no such choice. Each must go alone anyhow; we either know it, or we do not know it, or we try not to know it; but there it is. Once we have followed Christ out into the isolation, we know, looking back, that in the days when we seemed to go in company we were doing nothing of the sort.

Each of those who keep in the Church—and surely as many stay because of the love and consolation they find in the thought as from fear—worships a different God from his neighbour. Each has his own God whether he knows it or not.

For those who remain in the Church for the sake of Christ, the belief in His divinity is not only a safeguard against being expected to stand alone. It gives them an excuse—I use the word with reverence—to love as much as they want with impunity. It is an outlet for the cramped and frustrated affections of hundreds of lonely souls. They may not lavish all that love on a human being except under certain conditions; public opinion condemns it as wrong. Not all have husband or wife or children or families; and many of those who have, find their love is not required. But Christ they

may love with their whole hearts. He is divine. That gives them permission, but does it *mean* anything to them? What are they really doing? Loving a human being, getting as close to a human being, who *wants* their love, as they can. They may deny the complete humanity of Christ with their lips, but do they with their hearts? They walk alone although they may not be aware of it. They may come to know or they may not.

But those who remain in the Church from fear are not going in company either. The fear means, at the least, a dawning knowledge of the isolation. If they will not accept the knowledge, they are only trying to escape it by living a life of make-believe; it is not everyone who can accept at the same moment that they know. But they go alone. Turning outside themselves they lose the only lasting rest—the quiet within.

Is it not possible that so many are afraid because they mistake isolation for desolation? It is not the same thing, though, as "A Journeyman" says, "There are moments ——" But one of the mysteries we learn by going into that isolation is that we can endure those agonies in the Garden, that our strength is sufficient, although at each new trial it seems impossible. Perhaps there are some who, at the first moment of revelation, can accept their isolation and only pray during those agonies that the cup may pass *if it be possible,* knowing, as Christ knew, that it is not. At such times we do pray for impossibilities. But most of us, even after we know, deny many times before we can accept. And it is during those times of denial that we learn beyond doubt how we all inevitably stand alone. One after another we see the old supports, that we thought so strong, snap like dry twigs. We thought at one time they were iron bars to lean on; but that did not make them so.

Isn't there more need to emphasize the joy of this isolation, the new love which is born from the death of

the old, the new love which is such a much bigger thing, the union which can only be experienced through this isolation? The relief, the sense of security, balance? One wants new words. It is the old interpretation of such words and phrases as isolation, loss of the individual, loneliness, which make them seem so terrible. They no longer frighten in the same way when we know, from experience, when we have *felt* that isolation is the only cure for that awful ache of loneliness, that loss of the individual (following on intense individualism) is the only perfect unity.

This does not mean that it is easy to follow Christ out into isolation. The difficulty is of the kind one can only experience, not describe. But whether we want a choice or not we have not got one. But on the further side of that conflict of acceptance, *if* we accept, we find the healing of that most unendurable of all huma sorrows—the intolerable sense of separation.

D. C.

THE LITTLE WAVES' ADVICE.—"Ah, it is hot!" sigh the little oily waves that ooze between the long strands of seaweed and gently slap the rocks.

"Ah, it is hot! Lie down in the sun, lie down and sleep. Don't think, don't think. Ah, it is hot! The anemones and the minnows and the shell-fish never think. Don't think. Just let the sun sink into your brain, drown your senses, fill your thoughts. Ah, it is hot! Sleep, sleep, and we will come very quietly, very gently, and bear you away to the cool sea caves full of dim green light and soft transmuted sunbeams like the gold of a mermaid's hair. Sleep, sleep and we will bear you away to where all is silence and there is no time, no time at all, underneath the deep, deep sea."—V. LE M.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLI

Meggie Albanesi.—I only saw her play seven p
in all ; Jill in *The Skin Game,* Wanda in *The First*
the Last, Mabel in *Loyalties,* Lady Jane in *Shall*
Join the Ladies? Sidney in *A Bill of Divorcem*
Trelawney in the first act of *Trelawney of the W*
and the twin in *The Lilies of the Field* ; and yet
death gives me a sense of eclipse. It is as if the c
remover had filched the brightest, steadiest little lan
of all. Her technique was good and clean, for she
trained under Helen Haye, that past-mistress of
effects ; her individuality was exceptionally strong,
I think would never have crystallised into just Me
Albanesi on the stage ; she had real devotion to
art, great quickness to seize the shades of mean
and a brain which she did not hesitate to use.

But none of these qualities, nor all of them toget
account for just the sense of loss that her death bri
She had a curious and unique faculty of emotional tr
I never saw her (and I watched her through some s
rehearsals) fumble, blur, or falsify an emotional ef
She struck instantaneously, and as if from her he
the right note of feeling. Those who have had m
to do with play production alone will understand l
excessively rare such a quality is. For me, her n
beautiful achievement as a whole was her Polish
Wanda in *The First and the Last.* I could never wa
that except through a certain mist. But I think t
she reached her highest pitch of emotional truth in
final scene of *A Bill of Divorcement.* In both th
plays, indeed, she passed quite beyond acting. Th
was never any doubt about her effects, the edges of
impersonations were clean cut ; each movement
each phrase carried over to one—clear, decisive.
"Jill," as "Lady Jane," as "the twin," she mar

quite definitely her delicate sense of comedy. She was not limited. She would have gone very far. Not often does Death so wastefully spill.—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

LABOUR AND THE CITY.—The trembling of Lord Rothermere's knees at the naming of Ramsay MacDonald is clearly natural to him. Everybody smiles, just as they would at the child in a perambulator who is terrified when spoken to jocularly by a policeman. For everybody who has been to school knows that the Labour Party is as constitutional as Buckingham Palace, and much more so than the members of the Carlton Club would ever be if the heroes of the war seriously made up their minds that they were going to make England a home fit to live in. That is the trouble with the Labour Party, as with all the other parties. Like the Tories, most of the Labour crowd put their trust in constitutional force, as the final appeal. Like the Tories and the Liberals, the war taught them nothing that changed their minds. But Mr. MacDonald himself, as an intelligent and well-educated man, is no doubt well aware that the war was the end of European industrial democracy—or industrial civilization, we had better say, because the peoples of Europe, since the rise of the industrial system, have never had any control over the events which were moving their complex society to the crisis in which it was irreparably wrecked. No more control than have the class-conscious straws on a flooded river which is carrying them to the sea.

But though people laugh at Lord Rothermere, they do not laugh when the magnates of the City of London, at the thought of a Labour Government, behave as though they really believed that Labour men could do more damage than the experts who have made Europe the appalling spectacle it is. Nobody seems to have supposed that "great business men" would act like recluse maiden-aunts who drop their knitting and

scream at the sight of a mouse. But there it is. That is how the men of the Empire's commercial centre have behaved. We imagined the shrewd men of the market place were better-informed than the West End clubmen whose limited experience of life rarely affords them an opportunity to learn anything that matters to a world of breadwinners.

Yet why should we have supposed that City men knew more than the others? What would they learn in business? When did any of them show they knew that life did not altogether arise out of a cash basis? From a personal experience of the hard-headed, practical, straightforward thinking of business men, would we, without a test, trust one of them to distinguish between an oleograph and a sonata? Would we leave to one of them the choice of some reading for a thoughtful and original youth? Not very likely. Then why suppose there is in the City such a common knowledge of the history of industrial Europe, of economics, of the usual promptings of herd emotions—of, in fact, the very base and laws on which the City is built—that the fellow whose activities have been expended between Throgmorton Street and Walton Heath would be sure to be well aware that the Labour Party is about as harmful as a flock of Southdowns?—JOHN WHICHELOW.

A NOTE ON "HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS."—William James and Nietzsche were both of the opinion that a system of philosophy is an expression of the prejudices of the philosopher. There is very good reason, if we alter the word "prejudice" to something less provocative, to suppose this opinion to be true. We can best explain the astounding diversity of philosophies in terms of the astounding diversity of philosophers. Human beings, it appears, are not only different, but their differences are so profound that equally able and dispassionate attempts to see life steadily and see it

whole lead to wholly different results. Unanimity is only attained by paying the price, the price of being superficial.

This is why science secures unanimity. It is concerned, fundamentally, only with a few very simple judgments on which all the extremely different species of men can agree. The rest is done by logic, and it is a very interesting fact that the logical faculty required seems to be possessed by all men. But things like a capacity for number judgments and a logical faculty are very small parts of a man's being, and therefore the greater part of most men is outside science, as it were. That is to say, they are aware of faculties or of ways of being conscious in themselves which are not involved in a scientific inquiry. A great work of literature or music involves the whole of them much more deeply. But the price paid for this more comprehensive appeal is individuality.

The writer or musician gets beneath the layer where all men are alike, and reaches to regions where they are profoundly different. The great artist is individual, as we say; it is precisely for that reason that he cannot speak for the whole of mankind, and why the reality he presents is, on the most favourable hypothesis, only an aspect of some deeper reality. The threads that unite me to the universe are not the same as yours; certain utterances have a meaning for you and no meaning for me.

What, then, is this "human consciousness" that people are writing about? Is it some kind of generalization from all particular cases, an ideal construction which includes all the ways in which men are aware? It is not, we suppose, intended to indicate an "average" whose characteristics might be deduced from a study of the daily press. It is, we take it, a superhuman consciousness, which should comprise within it such partial aspects as are manifested by the consciousness of such

men as Einstein, Beethoven, Shakespeare. If it is not this, it seems that it can be nothing but the consciousness of the writer who is alluding to it. If the superhuman consciousness is intended, then it is quite sensible to say that this consciousness is developing—there are good grounds for supposing that possible ; but it is not at all sensible to say that some element or another in it, such as reason, must be discarded.

A particular writer may feel that his reason is of very little value to him in comparison with other faculties of which he is aware, but he *must* remember that the "human consciousness" is not his, but this superhuman thing, and that the most effective instrument for reaching reality possessed by some men may be their reason. There are some men to whom modern science means as much, and very much in the same way, as great music. In theories of the material universe and its relation to the mind of man one can feel, almost tremblingly, on the verge of a wonderful reality which is not inferior to, and may even be the same as, the secret message that the greatest artist has ever delivered. And if this "human consciousness" is developing, who can say in what way it is doing so? Whose mind is an epitome of it? We claim kingly powers for no human faculty. We are not concerned to deny the validity of any mystic's vision or of anybody else's vision. We pick and choose, of course. There are some presentations which are in terms that we can grasp. We neglect the others in favour of these. But we remain conscious that men are profoundly different, and that we cannot dogmatize, for any other man, concerning the possible meaning of something which may have no meaning for us.—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

TOADS ALSO . . . praise and glorify Him forever. —Why not?

Birds first, naturally. Being poets we recognized

them earliest. They were obvious to all of us except the business men, from Adam to Emerson,—

> Beloved of children, bards and spring,
> O birds, your perfect virtues bring . . .

—but toads also, I suppose, are expressions of the Universal Spirit masked in a benignant ugliness which it required more skill to transpose. Until John Burroughs gave them and their talent publicity in *The Song of the Toad* pretty nearly everyone except the loathly scientist supposed that vernal trill of theirs to be the "pipes of Pan," blown by some gracile amphibian, a tree-frog at least; because that sprite can be comelier than a brown leaf in wood-shade as all foresters know; and it turned out to be the common toad. At least that is true on the glacial plain of America. For other climes I can't say. When the reek of wet and the warmth of April drive Bufo to the fresh pools of the meadow-land it is his male voice that sings; and beyond anything else that sounds over the fecund darkness it is his long somnolent piping that's an incantation and a dream-dip to souls.

Some might find this an arch case for disillusionment. It is not. Since it has been given to the long-horned green grasshopper to say Supernal Summer and to the white tree-cricket to tell of Twilight-without-end, why shouldn't the warty Batrachian call the long roll of the Springtimes of the World? *We* being participants in the creative consciousness know that he does, and that beauty is in the mouth of his ugliness a fresh birth.

The Idea of Death.—It may be randomly suggested whether some things that men think they do not know are not for all that thoroughly comprehended by them: and yet, so to speak, though contained in themselves, are kept a secret from themselves? The idea of Death seems such a thing. (*Herman Melville.*)

THE BIBLE IN BED

By The Journeyman

LATELY, I have been reading the Old Testament, in bed. I like reading in bed, best of all reading. It is much the most comfortable place to read in, to read from rather, for the sensation of peeping out upon the world of literature from a secret and impregnable citadel is the most blissful of all the blissful feelings that attend reading in bed. No matter what my waking mind may tell me, I feel that I am hidden in an inviolable sanctuary. Even if somebody taps on the door and pokes his head in to tell me it is ten o'clock in the morning, my sense of security is unaffected. I have only to put my head under the clothes to blot him out of existence. In the day-time I can't do that, I can't even pretend that I can. If I were to start putting my head under my overcoat, like the robin in the nursery rhyme, I should simply be run over, or arrested. In bed I can perfectly well believe that I am the master of my fate and the captain of my soul, and all the rest of it : outside it I can't.

Therefore, reading in bed brings all the satisfaction of a sovereign act without any of the consequences. I can be perfectly autocratic about it. I can go to sleep in the middle of a chapter with a good conscience, with something more than a good conscience, indeed, for that *dénouement* is in a sense what I am working for. Still, I don't very often take advantage of my powers. Something generally impels me, even though my eyes are closing and the book is falling from my fingers, to push on to the end of the chapter before the final plunge. That is one of the reasons why the

Bible is so good to read in bed : for the chapters are shorter than any other chapters in the whole world of books. You can always be sure of making a stage : you never have to camp out on the roadside.

Further, since the appointed end of reading in bed is sleep, you have the legitimate expectation that you will dream about what you have been reading. But I doubt whether your expectation will be fulfilled. Mine never is. Nevertheless, though I have never yet succeeded in dreaming about the book I have been reading, I go on placidly hoping that I shall. I even catch myself murmuring inaudibly when some beautiful picture comes before my eyes : "I would like to dream about that." I would be grateful if some psycho-analyst would tell me how to secure the result I desire, but never achieve.

These are the great reasons why reading in bed is the best of all reading. From them certain minor consequences follow, and you may deduce as it were *a priori* some further conditions necessary to the fullest enjoyment of this beatitude. In essentials, the state is perfect. It remains only to prescribe the means of maintaining it for the longest possible time at its maximum intensity. The means is a stone hot-water bottle filled with all but boiling water. I know, just as well as you do, that a stone hot-water bottle is not so good, absolutely, as an india-rubber one. If you want simply to go to sleep in bed, then by all means take your rubber bottle. (I speak as one who has a choice before him. I have none. I have indeed no hot-water bottle at all just now. I had a stone one, and that is cracked. So I no longer read in bed.) But if you desire to read in bed, that is, if you regard reading in bed as a thing apart, to be enjoyed for itself alone, then let your hot-water bottle be of naked stone. Do not suffer it to be covered in a flannel jacket : *for naked stone is slippery*. Further, let your bed be such that it curves down on either side towards the middle. And then let your stone

bottle be filled with all but boiling water. But that, you will say, is much too hot to be comfortable. It is; and that is the secret. Your feet will be incessantly busy in preventing the bottle from burning them: they will push it to this side and to that, and so you will be kept pleasantly awake, and you will be enabled to read in bed at least twice as long as you would with a soft and lethargic bottle of rubber. A stone bottle can be in its way almost vindictive, but never vindictive enough to prevent you from enjoying your book. And if the moment should come when you are sick of it, you have only to jam it carefully towards the side of the bed, and you are free to sleep; unless, of course, you suffer from insomnia. I am not heartless enough to make a jest of that.

These are some of the fruits of my experience. I like giving other people the fruits of my experience. Lately, they have been more serious than these; and, as a result, I am feeling rather tired of seriousness. I observe that Mr. Murry is feeling the same; I observe it with a certain alarm, for I do not believe that what is good for me is necessarily good for him. But—mortal men, mortal men!

Well, I have been reading the Old Testament under these conditions. I stopped a week ago, when my hot-water bottle cracked, alas. I began at the beginning, with Genesis. What an astonishing and lovely book it is! Astonishing and lovely, that is, after you have got over your bewilderment at the two separate and inconsistent accounts of the Creation which the first two chapters contain. I confess that I had never realized before that the story of the Garden of Eden contradicts the story of Creation in the first chapter, in which man has already been created male and female in the image of God; but now I remember reading at various times, from my schooldays upwards, of two separate narratives—one from a priestly, the other from a more profane

source—which were woven together by some later hand. I suppose the first chapter comes from the priestly hand. Certainly, it is austere to a degree. The only living creatures mentioned specifically in it are "the great whales." All the rest are generic. And I cannot help suspecting that "the great whales" themselves are partly the invention of the Elizabethan translators: probably they were in the Hebrew only "great sea-beasts," brothers to that Leviathan who takes his pastime in the Psalms.

Again, even in the story of the Garden of Eden something seems to have gone astray: for at the beginning there are two trees in the midst of the garden—the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life. But when God lays His command upon Adam, it is the Tree of Knowledge alone that He speaks of. The Tree of Life seems to have been forgotten. It is remembered only when God decides to banish man from the Garden "lest he put forth his hand and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat, and live for ever." After all, if the Tree of Life had been really in the midst of the Garden all through the story, it would have been just as easy for Eve to pluck the fruit from two trees as from one: in which case God would have been in a serious difficulty, for our first parents would have been immortal. Had the Tree of Life been there the subtil serpent would not have let slip such a chance of causing trouble.

Perhaps that is hypercritical. Even if there were two stories which have not been perfectly joined together, the result is divinely beautiful. And, as I read it again, it seemed to me once more that for beauty absolute there is no sentence in the English language to compare with: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the Garden in the cool of the day." What is it in that sentence which so takes the breath? It is so untroubled, so manifestly immortal, so serene. The last tremor of human disquietude has died away.

Not only is there no agitation in the sentence; but it seems to radiate an immense majesty of calm. It is poised over all the Garden, still as the vault of heaven, but more kindly than the stars. This is what our first parents had and what we might have shared if the subtil serpent had not wrought upon the woman. It is beyond good and evil, because it is before them. That beauty does not return again. The beauty that is to come is of another kind: it is troubled and touched by pain. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest: for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." That also is beautiful, unbearably beautiful; but the beauty is not serene. It is no longer absolute; the white radiance is stained.

I suppose we might wonder at the perfect art which placed the words, "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the Garden in the cool of the day," at the very climax of the story of the Fall. But we do no good by talking about art. It is better simply to feel what a quality this sentence gives to those which follow:

> And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the Garden.
>
> And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?

For the Lord God from whose voice they hide is not a terrible God, as the God of Abraham and the prophets was to be: he is neither terrible nor kind. A terrible God they might have defied, a kind God they might have resented. But this is simply God, who can for Himself be neither loved nor feared. The fear or the love can only come from what man is within himself. Therefore the words of this God: "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" are far more awful than the words of the avenging God of the prophets. For this is the voice of a God who has no person, and who cannot be seen face to face.

MULTUM IN PARVO

A Riddle.—A party of eight or nine lunching at one of many oval tables in a room at a West End hotel. The oldest guest is a famous man; next him sits his accomplished host, giving him what he has come for—expert talk of the latest French literature. Two stranger Americans slowly circumambulate the table twice, provoking the comment (we hear it afterwards)—"They did it on purpose to stare at him. He said, 'I could almost *smell* they were Americans.'" On leaving the table the great man appears, in his full length, just like a prosperous old banker, except for the very unbusinesslike expression in his grey eyes, which transmit nervousness, distrust, reserve, reverie, and embarrassment. He now has to pay a trifle for his entertainment. One or two of the guests are trotted up to him, with admirable stablemanship, for a few minutes each. To one of these he says—

"It is a question—er—of—um—illustrating—a frontispiece that is—some stuff of mine [more modestly than ever] THE —— —— the particular thing was called, and—er—we wanted something, something of a curiosity shop, a photograph of something that came [again lowering and hurrying his tone] that really came out of my head. And, well, Mr. C. and I hunted about London for two days—no good. The third day we found it. It was in a street up there behind [? Grays Inn]. C. fancied it at once. I—er—thought it likely, but—um—went on a little, leaving him sizing it up outside. Further on I saw the exact thing. I rushed back [then correcting himself, with a thought of figure and age] I went back to him. Come and see what I've found, I said. Have you got something better than this? he answered, for he was still orientating. [The word used was nothing like so unconversational.] Come and see the real thing! [this leaning back in the armchair, and with a pleased smile of remembrance and an access of ease

of manner]—·—So that was how it was, and [looking unhappy again, sitting forward and preparing to move] it just shows how you can find anything in London."

Who was the celebrity?

THE YELLOW EMPEROR'S PEARL.—The Yellow Emperor travelled to the north of the Red Lake and ascended the K'un-lun Mountains. Returning south he lost his magic pearl. He employed Intelligence to find it, but without success. He employed Speech to find it, but without success. Finally, he employed Nothing, and Nothing got it. "Strange indeed," quoth the Emperor, "that Nothing should have been able to get it." (*Cl uang-Tse.*)

PROBLEM No. 9.—A knock-out singles tennis tournament is played off with *n* competitors. Each match is settled by the result of one sett. What is the total number of setts that are played during the tournament?

Answer to Problem No. 8:

1021.

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The Adelphi

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THE TWO WORLDS

By John Middleton Murry

LAST month I began to discuss, rather cavalierly perhaps, the problem of the two worlds. It is, though it may not have appeared so in my exposition, a fundamental and eternal problem. Anyone who tries to live *his* life, who struggles to possess a being of his own and to discover an allegiance which he cannot deny, is faced with it over and over again. To-day it is probably more insistent than ever. There are many reasons for that. How you formulate them will depend upon the degree to which, at the moment, you are accepting the world without. If you are trying to take count of it, you may be able to see the conjuncture of things in which we are now involved as part of a secular and recurrent historical process; and, by comparing kindred disquietudes in the past, you may even establish it as a law of human action that at all times of profound social disturbance the emphasis shifts from the world without to the world within. It is easy to see why it must be so. In times of social upheaval mankind tends to act as a mass, and the individual who because he is an individual must refuse to behave as an atom in a mass, suddenly discovers that there is an abyss between his realities and those of his fellow-men. In the time before he had assumed that the values of his world were the values of his fellows: that honour and truth and justice meant the same things for all men.

In a painful and blinding flash of illumination it is revealed to him that his faith was peculiar to himself: he had thought himself a member of a nation, in reality he is (at most) a member of a tiny sect. And still, in spite of all disillusion, this inward world of his remains real: he cannot deny it, for it is the only world in which he can live. So he is forced, for his own life's sake, to recoil into himself and to regard the world without as somehow not quite real, not really real.

This reaction has occurred again and again in human history; and there is good reason for supposing that it is more widespread and more violent now than ever before. Mankind had never been so much a herd as it was during the war, and it has never behaved so much as a herd as it has behaved after the war. Civilization has spent the best part of two hundred years in triumphantly binding the ends of the earth together. Two hundred years ago Carlisle was as far from London as San Francisco is to-day. During those two hundred years loosely united peoples have been imperceptibly welded into masses by the railway, the telegraph, and the penny post. And in the time of crisis they have behaved accordingly. The greater the action, the greater the reaction; the more threatening the mechanization and inertia of the world without, the more peremptory and exclusive, in those individuals who are sensitive to the menace, the insistence upon the superior reality of the world within.

I do not know whether this dispassionate historical view of the situation will bring so much comfort to my readers as it brings to me. I like to look before and after, though I pine for what is not. I see, as I look backward over the legible record of human destinies, the marks of the eternal discrepancy, now breaking into open and undisguised hostility in times of stress, now fading into the faint traces of individual suffering in times of social security. And I take comfort from the

fact—or what appears to me to be a fact—that whenever the stress has become unbearable, and the disruption of an old order has begun, it has always been those who have insisted on the superior reality of the world within who have carried the living spark of a new order into the times after them. The spark has blazed and become the fiery heart of a new dispensation; then it has flickered, finally it has become a smouldering ash. And new rebels have arisen to fan it into flame once more.

But this long view, though it is comforting, does not practically settle the problem of the two worlds. That is, for any individual man, altogether more intimate and disquieting. He is, by force of circumstance and the necessity of the times, compelled to deny the claims of the world without to full reality. He is driven more and more to build upon the reality of the world within, until one fine day he allows an act of his to be determined by it. That is to say, he attempts to manifest in the external world in obedience to an authority created by ignoring the external world. For he is not a Stoic, who saves himself a great deal of trouble by pretending that the world without is so unreal that he can have nothing to do with it: which is like shouting to an omnibus that it doesn't exist and then stepping out of its way. And he cannot by nature be an Epicurean. No, he tries to act. There comes a moment when he really does step in the way of the omnibus. If he escapes with his life he is lucky, and with his returning consciousness he realizes that he has been treating a solid reality as a dream.

So over he goes to the other side. He grits his teeth and determines to become one of "those for whom the visible world exists." It is more easily said than done. In a second he realizes, as of course he had realized before, but now more consciously and completely, that if he were to regard the world without as a real reality and to wear the fact of its objective existence as a

frontlet between his eyes in all his feeling and thinking and scheming and doing, he would not feel or think or scheme or do anything at all. The inertia which confronts him would become an obsession. The conditions which he has to accept before he can begin to work upon it—and the chief of these conditions is to regard his fellow-men either as machines or part of the brute creation—fill him with horror. If he were to accept them, he would die; his springs of action would be paralyzed. So there is a solid brick wall in front of him. He may spend his time thumping his head against it if he likes. But the brick wall will last longer than his head.

So back he goes again. "The visible world does not exist," he whispers to himself once more. He keeps it up for a day or two. And once again he begins to acquire confidence and to behave as though the visible world really did not exist. He puts his head down and runs. Smack! It is the brick wall, once more, just as hard and apparently just as permanent as ever.

Now quite obviously he can't go on doing that. His head won't stand the strain. For the moment perhaps the best thing to do is to hoist himself on to the top of the wall, like Mr. Discobolus, and attend to his bumps and survey the scene. It is a vast one. All human life and all human history is contained between those brick walls he has encountered. It is only one brick wall, really, as he now sees, and it girds the human universe in a circle. There is a certain pleasure to be got out of a bird's-eye view. He sits, perched on top, quietly taking in the prospect, and thinking. What are his thoughts? Something like these.

The discrepancy, the downright opposition, between the world within and the world without must be accepted. He must also accept the fact that he belongs to both of them. There is really no point in going on banging away until his head splits into pieces, or swells

so big that it can contain the wall and the universe and every other mortal thing within itself : he doesn't want to be discovered, as poor Nietzsche was discovered, signing letters : *Nietzsche Caesar.* That would be the end. On the other hand, he simply cannot accept the external world as it is. The terms are altogether too onerous—suffocating, unnatural, and poisonous. Just as surely, that is also an end. He was not made to regard his fellow-men as lumps of meat or movable dynamos ; neither was he made to sit apart in cynical detachment. He was made otherwise, and his value, if he has any value, is that he *was* made otherwise.

What is to be done, then? He accepts the external world. What is he going to do with it? Run away from it? There is no objection provided he admits to himself what he is doing ; and if he does admit it, he knows that it is only a temporary solution, a shelving of the importunate problem which will return again and again, until ultimately he acknowledges that his only way is to change, or try to change, the face of the external world. A tall order, that! Taller still because he knows that Beelzebub is the only name by which he can cast out Beelzebub. But conceive the miracle possible. By the time his impulse has filtered down in a universal and visible action, it is a monstrous caricature of what it was. "Ah!" sighs the Quixote in him, "one man's preaching sent the Kings of Christendom to win the Sepulchre of Christ from the infidel." "Oh!" cries the Sancho Panza, "and what were the Crusades in fact but licensed looting? And modern French plutocratic Imperialism is all that remains of the Revolutionary idealism ; and the mechanical Lenin was the omnipotent impresario of the dreams of generations of Russian political martyrs." When it really comes to the casting out of Beezebub, it is Beelzebub who does the work.

So he gives up the idea of changing the face of the

world. If he could change a tiny corner of it—a single eyelash on that sphinx-like countenance—he would have some air to breathe, room to move, freedom to live his life, and he could believe that the little flame he kept alive would one day grow into a light to lighten the world. Perhaps not a very kindly light. One of the troubles of the world of late has been that the light has been much too kindly, nourished out of the purest wax and the most refined oil, so that none of the vast sensual realities of the world have attained their consummation in it. They have accumulated elsewhere until after years of smouldering they burst into a lurid glare that made the light apparent for what it was—an irrelevant and futile taper. No, the spark that must be lit and guarded in his changed corner of the world must have more flame than light about it. The eternal fire on the vestal hearth was a truer symbol than the undying candle of the Church. Fire consumes and transmutes; light throws a veil of appearance and leaves all things unchanged.

But a sense of proportion has descended upon him. He is not going to revolutionize the world. Is there then nothing he can do? What he can do is to try to create a nucleus, to gather together a sort of brotherhood, to build a milieu for himself, wherein his beliefs and aspirations shall find an echo and a response. And this time (such is his vow) the quality of the impulse must not be suffered to be degraded by the mechanism of its ow expression. He dreams of a community whose force shall be measured not by the numbers of its professed adherents, but by the intensity and spontaneity of their devotion to the work before them: work on themselves. and work on the world without, shaping some small fragment of it into harmony with the world within. And it will be no sickly society of self-sacrifice; but a disciplined and aggressive body, a compact and [illegible] fighting organization, which will do what it has to [illegible]

do resolutely, but with a sense of the fun of the thing. It will not go crawling around with its hat in its hand asking rich men to supply funds in the sacred name of art, or philanthropy, or the higher life, or any other sentimental bunkum ; and it will not go hanging round politicians in the hope of sharing their kind patronage, or of making them see the light.

It is a fascinating dream. But being of a sceptical turn, he spends a day or two thinking it over. One of his great troubles is that he combines a good deal of personal experience of head-bumping with a good deal of accumulated knowledge of the arch-head-bumpers in the past. He knows the longing of the isolated individual to find others to share his faith—to be convinced by the fact of their belief of the reality of his own. Well, what of it? After all, and in spite of all, we do not, we cannot live alone. We do need a Church : but we have to insist on founding new ones. We want our Church, not *the* Church. And anyone who starts a magazine, if he does not aim at personal profit and is not indulging his personal vanity, is just as surely as the New Adventist preacher at the street-corner, trying to establish a new Church—a society of people who take seriously the things that he takes seriously and so far share his faith. And so is every writer who tries to put all he has and is into what he writes ; he too is looking for disciples and fellow-members. There is nothing to be alarmed at in this.

But then comes the further question : What *does* he believe in? Now, surely, it must be formulated. Now, surely, he is hoist with his own petard. He who inveighed against creeds and formulations, must produce a creed himself. But must he? Why should he produce clauses to which one must subscribe? Why not let it go at something less ambitious?

"I believe in—Religion, though I don't see very much of it—in Truth, which is even rarer—in Sincerity,

which isn't achieved by everyone—in the value of certain individual persons who have had the courage of the truth that was in them which they gained by facing life for themselves—I believe in Heroes of humanity, and I think it would be a good thing if people could be made to understand them for what they were instead of paying lip-service to the mere phantasma of their names. But it doesn't seem to me to matter very much at this moment what I believe *in*. A few of the things that I believe would be more to the point. I believe that modern civilization is irremediably rotten : and that no political parties whether High Tory or Low Labour will produce any essential change ; simply because the malady from which it suffers is too radical. It has no living heart ; it is just a damnable, monstrous, stupid machine ; and it turned into this while no one was looking and there is no turning it back again. And as for the wise men who want to hurry it forward, with their knowing air of omniscience, into a more perfect machine into which everything and everybody goes in equal and comes out the same only more so, I could wring their silly, crowing necks. They make me sick. And if you ask me what I offer in the place of this thing I despise and loathe—well, I don't know. I think the thing will slowly run down. All that seems to me to matter very much is that there should be a body of people who really don't care whether it does run down, who have attained, through a sufficiency of head-bumping, some sort of individual being and with it enough delight in the battle to be willing to take a few risks for the sake of creating something outside and apart from the machine. It is not, and it will not be, easy to get away from the machine. It has bitten pretty deep into most of us, and we are more than half machines ourselves. Logically, we should deal with ourselves, each man with himself, first. But probably we shall have to let the logic go, and do what we can while we last."

ONE NIGHT

By Thomas Burke

THE road is long, says the Eastern sage, but it has many corners; and my London road has corners at the Causeway; at a court in the heart of Bermondsey; at Lavender Hill; at Euston Station; at an A.B.C. shop in Holborn; at Tilbury; at Kensington; at Gracechurch Street, Columbia Market, Caledonian Road, Charing Cross Post Office—each corner a symbol of those other symbols of life which we call Facts.

At the first corner I see a little store in that street where China has settled on the coast of London and brought grace and bitterness to the midnights of court and alley. Over the doorway of this store is a gas-lamp painted with the chop of Quong Lee. It is a side-street shop, no different in structure from the side-street shops of any working-class district; small and low, with many panes to its window; but its side-panels are fantastically gay with Chinese script, and its window is crammed with the merchandise of legend; coral and ivory and jade.

Before that window a child stands by the half-hour, poring upon the ideographs, then (as now) fuller for him of hidden beauty than any painted picture. About him is a narrow street, and through its mist the calm faces of Canton and Malaya, and open doors showing long dark passages, and at the end of them the glow of a lamp, half-seen figures, the faint music of guitar and drum. The lantern of Quong Lee hangs above his head, and beyond the window sits Quong Lee himself, gazing out as the boy gazes in.

Quong Lee wears steel spectacles and the hair at his

temples is grey. He wears a skull-cap of black silk. He has the husky voice of those who have lived long in the sunshine. His teeth are pink from long chewing of betel-nut, and his skin has the appearance of having been fine-combed. All day and all the evening he sits in the corner-seat of his counter, gazing through the window with unwinking yes as though carven. He seems to be a part of the immutable. His temper is fixed, aloof from the disturbance of delight or distress. He seems as set as his own ginger-jars, as permanent and tranquil as the expressionless face of his seven-stomached Lord of Right Living.

But it was not so. Fluent as his road had been, it had a sharp corner. His shop is there; his lantern is there; perhaps his spirit is there; but the English law had not the child's feeling for the perdurable, and all that the child now has of him in material shape, is an old silk cap, tasselled with devil-chasers.

Twenty-five years later I was sitting in the Ivy restaurant with Charles Chaplin and a poet. Chaplin was at the topside of his hour. He sat there tingling with nervous force, ruffling his grey curls, flashing with mignon gesture, and talking sardonically about himself. People came to us at intervals without apology or introduction. An actor of the higher drama, dark and reticent, offered him a white hand. A queen of drawing-room comedy bowed. A bearded dramatic critic gave him a glance that coming from him was a benediction. A novelist with owlish eyes shook hands and inspected him without speaking. A London Gossiper, the Captain Gronow of our day, stood over him, waving a cigarette, slim and saturine, and dropped languid epigrams.

Amazing to be sitting in that place, careless of the clock, careless of the bill, undismayed by the surroundings, and in the company of those who, ten years ago, to my eyes walked on clouds. Me! A queer thing—

this Me. What was I? I was the Causeway. I was one-room in Kerbey Street. I was the big house at Greenwich. I was the Orphan School. I was the queer house in Caledonian Road. I was the City office. I was the Old Kent Road lodging-house, I was . . .

At that moment a mousse of chicken was served, and as I looked up from my plate I caught Chaplin's eye, and, speaking without thinking, I said: " Pearce and Plenty, Goswell Road. Eh?" His eye flickered. The faint grin of his that plays shield to his quivering spirit dashed across his face, and he asked: " How did you know?" I said, " Your face. You've got the marks of it." He said: " Funny! I used to go to that Goswell Road one. And it's just what I was thinking when you spoke. Only I'd never have said it."

When the asparagus came we telegraphed—" Lockhart's." To the Pêche Melba—" Newington Causeway." And when M. Abel himself poured the liqueurs, " The Old Foresters'. Tuppence a basin—eh?"

I knew that his road had many corners, and I could see that he was fumbling after them. He came out at last with—" Life's a rum thing. Funny how the important moments never register. Any man's story is really in the gaps—the growth moments—the spaces when you change colour and style and—and—find you're—er—different—without knowing how. Sort of——" He hovered for a word; then used face and hands, miming; made himself clear, and finished with " *You* know. . . . You think that love or success or disaster are the big moments, but looking back you see it was the Pearce and Plenty moments."

I said: " Yes. And here we are, sitting in the Ivy. How? What extraordinary accident brought us here?"

" Lord knows!"

" What made you a comedian?"

" Don't know. One of a dozen things. Being

hungry, for one thing. Being miserable, for another. Wanting to tell people what I felt about things. Meeting a man at Kennington Oval. All of 'em milestones but where I turned off I don't know. We talk about being ourselves, but how can we? Me and my work—we're part of everybody I've ever met, and everything I've done. Everybody we meet takes virtue out of us. I can feel you vamping me now. And I shan't be the same after meeting *you*; something given and something taken."

"But did you want to be a comedian?"

"Never entered my head. I wanted to be—oh, all sorts of things—expressive things. But comedian. . . . First of all, I reckon I wanted two pairs of boots, instead of one pair that let water. I wanted books. And concerts. And all the time I was really working—at silly, useless, deadening work—I never got near those things. Working at silly work that really took it out of me among silly people, with no money and no hope. And always—just out of reach—music and books and the people who cared about those things. And I couldn't get near 'em. Now I'm doing what I enjoy doing, they'll give me everything I want. And all an accident. Not the thing I foreshadowed for myself. Never is, is it? What made you a writer?"

"I think I can answer that. It goes back to when I was nine years old, looking in a shop-window. I began writing at sixteen. Not for the fun of writing, or because I thought I could write, but with one purpose. I've been at it ever since. Trying to express one moment in a London side-street on a night when I was nine years old. I've never done it yet. But one goes on and does other things by accident."

"I know. I had something like that once. A sort of—of—well, revelation sounds silly, but *you* know. . . . I'm off to Paris to-night, but if you've got time I wish you'd write and tell me about it."

Well, at the time of my visits to the Causeway, I was living with Uncle Frank in Carfax Street. Uncle Frank wasn't my uncle, and his name wasn't Frank, but always I had been in his care, and Uncle Frank was the name by which he was known to everybody about us and the name to which he responded in all friendly moments at *The Ship at Anchor*. His real name was Reuben Battershell, and he was a far-away friend of the family. We lived in one room in the upstairs back of a small house in Carfax Street. It was a street of uniform bald houses of four rooms and scullery. Some of the houses, at that time, in a spasm of discontent with their estate, had turned themselves into shops, and had made a bad job of it, being neither good shops nor honest houses. Our house was down-at-heel, but it grinned. Its parlour windows bayed out to the street, without the grace of one yard of green or the gentility of a gate. Always there was the noise of dogs and babies, and the cheery calls of neighbour to neighbour and the occult cries of coal-man, winkle-man, milk-man, and balloon-and-flag man.

That is my first memory of home. The length and breadth of home was exactly five of my paces; I had often marched to war across it with a sword made by Uncle Frank from a broken trowel and a stair-railing. On one side, next the cupboard, was the bed. Against the window was a little deal table with two "leaves," both sadly warped, and two chairs. On the right of the fireplace was the pine chest of drawers, containing Sunday clothes and Uncle's treasures; and on the other, the coal-box, the water-can, and the wash-stand. Over the fireplace was an illuminated scroll in red and gold lettering—"Presented to Mr. Reuben Battershell on the occasion of his leaving *The Galloping Horses* as a token of esteem and affection in which he was held by his following friends"—and over the bed a coloured

supplement on art paper showing Wilson Barrett in *The Sign of the Cross.*

In the past Uncle Frank had been an inn-keeper, but he was then gardener at a big house in Greenwich. He still kept the signboard under the bed—*The Galloping Horses*. Reuben Battershell. Free House—and it served him as rosary in moments of depression.

"Hi, cock! Fetch out the old signboard. Let's 'ave a look at 'er. Ha! That was a House, me boy. I wasn't touchin' me cap to nobody then. No fear. I made that House, me boy. It'd gorn down. Doin' nothin'. In three months, me boy, I couldn't take the money fast enough."

I was happy with Uncle Frank and with the rough and gusty life of Carfax Street; but often there were those moments of restlessness known to all children—moments of mystery half-perceived—which I couldn't understand, and which I couldn't take to Uncle Frank. I divined that he would be beyond solving them, and would think I was ailing. It was then that I would escape down the road and wander in a street of no-time and no-place; a street of spices and old suns, where anything might happen. What drew me there I do not know, but I loved to be there, to touch shoulders with its shadows, or to stand at the window of Quong Lee, filled with a Want that I could not name. I was out of the world of the common things that I loved, lost in a world to which I had no key; a world that, I felt even then, held, behind all its colour, something pale and cold and pitiless; the marble stupor of those who have lived a thousand years and have a thousand more to live, giving no revelation, but turned always inward, solitary and self-sufficient.

I could not, of course, shape it or say it to myself; I could only distress myself with the feeling, and loaf about the Causeway out of tune with my day-to-day life and my pals of Carfax Street. Although I lived at the

waterside, ships and the water had none of the interest for me that they had for my pals. Even at nine years old I was interested more in people than in things. But like all creatures, I would often go down to the water, and stand on the wharf for an hour, staring at the water and the boats, and wondering what it all meant, and whether Quong Lee's shop-window would explain it.

And then, one evening, as I stood in the Causeway staring through his window at him, Quong Lee raised a hand and beckoned. For a moment or so I did not move. Among the boys at the Board School, and in *The Ship at Anchor* on Sunday nights, where I was fed with lemonade and heart-cakes, there were whisperings, warnings, mutters about that street. Knife-fights I had seen, and gaming-house raids, and police encounters. But there were other rumours . . . all sorts of rumours. It didn't matter, though. Whatever stories came to my ears I accepted as things that were true about other Chinese, but unthinkable about Quong Lee. They made no difference to my feeling about him, and did not once impede my visits to the street.

He beckoned again. Then I understood that he was inviting me in. This was the moment I had waited and wooed him for.

I went in. He smiled. I smiled, though not easily; I was trembling. Then he turned in his seat behind the counter, opened a jar, and offered me a piece of ginger.

For a moment I hesitated, and in the moment of hesitating I was suddenly conscious of a joy sharper than any I had known, and of a sense of time arrested and crystallised; a sense of eternity; a fancy that always, behind the curtain of time, this thing had been; that always Quong Lee had been there in that shop in that street; that for all time he had been holding out a piece of ginger and I had been standing before him, with the pins and needles of emotion in the back of my neck, holding out my hand to him. And I felt that whatever

else might move or change, whatever comings and goings there might be, Quong Lee and I would not change. Always he would be sitting on a stool behind the counter of that shop, beckoning to me, and always I would be hesitating.

Then it was gone. I took the piece of ginger and ate it, smiling from a full mouth, back in the world of time and place, but a world with a difference. Something had happened to me; something beyond the fact that I had got into Quong Lee's shop; and I knew that life would never be the same again. When I had eaten the ginger, grinning all the time, he beckoned me to come round the counter. I went; and he showed me his calculus, his bowl of ink, his writing-brushes, and the flimsy paper on which he made out his bills. He showed me a green and yellow idol. He showed me a temple carved from six inches of ivory. He took down from the wall one of the many masks with which it was covered—a flamboyant affair of reds and blues and golds—and put it over his face. He showed me prayer-papers and a joss and a pair of chop-sticks and marvels of banners and pipes writhing with decoration.

And all the time I grinned, not knowing what I was supposed to do or say, or why I was invited in; but thrilled and conscious of a wave of affection for this funny old foreigner. Of course, I loved Uncle Frank, but I had never caught myself loving him. I loved him as I ate my breakfast or washed my neck. But this was different; a sharp feeling. All my pals laughed at the Chinks; they were foreigners and funny. But I couldn't laugh at Quong Lee. I found in him—or put there—the essence of all those things I had found in the Causeway and in the water. I wanted to do something for him; to cut a figure before him; to earn his esteem. But I just stood there, sizzling and grinning, until he gave me another piece of ginger and pushed me to the door.

I ran home. I ran all the way home, and went

straight indoors. But I didn't tell Uncle Frank or anybody about it. Uncle Frank wouldn't have liked it, and I knew how the chaps would have laughed and chi-iked me for chumming up with a ludicrous old Chinky. So I kept quiet. The outer door of my secret world was half-open, and I must keep it so that I might slip in and out. I could not live in it; the life for me was the life of Carfax Street; the little ordinary things; but I hugged it as one hugs a hiding-place for one's special treasures which are too precious to be shared.

From those first few minutes with him his shop became my other home. Evening after evening I went there, looking through the window until I was invited in; and once in, I was free to roam about the place, to eat ginger, and to play with the writing-brushes, while he sat and smiled, or taught me how to write certain characters with the brushes—Courtesy, Kindness, Tranquillity. I was nine; he was as old as the Mountains of the Moon. But he was my friend. At no time was our friendship demonstrative. Though child and man may often talk seriously, on level terms, we could not talk, for at that time he knew only the pidjin of the shopkeeper's counter. Even later, when he learned more words, he could never make a sentence; he would throw out four or five words, and I had to make the sentence myself.

But for twenty years, in all times of sorrow or perplexity, I went to him; and while talk was impossible talk wasn't necessary. He knew. A barren friendship, perhaps. It had nothing of service or sacrifice or common interest to endue it; or the casual fellowship of mutual minds, mutual creeds, mutual race. He showed neither pleasure nor irritation at seeing me, nor delight in my company. If I came or stayed away, it was no matter.

But for me it was richer than any friendship I have since known. From every one of those silences I took

away something soothing and exhilarating. I felt that while I was in that shop nothing could touch me; nothing could exalt or grieve. The world of blessings and bruises was beating around and against me, but its waters fell from me. I knew in that shop what some people seek in church and others seek in taverns. Those silences were glimpses; repetitions of that moment when he held out the ginger and I looked through his window as through the window of that Northern king. Every new life is moulded upon the pattern of the old. That pattern is a star, whose points touch the circle of God; and it is in the passing of these points that we know our other self and perceive eternity. That was the meaning of his friendship: through him I peeped, and saw and understood the beauty and sorrow of things. He opened the outer door, and gave me the key to the inner door.

But I could not turn it. And though, as I told Chaplin, I have tried and tried, I never have turned it. Never has the magic of the artist guided my hand to help me to show what I knew in that moment when the ginger was held out to me.

THE OBJECT OF THE POET.—The object of the Poet is, and must be, to "instruct by pleasing," yet not by pleasing this man and that man; only by pleasing man, by speaking to the pure nature of man, can any real instruction, in this sense, be conveyed. Vain does it seem to search for a judgment of this kind in the largest café, in the largest kingdom. The deep, clear consciousness of one mind comes infinitely nearer it than the loud outcry of a million that have no such consciousness; whose "talk," or whose "babble," but distracts the listener; and to most genuine Poets has, from of old, been in a great measure indifferent. (*Carlyle.*)

FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL

By Roger Dataller

A MERE MATTER OF A WATER TUB.

Nov. 9th, 1922.

This morning.

RIPPER. " Got any watter tubs ? "

ONSETTER (with insolent nonchalance). " I don't know."

RIPPER. " Tha doesn't know ? (Pointing to a water tub in the middle distance.) What's that ? Isn't that a tub ? "

ONSETTER. " If tha says so, what the bloody hell art tha askin' me for ? "

RIPPER (furiously). " Yer damned, obstreperous b—— "

ONSETTER (feverishly wrenching at his coat). " Ah can tackle a big brussen b—— like thee, any day ! Any day ! Come on ! "

RIPPER. " Outside —— aye ! Not int' pit ! I'll knock thy bloody nose off outside."

ONSETTER (indignantly). " Comin' in 'ere, shouting like a bloody brass band. Tha great fat . . . " (chokes with suppressed emotion).

RIPPER (mildly). " 'Ows thi beans goin' on, Bill ? "

ONSETTER (mollified). " Aw none so bad." And he runs to help with the water tub.

CASUALTY.

Nov. 17th, 1922.

. . . he was quite dead when we found him—squashed—a fall of stone. The smell of blood was

everywhere, a slaughter-house reek, and sickening. His body seemed to be almost completely covered by the tremendous boulder that had fallen. Only one hand was visible, and the upper portion of his forehead—nothing else. His mate wept openly, speaking sometimes with a strangled incoherence, a clucking babble of words, but no one took much notice, for the man was dead enough, and the only help we wanted was in rolling the stone away. If trembling went for anything we were all goosey. I didn't want to stay. I didn't want to look on IT! My heart sickened at the thought of all that mangled flesh. So, craven of spirit, I slid my lamp around my thigh, seeking comfort in the shadow that my body threw upon the rock—oh poor fool I!—as though *that* in itself were a sufficient shrouding. . . .

"If the jack's not coming," said Morgan, "we'll try again. All together . . . now then . . . heave oh!" We gathered in, crowding against the protuberance like Rugby players in a football scrum. Our fingers touched the hard rock, gingerly at first, as though it held some sacred quality, but Morgan's harsh controlling voice, with, "Now then, no playing! Put to it . . . put to it! . . . all ready? . . . heave!" inspired us to hefty physical effort . . . and so we pushed. . . . The stone lifted.

"Shove the block in," hissed Morgan, "quick! . . . now . . . heave! . . . ah!"

Oh! he was there all right. The first thing that I saw, was the sloppy pool of dirt that was his body. And then his face, all coal and wax, in the midst of which, two eyes wide open, staring, shone strangely golden in the swinging lamp light, with the same illumination that a cat's have, in firelight, or sunlight. . . .

And then again in thick and cloying waves, the stench of blood . . . the indrawn sighing of the rescuers . . . the thin insistent hissing of the coal face itself . . . *S—s—s—s!*

FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL

DO MINERS PILFER?

Dec. 1st, 1922.

They do. Is there a greater proportion of misappropriation in the mining industry than in the Textile Trades, or the Iron and Steel occupations? There is. I must confess, that I have arrived somewhat regretfully at this conclusion, for the miners are my own people, and no one can testify much more than I to the sterling quality of their sacrifice, and to the nature of a hazardous toil. But the fact remains. A good deal of pilfering goes on, both above, and underground, on the Colliery premises.

They steal with naïve ingenuity, and a guilefulness at once diverting, and disarming. Picks and shovels disappear, wafted magically into the darkness of the mine. Ambulance boxes are rifled (where there are no locks), and the contents, scissors, bandages, sticking plaster, &c., vanish into thin air. Locks seem of small avail. Only a few days ago a collier apprehended at the Pit Head with a bottle of iodine in his pocket, found it possible to say that he was taking the lotion home for his wife to pour a little out! She had long wanted a supply! I can place on record more than one personal loss. More surprising than the disappearance of a good Thermos flask, was the pilfering of *Who Killed Cock Robin?* by Osbert Sitwell, and a copy of the New Testament. With amazing catholicity the thief took them both. I have never been quite able to decide whether Sitwell's book was stolen as a makeweight to the older New Testament, or whether the light-fingered gentleman decided that scripture was so much familiar lumber, and that the title of the other book suggested many more intriguing possibilities. . . .

On the top itself, much firewood goes. Loose metal is saleable. Nuts, bolts, and screws, are still in great demand. A few days ago they discovered a dataller,

swaying uncertainly, with a greatly distended overcoat, and underneath a *firegrate* belonging to one of the Colliery houses, now in process of construction. Perhaps the most surprising case of all, was that of a carpenter who took an old wheelbarrow to pieces, and, section by section, conveyed it to his home. He was apprehended (when still upon colliery ground) with the wheel, the last and most awkward of all the negotiable parts, hidden beneath a loosely carried mackintosh.

DANTESQUE.

Dec. 14th.

It's nine o'clock now, and as Morgan says "as hot as Hell." We have entered into a drift leaving the better ventilated sections of the pit behind us. The air takes on a strange substantiality, so that we seem to be actually wading our way through the atmosphere, bearing up against it, tearing its woven structure as one would tear a sheet of cotton wool. It bears against us like a web, invading our lungs, and sticking, clammily, to our faces. Morgan pauses now, tapping the roof, with his yard stick and holding the lamp a little higher. The finger ring squeaks a trifle, as the pivot twists. Then, he says with an air, unnaturally casual, " It's alive here, I'll bet," and taps again. I cast a nervous glance around, at the assembled props, wooden, silent, and established, as though even these might have a capacity of speech, and of answer. And I long to cry aloud, as he moves tip-tapping. " Oh my God ! don't ! Stop it—for the love of Mike. You'll bring the whole roof down ! " The words are trembling on my lips. I become suddenly aware of the *fact of underground* : that a million tons of stone, and clay, and shale, and dirt, are suspended over *my* head, and that higher still, upon the table of it all, there moves the busy world of men.

I follow after, drenched with perspiration, crouching to avoid the ragged play of roof, and marking Morgan's lamp, the even swing of it, and of his steady lope. The

man moves like a rabbit-dog twisting here and there, moving as it seems with a minimum of effort, while I lag far behind. He is whistling through his teeth an old tune redolent of the 'nineties. *I'll go down with the ship, my lads*, or something of the sort. We bear into a working place. Two men are busy here, the strange sheen of their naked limbs, gleaming dully in the faint illumination. Both men are wearing boots, but beyond a strip of rag about the loins, nothing else. They are as naked as the heathen Paynim. In the face of all this bareness the grimed moustache of one, heavy, drooping, incongruous, bears down the barricades. I laugh in spite of everything, while they stand silent and unsmiling watching me.

"Warm here a bit?" says Morgan carefully adjusting a shovel and sitting down upon it. "It's bloody hot, mate," answers one of the men, "my fingers 'ere they're running like a tap." He brings his hand within the circle of the light and sure enough upon his finger tips are four large drops of water, dirty and pendent. His eyes seem to slot grotesquely, like those of a fearful marionette—the whites of his eyes are the most outstanding thing that I remember—then stooping he lifts up a dudley and drinks.

I turn away with a sudden feeling of nausea, of unutterable disgust. I realize in that moment the poverty of all human expression. I hear someone saying rather unsteadily, "That's five pints of water I've had to-day . . ."

"The more you have, the more you want," says Morgan. Holding up his lamp he glances keenly at the flame. "Touch o' gas," he adds. "Aye," says the man nonchalantly taking up his pick and making a preparatory swing. No more. We leave them working in the darkness. A moment later I feel a slightish impact upon the hand in which I hold the lamp. It is the perspiration dripping from my own nose end.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

By D. H. Lawrence

MAN is a domesticated animal that must think. His thinking makes him a little lower than the angels. And his domestication makes him, at times, a little lower than the monkey.

It is no use retorting that most men *don't* think. It is quite true, most men don't have any original thoughts. Most men, perhaps, are incapable of original thought, or original thinking. This doesn't alter the fact that they are all the time, all men, all the time, thinking. Man cannot even sleep with a blank mind. The mind refuses to be blank. The millstones of the brain grind on, while the stream of life runs. And they grind on the grist of whatever ideas the mind contains.

The ideas may be old, and ground to powder already. No matter. The mill of the mind grinds on, grinds the old grist over and over and over again. The blackest savage in Africa is the same, in this respect, as the whitest Member of Parliament in Westminster. His risk of death, his woman, his hunger, his chieftain, his lust, his immeasurable fear, all these are fixed ideas in the mind of the black African savage. They are ideas based on certain sensual reactions in the black breast and bowels, that is true. They are none the less ideas, however "primitive." And the difference between a primitive idea and a civilised one is not very great. It is remarkable how little change there is, in man's rudimentary ideas.

Nowadays we like to talk about spontaneity, spon-

taneous feeling, spontaneous passion, spontaneous emotion. But our very spontaneity is just an idea. All our modern spontaneity is fathered in the mind, gestated in self-consciousness.

Since man became a domesticated thinking animal, long, long ago, a little lower than the angels, he long, long ago left off being a wild, instinctive animal. If he ever was such, which I don't believe. In my opinion, the most prognathous cave-man was an ideal beast. He ground on his crude, obstinate ideas. He was no more like the wild deer or the jaguar among the mountains than we are. He ground his ideas in the slow, ponderous mill of his heavy cranium.

Man is never spontaneous, as we imagine the thrushes or the sparrow-hawk, for example, to be spontaneous. *No matter how wild, how savage, how apparently* untamed the savage may be, Dyak or Hottentot, you may be sure he is grinding upon his own fixed, peculiar ideas, and he's no more spontaneous than a London 'bus-conductor : probably not as much.

The simple, innocent child of nature does not exist. If there be an occasional violet by a mossy stone, in the human sense, a Wordsworthian Lucy, it is because her vitality is rather low, and her simple nature is very near a simpleton's. You may, like Yeats, admire the simpleton, and call him God's Fool. But for me the village idiot is a cold egg.

No, no, let man be as primitive as primitive can be, he still has a mind. Give him at the same time a certain passion in his nature, and between his passion and his mind he'll beget himself ideas, ideas more or less good, more or less monstrous, but whether good or monstrous, absolute.

The savage grinds on his fetish or totem or taboo ideas even more fixedly and fatally than we on our love and salvation and making-good ideas.

Let us dismiss the innocent child of nature. He does

not exist, never did, never will, and never could. No matter at what level man may be, he still has a mind, he has also passions. And the mind and the passions between them beget the scorpion brood of ideas. Or, if you like, call it the angelic hosts of the ideal.

Let us accept our own destiny. Man *can't* live by instinct, because he's got a mind. The serpent, with a crushed head, learned to brood along his spine, and take poison in his mouth. He has a strange sapience. But even he doesn't have ideas. Man has a mind, and ideas, so it is just puerile to sigh for innocence and naïve spontaneity. Man is never spontaneous. Even children aren't spontaneous, not at all. It is only that their few and very dominant young ideas don't make logical associations. A child's ideas are ideas hard enough, but they hang together in a comical way, and the emotion that rises jumbles them ludicrously.

Ideas are born from a marriage between mind and emotion. But surely, you will say, it is possible for emotions to run free, without the dead hand of the ideal mind upon them.

It is impossible. Because, since man ate the apple and became endowed with mind, or mental consciousness, the human emotions are like a wedded wife; lacking a husband she is only a partial thing. The emotions cannot be "free." You can let your emotions run loose, if you like. You can let them run absolutely "wild." But their wildness and their looseness are a very shoddy affair. They leave nothing but boredom afterwards.

Emotions by themselves become just a nuisance. The mind by itself becomes just a sterile thing, making everything sterile. So what's to be done?

You've got to marry the pair of them. Apart, they are no good. The emotions that have not the approval and inspiration of the mind are just hysterics. The mind without the approval and inspiration of the emotions is

just a dry stick, a dead tree, no good for anything unless to make a rod to beat and bully somebody with.

So, taking the human psyche, we have this simple trinity : the emotions, the mind, and then the children of this venerable pair, ideas. Man is controlled by his own ideas : there's no doubt about that.

Let us argue it once more. A pair of emancipated lovers are going to get away from the abhorred old ideal suasion. They're just going to fulfil their lives. That's all there is to it. They're just going to live their lives.

And then look at them ! They do all the things that they know people do, when they are " living their own lives." They play up to their own ideas of being naughty, instead of their ideas of being good. And then what? It's the same old treadmill. They are just enacting the same set of ideas, only in the widdishins direction, being naughty instead of being good, treading the old circle in the opposite direction, and going round in the same old mill, even if in a reversed direction.

A man goes to a cocotte. And what of it? He does the same thing he does with his wife, but in the reverse direction. He just does everything naughtily instead of from his good self. It's a terrible relief perhaps, at first, to get away from his good self. But after a little while he realises, rather drearily, that he's only going round in the same old treadmill, in the reversed direction. The Prince Consort turned us giddy with goodness, plodding round and round in the earnest mill. King Edward drove us giddy with naughtiness, trotting round and round in the same mill, in the opposite direction. So that the Georgian era finds us flummoxed, because we know the whole cycle back and forth.

At the centre is the same emotional idea. You fall in love with a woman, you marry her, you have bliss, you have children, you devote yourself to your family

and to the service of mankind, and you live a happy life. Or, same idea but in the widdishins direction, you fall in love with a woman, you don't marry her, you live with her under the rose and enjoy yourself in spite of society, you leave your wife to swallow her tears or spleen, as the case may be, you spend the dowry of your daughters, you waste your substance, and you squander as much of mankind's heaped-up corn as you can.

The ass goes one way, and threshes out the corn from the chaff. The ass goes the other way, and kicks the corn into the mud. At the centre is the same idea : love, service, self-sacrifice, productivity. It just depends upon which way round you run.

So there you are, poor man ! All you can do is to run round like an ass, either in one direction or another, round the fixed pole of a certain central idea, in the track of a number of smaller, peripheral ideas. This idea of love. These peripheral ideals of service, marriage, increase, &c.

Even the vulgarest self-seeker trots in the same tracks and gets the same reactions, minus the thrill of the centralised passion.

What's to be done ? What is being done ?

The ring is being tightened. Russia was a complication of mixed ideas, old barbaric ideas of divine kingship, of irresponsible power, of sacred servility, conflicting with modern ideas of equality, serviceableness, productivity, &c. This complication had to be cleaned up. Russia was a great and bewildering, but at the same time fascinating circus, with her splendours and miseries and brutalities and mystery. *Il faut changer tout cela.* So modern men have changed it. And the bewildering, fascinating circus of human anomalies is to be turned into a productive threshing-floor, an ideal treadmill. The treadmill of the one accomplished idea.

What's to be done ? Man is an ideal animal : an idea-making animal. In spite of all his ideas, he

remains an animal, often a little lower than the monkey. And in spite of all his animal nature, he can only act in fulfilment of disembodied ideas. What's to be done?

That too is quite simple. Man is pot-bound in his ideas. Then let him burst the pot that contains him. Ideally, he is pot-bound. His roots are choked, squeezed, and the life is leaving him, like a plant that is pot-bound and is gradually going sapless.

Break the pot, then.

But it's no good waiting for the slow accumulation of circumstance to break the pot. That's what men are doing to-day. They know the pot's got to break. They know our civilisation has got to smash, sooner or later. So they say: "Let it! But let me live my life first."

Which is all very well, but it's a coward's attitude. They say glibly: "Oh, well, every civilisation must fall at last. Look at Rome!" Very good, look at Rome. And what do you see? A mass of "civilised" so-called Romans, airing their laissez-faire and laissez-aller sentiments. And a number of barbarians, Huns, &c., coming down to wipe them out, and expending themselves in the effort.

What of it, the Dark Ages? What about the Dark Ages, when the fields of Italy ran wild as the wild wastes of the undiscovered world, and wolves and bears roamed in the streets of the great city of Lyons?

Very nice! But what else? Look at the other tiny bit of a truth. Rome was pot-bound, the pot was smashed to atoms, and the highly developed Roman tree of life lay on its side and died. But not before a new young seed had germinated. There in the spilt soil, small, humble, almost indiscernible, was the little tree of Christianity. In the howling wilderness of slaughter and *débâcle*, tiny monasteries of monks, too obscure and poor to plunder, kept the eternal light of man's undying effort at consciousness alive. A few poor bishops wandering through the chaos, linking up

the courage of these men of thought and prayer. A scattered, tiny minority of men who had found a new way to God, to the life-source, glad to get again into touch with the Great God, glad to know the way and to keep the knowledge burningly alive.

That is the essential history of the Dark Ages, when Rome fell. We talk as if the flame of human courage and perspicacity had, in this time, gone out entirely, and that it miraculously popped into life again, out of nowhere, later on. Fusion of races, new barbaric blood, &c. Blarney! The fact of the matter is, the exquisite courage of brave men goes on in an unbroken continuity, even if sometimes the thread of flame becomes very thin. The exquisite delicate light of ever-renewed human consciousness is never blown out. The lights of great cities go out, and there is howling darkness to all appearance. But always, since men began, the light of the pure, God-knowing human consciousness has kept alight. Sometimes, as in the Dark Ages, tiny but perfect flames of purest God-knowledge, here and there. Sometimes, as in our precious Victorian era, a huge and rather ghastly glare of human "understanding." But the light never goes out.

And that's the human destiny. The light shall never go out, till the last day. The light of the human adventure into consciousness, which is, essentially, the light of human God-knowledge.

And human God-knowledge waxes and wanes, fed, as it were, from different oil. Man is a strange vessel. He has a thousand different essential oils in him, to keep the light of consciousness fed. Yet, apparently, he can only draw on one source at a time. And when the source he has been drawing on dries up, he has a bad time sinking to a new well of oil, or guttering to extinction.

So it was in Roman times. The great old pagan fire

of knowledge gradually died, its sources dried up. Then Jesus started a new, strange little flicker.

To-day, the long light of Christianity is guttering to go out, and we have to get at new resources in ourselves.

It is no use waiting for the *débâcle*. It's no use saying: "Well, I didn't make the world, so it isn't up to me to mend it. Time and the event must do the business."—Time and the event will do nothing. Men are worse after a great *débâcle* than before. The Russians who have "escaped" from the horrors of the revolution are most of them extinguished as human beings. The real manly dignity gone, all that remains is a collapsed human creature saying to himself: "Look at me! I am alive. I can actually eat more sausage."

Débâcles don't save men. In nearly every case, during the horrors of a catastrophe the light of integrity and human pride is extinguished in the soul of the man or the woman involved, and there is left a painful, unmanned creature, a thing of shame, incapable any more. It is the great danger of *débâcles*, especially in times of unbelief like these. Men lack the faith and courage to keep their souls alert, kindled, and unbroken. Afterwards, there is a great smouldering of shamed life.

Man, poor, conscious, forever-animal man, has a very stern destiny, from which he is never allowed to escape. It is his destiny that he must move on and on, in the thought-adventure. He is a thought-adventurer, and adventure he must. The moment he builds himself a house and begins to think he can sit still in his knowledge, his soul becomes deranged, and he begins to pull down the house over his own head.

Man is now house-bound. Human consciousness to-day is too small, too tight to let us live and act naturally. Our dominant idea, instead of being a pole-star, is a mill-stone round our necks, strangling us. Old tablets of stone.

That is part of our destiny. As a thinking being,

man is destined to seek God and to form some conception of Life. And since the invisible God *cannot* be conceived, and since Life is always more than any idea, behold, from the human conception of God and of Life a great deal is of necessity left out. And this God whom we have left out and this Life that we have shut out from our living must in the end turn against us and rend us. It is our destiny.

Nothing will alter it. When the Unknown God whom we ignore turns savagely to rend us, from the darkness of oblivion ; and when the Life that we exclude from our living turns to poison and madness in our veins : then there is only one thing left to do. We have to struggle for a new glimpse of God and of Life. We have to struggle down to the heart of things, where the everlasting flame is, and kindle ourselves another beam of light. In short, we have to make another bitter adventure in pulsating thought, far, far to the one central pole of energy. We have to germinate inside us, between our undaunted mind and our reckless, genuine passions, a new germ. The germ of a new idea. A new germ of God-knowledge, or Life-knowledge. But a new germ.

And this germ will expand and grow, and flourish to a great tree, maybe. And in the end die again. Die like all the other human trees of knowledge.

But what does that matter? We walk in strides, we live by days and nights. A tree slowly rises to a great height, and quickly falls to dust. There is a long life-day for the individual. Then a very dark, spacious death-room——

I live, and I die. I ask no other. Whatever proceeds from me lives and dies. I am glad, too. God is eternal, but my idea of Him is my own, and perishable. Everything human, human knowledge, human faith, human emotions, all perishes. And that is very good ; if it

were not so, everything would turn to cast iron. There is too much of this cast iron of permanence to-day.

Because I know the tree will ultimately die, shall I therefore refrain from planting a seed? Bah! it would be conceited cowardice on my part. I love the little sprout, and the weak little seedling. I love the thin sapling, and the first fruit, and the falling of the first fruit. I love the great tree in its splendour. And I am glad that at last, at the very last, the great tree will go hollow, and fall on its side with a crash, and the little ants will run through it, and it will disappear like a ghost back into the humus.

It is the cycle of all things created, thank God. Because, given courage, it saves even eternity from staleness.

Man fights for a new conception of Life and God as he fights to plant seed in the spring: because he knows that that is the only way to harvest. If after harvest there is winter again, what does it matter? It is just seasonable.

But you have to fight even to plant seed. To plant seed you've got to kill a great deal of weeds, and break much ground.

THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY.—Nothing is more difficult, even for the strongest, than to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all: to read its own consciousness without mistakes, involuntary or wilful. (*Carlyle.*)

THE RIGHT TO DISBELIEVE.—In reality very few persons have the right not to believe in Christianity. (*Renan.*)

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REMINISCENCES OF LEONID ANDREYEV

By Maxim Gorki

I once told Leonid of how I had once to go through a hard time of " the prisoner's dream of life beyond the bounds of his prison," of " stony darkness," of " immobility for ever poised." He jumped up from the divan and pacing the room, waving his maimed hand, he said hurriedly, indignantly, gasping for breath :

" It is cowardice, my dear fellow, to shut the book without reading it to the end ! In the book is your indictment, in it you are denied, don't you see ? You are denied along with everything there is in you, with your humanitarianism, socialism, aesthetics, love,—isn't all this nonsense according to the book ? It is ridiculous and pitiable : you have been sentenced to death—for what ? And you, pretending that you are not aware of the fact, play about with little flowers, deceiving yourself and others,—silly little flowers ! . . ."

I pointed out to him the futility of protesting against an earthquake ; I argued that protests cannot in the least affect the tremors of the earth's crust,—all this merely angered him.

We talked in Petersburg, in the autumn, in an empty, depressing room on the fifth floor. The city was enveloped in a thick mist ; in its grey mass the ghostly, rainbow globes of the street lamps hung motionless like huge bubbles. Through the thin cotton-wool of the mist absurd sounds rose up from the well of the street. Wearisome above all else were the hooves of the horses drumming on the wooden blocks of the road.

Leonid went and stood by the window, with his back to me. I realized keenly that at that moment he hated me as a man who walked the earth more easily and more freely than he, because he had thrown from his shoulders a humiliating and useless burden.

Even before this I had felt in him sharp spurtings of anger against me, but I can't say that this offended me, although it did alarm me; I understood,—in my own way certainly—the source of his anger, and how life was hard on this rarely gifted man, dear to me and—at that time—my intimate friend.

There, below, the fire-brigade dashed along noisily. Leonid came up to me, threw himself on the divan and suggested:

"Shall we drive to see the fire?"

"In Petersburg a fire isn't interesting."

He agreed.

"True, but in the provinces, in Oriol say, when streets of wooden buildings are burning and the people dash about like moths—it is nice! And pigeons over the cloud of smoke—have you ever seen that?"

Hugging my shoulders he said, smiling:

"You see everything—the devil take you! 'Stony emptiness'—that is very good. Stony darkness and emptiness! You do understand the mood of the captive. . . ."

And butting my side with his head:

"At times I hate you for this as I do a beloved woman who is cleverer than myself."

I said I felt this, and that only a minute before he had hated me.

"Yes," he agreed, nestling his head on my knees. "Do you know why? I wish you were aching with my pain, then we should be nearer to one another,—you really do know how lonely I am!"

Yes, he was very lonely, but at times it appeared to me that he jealously guarded his loneliness, it was

dear to him as the source of his fantastic inspirations and the fertile soil of his originality.

"You lie when you say that scientific thought satisfies you," he said sternly, looking darkly at the ceiling with scared eyes. "Science, my dear fellow, is only mysticism dealing with facts: nobody knows anything—that's the truth. And the problem: how I think and why I think, is the source of man's greatest torment,—this is the most terrible truth! Come, let's go off somewhere, please. . . ."

Whenever he touched on the problem of the mechanism of thinking, he became most agitated. And frightened.

We put on our coats, descended into the mist, and for a couple of hours swam in it on the Nevsky like eels at the bottom of a slimy river. Then we sat in a café and three girls pressed themselves on us, one of them a graceful Esthonian who called herself Elfrida. Her face was stony; she looked at Andreyev out of large, grey, lustreless eyes, with eerie gravity, while she drank a greenish venomous liqueur out of a coffee cup. It smelt of burnt leather.

Leonid drank cognac, rapidly got tipsy, became riotously witty, made the girls laugh by his surprisingly amusing and ingenious jokes, and at last decided to drive to the girls' flat—they were very insistent on this. To leave Leonid was impossible; whenever he began drinking something uncanny awoke in him, a revengeful need of destruction, the fury of "the captured beast."

I went with him. We bought wine, fruit, sweets, and somewhere in the Razyezhaya Street, in the corner of a dirty courtyard, blocked up with casks and timber, on the second floor of a wooden outbuilding, in two tiny rooms, the walls wretchedly and pathetically adorned with picture postcards—we began to drink.

Before he got to the state in which he would lose consciousness Leonid always became dangerously and

wonderfully excited, his brain boiled up riotously, his imagination flared, his speech became almost intolerably brilliant.

One of the girls, plump, soft and agile as a mouse, told us, almost with rapture, how the Assistant Crown Prosecutor had bitten her leg above the knee; she evidently considered the lawyer's action the most significant event of her life. She showed the scar left by the bite and, choking with agitation, her little glassy eyes shining with joy, said:

"He was awfully gone on me, it's quite frightening to remember it! He bit, you know, and he had a false tooth—and it stuck in my skin!"

This girl quickly got drunk, tumbled down in a corner of the couch, and fell asleep, snoring. The full-bodied, thick-haired, chestnut-coloured girl, with sheepish eyes and monstrously long arms, played the guitar, and Elfrida deliberately undressed until she was stark naked, moved the bottles and plates on to the floor, jumped on the table and danced silently, wriggling like a serpent without taking her eyes from Leonid. Then she began to sing in an unpleasantly thick voice, with angrily dilated eyes, and now and then, as though broken in half, she bent over Andreyev. He kissed her knees, repeating the words he had caught up of the strange foreign song, while he nudged me with his elbow and said:

"She understands something, look at her, do you see? She understands!"

At moments Leonid's excited eyes seemed to go blind; growing still darker they sank deeper, as if in an attempt to peer inside his brain.

Grown tired, the Esthonian jumped from the table to the bed, stretched herself, her mouth open, stroking with her palms her little breasts, sharp as a she-goat's.

Leonid said:

"Perhaps the earth, just like this b—— here, is

rushing about in the desert of the universe expecting me to impregnate her with the realization of the purpose of life, and I myself, with all that is marvellous in me, am only a spermatozoon."

I suggested to him that we should go home.

" Go, I will stay here. . . ."

I could not leave him—he was already very drunk, and he had a good deal of money on him. He sat down on the bed, stroking the girl's finely shaped legs, and began in an amusing way to tell her he loved her. She never let her eyes leave his face, her head resting on her hands.

" The baron has only to eat horse-radish to grow wings," Leonid said.

" No, it isn't true," the girl said gravely.

" I told you she understands something ! " exclaimed Leonid in drunken joy. In a few minutes he came out of the room. I gave the girl money, and asked her to persuade Leonid to go for a drive. She instantly agreed, jumped up and began quickly to dress.

" I am afraid of him," she murmured. " Men like him pull out revolvers."

The girl who played the guitar fell asleep, sitting on the floor near the couch where her friend slept and snored.

The Esthonian was dressed by the time Leonid returned. He began making a row, and shouted :

" I don't want to go ! Let there be a feast of the flesh ! "

And he attempted to undress the girl again ; but, struggling with him, she gazed so stubbornly into his eyes that her look tamed Leonid, and he agreed :

" Let us go ! "

But he wanted to put on the lady's hat *à la Rembrandt*, and had already plucked out the feathers.

" You'll pay for the hat ? " the girl asked in a businesslike fashion.

Leonid raised his brows and burst into laughter.

" The hat settles it ! Hooray ! "

In the street we took a cab and drove through the mist. It was still not late, about midnight. The Nevsky, with its huge beads of lamps, looked like a road going down hill into a hollow ; round the lamps flitted wet particles of dust, in the grey dampness black fishes swam standing on their tails ; the hemispheres of the umbrellas seemed to draw people up,—all was very ghostly, strange, and sad.

In the open air Andreyev became completely drunk. He fell into a doze, swaying from side to side. The girl whispered to me :

" I'll get out. Shall I ? "

And, jumping from my knees into the liquid mud of the street, she disappeared.

At the end of the Kamennoostrovsky Prospect Leonid asked, opening his eyes with a start :

" Are we driving ? I want to go to a pub. You sent her away ? "

" She went away."

" You are lying ! You are cunning, so am I. I left the room in order to see what you would do. I stood behind the door and heard you urging her to make me go for a drive. You behaved innocently and nobly. When it comes to the point, you are a bad man. You drink a lot but don't get drunk, and because of this your children will be dipsomaniacs. My father also drank a great deal and did not get drunk, and I am an alcoholic."

Then we sat and smoked in the " Strelka," under the stupid bubble of the mist, and when the light of our cigarettes flared up we could see our overcoats covered with dim glass beads of dampness turning to grey.

Leonid spoke with boundless frankness, and it was not the frankness of a drunken man. His mind was scarcely affected until the moment when the poison of

the alcohol completely stopped the working of his brain.

"You have done and are doing a great deal for me—even to-day, I quite understand. If I had remained with the girls it would have ended badly for someone. Just so. But it is just because of this that I don't love you, precisely because of this! You prevent me from being myself. Leave me! I want to expand. Perhaps you are the hoop on the cask; you will go away and the cask will fall to pieces; but let it fall to pieces,—do you understand? Nothing should be restrained; let everything be destroyed. Perhaps the true meaning of life consists indeed in the destruction of something which we don't know, of everything that has been thought out and made by us."

His dark eyes were fixed sternly on the grey mass around and above him; now and then he turned them towards the wet, leaf-strewn ground, and he stamped his feet as though testing the firmness of the earth.

"I don't know what you think, but what you always say is not the expression of your f ith, of your prayer. You say that all the forces of life spring from the violation of equilibrium. But you yourself are indeed seeking for an equilibrium, for some kind of harmony, and are urging me to seek for the same thing; whereas—on your own showing—equilibrium is death!"

I said I was not urging him to anything, I had no wish to urge him, but his life was dear to me, his health was dear, his work.

"It is only my work that pleases you,—my external self, but not I myself, not that which I cannot incarnate in work. You stand in my way and in everybody's way. Into the mud with you!"

He leant on my shoulder and, peering into my face with a smile, he went on:

"You think I am drunk and don't realize that I am talking nonsense? I simply want to make you angry. You are a rare friend, I know, and you are stupidly

disinterested, and I am a farceur begging for attention, like a beggar who shows his sores."

This he said not for the first time, and I recognized a grain of truth in it. Or rather, a cleverly contrived explanation of certain peculiarities of his character.

"I, my dear fellow, am a decadent, a degenerate, a sick man. But Dostoevsky was also a sick man, as are all great men. There's a book, I don't remember by whom, about genius and insanity, it proves that genius is a psychical disease! That little book has spoiled me. If I had not read it I should be a simpler man. And now, I know that I am almost a genius, but I am not sure whether I am sufficiently insane? Do you understand? I pretend to myself to be insane in order to convince myself of my talent,—do you see?"

I burst out laughing. This seemed to me a poor invention, and therefore untrue.

When I said so, he also burst out laughing, and suddenly, with a flexible movement of his soul, with the agility of an acrobat, he leapt into the tone of a humorist:

"Ah! Where is a pub, the temple of literary worship? Talented Russians must necessarily converse in pubs. That is the tradition, and without it the critics won't admit talent."

We sat in a night-tavern for cabmen, in damp, smoky stuffiness. The "waiters" raced about the dirty room angrily and wearily, drunken men swore portentously, terrible prostitutes screamed, and one of them bared her left breast,—huge and yellow,—put it on a plate, presented it to us, saying:

"Won't you buy a pound?"

"I love shamelessness," said Leonid. "In cynicism I feel the sadness, almost the despair of man who realizes that he can't,—do you understand?—that he can't help being a beast. He wants not to be one, but he can't! Do you understand?"

He drank strong, almost black tea. I knew that he liked it so, and that it sobered him and I purposely ordered it strong. Sipping the tarry, bitter liquid, his eyes probing the puffed-up faces of the drunkards, Leonid spoke uninterruptedly :

" With women I am cynical. It's the more truthful way,—and they love it. It's better to be a consummate sinner than a righteous man who can't puff himself up into a state of complete saintliness."

He glanced round, was silent for a while, and said :

" Here it is as boring as an Ecclesiastical Council ! "

This made him laugh.

" I've never been at an ecclesiastical council, it must be something like a fish-pond. . . ."

The tea sobered him. We left the tavern. The mist thickened, the opalescent globes of the street lamps melted like ice.

" I should like some fish," said Leonid, as he leant his elbows on the parapet of the bridge across the Neva, and continued with animation : " You know my way? Probably children think like that. A child will pitch on a word and begin to pick out words that rhyme to it : fish, dish, butter, gutter—but I can't write verse."

After thinking for a while he added :

" Makers of children's alphabets think like that. . . ."

Again we sat in a tavern treating ourselves to a *bouillabaisse* ; Leonid was saying that the " decadents " had invited him to contribute to their review *Viessy*.

" I shan't accept, I don't like them. With them I feel there is no body behind their words. They ' intoxicate ' themselves with words, as Balmont is fond of saying. He, too, is talented and—sick."

On another occasion, I remember, he said of the *Scorpion* group :

" They outrage Schopenhauer, and I love him, and therefore hate them."

But, on his lips, this was too strong a word,—to hate

was beyond him, he was too gentle for that. Once he showed me in his diary "words of hatred," but they turned out to be merely humorous, and he himself laughed heartily at them.

I saw him to his hotel in a cab, and put him to bed. But when I called in the afternoon, I learned that immediately after I left, he got up, dressed, and disappeared. I searched for him the whole day, but could not find him.

He drank continuously for four days, and then went away to Moscow.

§

He had an unpleasant way of testing the sincerity of people's mutual relations. He did it like this : suddenly he would ask, as if by the way, "Do you know what Z. said about you?" Or he would let you know, "S. says of you . . ." And with a dark glance he would look into your eyes as if to test you.

Once I said to him : "Look here, if you go on like that you will end by setting all your friends against one another!"

"What of it?" he replied, "if they quarrel for trifles like that, it only shows that their relations were not sincere."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Stability, a sort of monumental firmness, beauty of relationship. Each one of us ought to realize how delicate is the lace of the soul, how tenderly and warily it should be regarded. A certain romanticism is needed in the relations between friends ; it used to exist in Poushkin's circle, and I envy them it. Women are sensitive only to eroticism. The woman's gospel is the *Decameron*."

But in half an hour's time he scoffed at his view of women, as he gave a droll description of a conversation between an erotomaniac and a public school girl.

He could not stand Artsybashev and at times scoffed

at him with crude hostility just for his one-sided presentations of woman as exclusively sensual.

§

Once he told me this story. When he was about eleven he saw, somewhere in a wood or park, the deacon kissing a young girl.

"They kissed one another, and both cried," he said, lowering his voice and shrinking. Whenever he told anything intimate, his limp muscles became strained and keyed up.

"The young girl, you see, was so slim and fragile, little legs like matches; the deacon—fat, the cassock on his belly greasy and shiny. I already knew why people kissed, but it was the first time I saw them crying when they kissed, and I thought it funny. The deacon's beard got caught on the girl's open blouse. He began wriggling his head. I whistled in order to frighten them,—but got frightened myself and ran away. On the evening of that very same day I felt myself in love with the daughter of our magistrate, a girl of ten. I touched her: she had no breasts. So there was nothing to kiss, and she was not fit for love. Then I fell in love with a neighbour's maid, a short-legged girl, with white eyebrows, with enormous breasts,—the blouse on her bosom was as greasy as the cassock on the deacon's belly. I approached her very resolutely, and she as resolutely pulled my ear. But this did not prevent me from loving her. She seemed to me a beauty, and the longer I knew her the more beautiful she seemed. It was almost torture and very sweet. I saw many really beautiful girls and in my mind I well understood that my beloved was a monster compared with them, and yet to me she remained the fairest of all. This knowledge made me happy; nobody could love as I did that fat hussy with her white eyebrows and white eyelashes. Nobody,—do you understand?—could see in her one fairer than the fairest!"

He told this superbly, saturating his account with delightful humour, which I cannot reproduce. What a pity, that he who in conversation was such a master of humour neglected or was afraid to enrich his stories with its play. Evidently he was afraid of spoiling the dark tones of his pictures with the varied colours of humour.

When I said it was a pity that he had forgotten how well he succeeded in creating out of the short-legged maid the first beauty in the world, that he no longer wished to extract the golden veins of beauty from the dirty mine of reality, he screwed up his eyes, comically and slyly, saying :

" See what a sweet tooth you have got ! No, I am not going to pamper you, you romantics. . . ."

It was impossible to persuade him it was just he who was the romantic.

§

" I have written a story which you are sure not to like," he once said to me. " Shall we read it ? "

We read it. I liked the story very much, save for a few details.

" That's a trifle, that I'll correct," he said with animation, pacing the room, shuffling with his slippers. Then he sat down by my side and throwing back his hair he glanced into my eyes.

" Well, I know, I feel that you were sincere in praising that story. But I can't understand how it can please you ? "

" There are many things on earth which don't please me ; yet, so far as I can see, they are none the worse for it."

" Reasoning like that you can't be a revolutionary."

" Now do you look upon a revolutionary as Netchayev did, who held that a revolutionary is not a man ? "

He embraced me and laughed :

"You don't properly understand yourself. But, look here, when I wrote *Thought* I had you in my mind. Alexey Savelov is you. There is one phrase there: 'Alexey was not talented,'—this perhaps was wrong on my part, but with your stubbornness you so irritate me at times that you seem to me without talent. It was wrong of me to have written it, wasn't it?"

He was agitated, he even blushed.

I calmed him, saying that I did not consider myself an Arab horse, but only a dray horse. I knew that I owed my success not so much to my inborn talent as to my capacity for work, my love of work.

"You are a strange man," he said softly, interrupting my words, and suddenly, changing the tone of the conversation, he began musingly to speak of himself, of the agitations of his soul. He lacked the unpleasant general Russian habit of confessing and of doing penance. But at times he managed to speak of himself with manly frankness, even severity, yet without losing his self-respect. And this was pleasant in him.

"You understand," he said, "every time I write something that particularly agitates me I feel as though a crust had fallen from my soul; I see myself more clearly and I see that I am more talented than the thing written. Take *Thought*. I expected it would astonish you, and now I myself see that it is, essentially, a story with a purpose which, even so, misses the mark."

He jumped to his feet, and shaking back his hair, half-jokingly declared:

"I'm afraid of you, you rascal! You are stronger than I. I don't want to submit to you."

And again gravely:

"Something is lacking in me, my dear fellow. Something very important,—eh? What do you think?"

I thought that he treated his talent with unpardonable carelessness and that he lacked knowledge.

"One must study, read, go to Europe. . . ."

He waved his hand:

"It isn't that. One must find a God for oneself and learn to believe in his wisdom."

§

He suffered cruelly from hereditary alcoholism; his malady would manifest itself at comparatively rare intervals, but nearly always in a very aggravated form. He fought against it, the struggle cost him enormous efforts, but, at times, falling into despair he scoffed at his efforts.

"I'll write a story about a man who, from his youth onwards, was for twenty-five years afraid to drink a thimbleful of vodka. Because of this he lost a multitude of splendid hours in life, he spoilt his career, and died in his prime through having cut his corn unsuccessfully or run a splinter into his finger."

And indeed, when he came to see me at Nijni, he brought with him the MS. of that very story.

(*To be conclud d.*)

(*Authorized translation by Katherine Mansfield and S. S. Koteliansky.*)

W. H. Hudson on Tolstoi.—No doubt Turgenev *was* a greater artist than Tolstoi, but—and here's where our difference comes in—to be a great, an *exquisite*, artist is not the greatest thing. A great artist (to my poor mind) is a quite small being compared to a great man. Now Turgenev, extraordinarily beautiful and lovable as you show him to be, was not what one would call a great man—apart from his literary works. And Tolstoi, I take it, was a great man in spite of his faults, his ugliest blots and his insane delusions about non-resistance. His character made him great, and if he "followed his genius till it led him to insanity," it did not make him less great. (*Letters of W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett.*)

WAR AND POLITICS

By H. M. Tomlinson

At a mess-table in France in the second year of the war there were some guesses at the Europe to follow the war. "Thrones will be four a penny," suggested a staff-officer. Nobody took any notice of that. It was like saying there would be rain occasionally. Another thought Europe after the war would have no chance unless the struggle was both exhaustive and inconclusive. "A victory for anybody will be fatal. The gold-laced asses on that side will be justified. You could never convince a people that a general who was surprised to find a great victory thrust into his hands had not suddenly increased in intelligence. And all the politicians behind him who had ever struggled into the headlines would grow beards like Pericles. A victory for any side will finish Europe."

This idea was prompted by dismay and common sense. Those soldiers thought it would be calamitous for evil to be accorded a moral sanction by a reward for merit. They appeared to want every European civilian to be driven to see that war is a filthy vice, and that Society motived by faith in force and kept by cunning deserves to perish. But even then they had their doubts that the gun as the protector of society would ever be changed for a symbol more gracious. "They've always had Dagon in the temple, under different names. To-day he's called Love, and people worship him as that."

"In fact," remarked a Colonel slyly, looking at a war-correspondent, "the war may go on, I suppose, while

the majority of the people at home really enjoy sob-stuff—isn't it called sob-stuff? You always find that people who feel noble when they hear rant about battles also enjoy sentimental stuff about cottage porches and orphans. They are the people who will keep the war going, perhaps not quite to the last ditch, but to the ditch a little in front of theirs. And they will be the cause of other wars." A chaplain protested, but not with much success, though he was well liked. "Now look here, padre, you know quite well that the state of public opinion is such that if the Chaplain-General to the Forces were to announce Brigadier-General Jesus Christ few people would think it curious."

What we all felt then, I believe, was that unless men saw that they were to blame for the war, because it was the simple consequence of their base ideals, and that it was cowardice to put the blame on fate or malignant neighbours, then its benefits, in spite of the lyrical recruiting posters, would be the same as those of famine and buboes. Society, like man, had to be born again. But we suspected that too many men and women at home, so far from having become as little children, were in the dream-world of a mania of middle-age, and were more likely to bite us. They were not showing any change of heart, nor shyly offering the fruits meet for repentance, but in tense abstraction were hunting, as the cause of all their ill-luck, for a Hidden Hand.

Has there been any repentance since? Well, was there any act throughout the war, in its shameless and brutish intent, which was worse than the design deliberated in the election following the Armistice? In effect, that election was to allow men of business to declare the nation's default to confiding idealists. They had got what they wanted, but they did not intend to pay for it, if escape or partial escape were possible. Nothing I heard in France of German war methods so staggered my faith in that rough

sense of justice in common folk which keeps crafty and energetic meddlers from elaborating too close a mesh about us, than that political jugglery after the guns ceased to fire. I had never imagined my own people could be treacherous. And the object was so plain. The men in France had their comrades to bury. The overcrowded hospitals were so terrible that it was better not to know much about them. We had won; and what "Victory" meant to many discounted for them much of its glory. What could we do? Very little. But one thing we dared not neglect if that word which then was in such common use, that word honour, had any meaning whatever. The country might be ruined and the Empire something which had passed, but as though it were talismanic and a proof against the retribution of the gods, we could have recalled our bond made with the young who had undertaken the task of keeping us safe. But Property was determined to get control again before the men came back. It had got what it wanted. It was safe. It had lost its fear, and therefore the soldiers were no longer of any account. The survivors, whatever their remembrance of the exaltation of finer national ideals, must be put in their places; they must be workers again. Of what use were those earlier calls to social righteousness? The war was over. The high appeals to noble selflessness had worked successfully; therefore now they were useless. Is there a worse crime than to evoke the spiritual side of youth, and then to mock cynically its faith and trust? Fair play! We had forgotten how to spell the word. If that election is not the most shameful episode in our annals, what is the other? We shall never live it down, for out of it came the Peace Treaty, which for England's part was ultimately the work of the *Daily Mail*; and the chaos in the country ever since is as much a monument to the morals and statecraft of Northcliffe and Bottomley as ever was Ypres to the

German guns. And how was that act of treachery to every ideal which had induced the young to shoulder arms made possible? By the support given by Lloyd George and the main body of the Liberals to the traditional representatives of property. I think for many of us that election and all it implied changed the look of England. It ground a muddy boot-heel into the face of grief.

Has there been any remorse for that act since, and a change of heart? Some think the advent of a Labour Government shows it. I hope it does. It is not such a long way, in time, from Keir Hardie to Ramsay MacDonald, and beyond doubt England's Labour Cabinet is an after-effect of the war. Yet if the war did not destroy hope, which is an element of life that we carry with us almost to the grave, at least it made faith less certain and judgment more cautious. We would not overstate the case, but after the fall of the roof an eye turned doubtfully on confident builders may be forgiven. We do not expect much from a Labour Government. Quite recently we heard a prominent Labour man ridiculing the pretensions of G. B. S., who is, nearly all just critics are aware, one of the most beneficent as well as the most generative of contemporary intellects. That Labour man's mental poverty was not surprising. We have had some experience of the attitude of Labour folk to the arts. The arts, of course, are not propaganda. What made the success of the Labour Party was not poets in revolt and the age-long work of writers and scholars who never attended the Trades Union Congress. It was "the branches," where opinions and knowledge are evolved out of the inner consciousness; though the pooled intelligence of "the branches" cannot adequately support so much as one Labour daily paper, while *Mirrors* and *Expresses* flourish like thistles and chickweed. No. We have learned that if Pegasus himself were to descend from

Apollo with the veritable hymn of the millennium's imminent dayspring, and the noble creature sprained a wing in his joy and had to go on a cab-rank, the Labour Party would not put a bean in his nosebag.

We do not expect much from a Labour Government for that reason, and because the belief of most of its supporters is in enlightened self-interest, just as is that of common Tories. We would not expect a cabinet of archangels to go far in restoring the wreckage caused by ingenious mankind in its progress to a better state, for we know that Gabriel and his recreative seraphs would soon be faced by black-shirts subsidized by every panic-stricken dowager and led by the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Banbury. Humanity means well, but it is hampered by its prejudices. It yearns for the light, but the threat of the removal of obstructions to the light terrifies it for the safety of its crepuscular habits and customs. Many of us have long respected Ramsay MacDonald. He is a sympathetic and sagacious idealist, his courage has been proved to be remarkable, and his interests and his knowledge go far beyond the point we expect in the education of our politicians; who, if ever we may call them learned, had their souls nourished on the chopped straw they sucked from the leather paps of the law. But what can Mr. MacDonald do? Is not all the Press proving to us our perfect safety from improvement under a Labour Government with evidence of the way the Liberals and the Tories may frustrate the Premier's intentions? Even Lord Grey, in spite of his record, would never be shown that sort of unconscious insolence. The Premier may be allowed very little freedom; nevertheless, something has happened of a significance which, if it is not there to Pip and Squeak journalists, will be seen in the future for what it is. The hands of the folk are fumbling near the levers at last.

Yet for the moment, what is that to us? May we

expect something better from men with the outlook of Mr. Bromley than from Lord Weir? Why should we? They are antagonists, but there is nothing essentially different in their outlook on life. Strikes and wars are the same. They spring from the same causes. They are conducted in the same spirit with the same consequences to the same end. The misery of tired citizens, many of them under-nourished, compelled to walk home through the rain because engine-drivers were adamant on a matter of principle, was noted instantly by all the Press which observed in cheerful silence the destruction of the scrap of paper between the miners and Mr. Lloyd George. But that need not concern us. That is what we would expect of the Press. What we know is that the public is unaware that trains are run by engine-drivers till the trains do not run. There is no more reason, society being inspired by enlightened self-interest, why engine-drivers should concern themselves for the public than that the public should busy itself over the well-being of engine-drivers. We have no common cause. We are all, as the saying goes, out for ourselves. It is absurd to be indignant because we are overturned in a civil strife which is justified by all the accepted schools of thought, by too many of the Socialists, and by every practical and well-informed mind with its contempt for mere theorists and dreamers.

Yet Labour had better do a little dreaming, and publish its dreams for the world to know. There is no difference in outlook between the truculent young class-warriors of "the branches" and the members of the Guards Club. They belong to the same world. We dislike and dread that world. Its logic leads to corruption and barbed wire. It means death and not life. Courage in strife is common enough. The dogs have it. But the courage which can face the ultimate defeat of a life of goodwill and yet crave forgiveness for a blind and angry mob because ignorance has no light, that is

different. That is victory, if that fine word has any meaning at all.

But there is one thing that Mr. MacDonald can do, and because of it we regret the presence in the Labour Cabinet of Lord Haldane's powerful and subtle mind. If any man has a doubt that national exclusiveness, fear, and suspicion do not lead to Golgotha, then he never smelt the Somme. It requires a rare heart to face a puzzled and disbelieving world with a frank declaration that one's trust, fear being dead, is no longer in guns and numbers ; and that Singapore, for example, is a refuge for tremblers which England no longer requires. But it will have to be done. A start must be made by some statesman who is above the complex interests of the services, the shipyards, and the armament interests. We doubt whether Lord Haldane sees in that better light the raw and touchy world which the war has left for us to win to health and confidence. It will be useless for Mr. MacDonald to suppose that sweet reasonableness will have any effect on the War Office and the Admiralty. Those places and their administrators were never designed for peace. Their business is to make trouble. They cannot be blamed. But they must be informed that their importance is not what it was. When discussing Singapore with a haughty warrior caste it is useless to do so on the quarter-deck, as it were. There it is supreme. Only one method will serve. Appoint George Robey to the Admiralty ; and when the imperious and dictatorial inform him that they may even leave their country's service unless things are done in their way, then let George conduct them to the door performing polite and ceremonial business with his amusing little hat. We can dispense with them as easily as we can with their natural brothers of the class-war.

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL

By Katherine Mansfield

V.

London became their play-ground. On Saturday afternoons they explored. They found their own shops where they bought cigarettes and sweets for Edna—and their own tea-shop with their own table—their own streets—and one night when Edna was supposed to be at a lecture at the Polytechnic they found their own village. It was the name that made them go there. "There's white geese in that name," said Henry telling it to Edna. "And a river and little low houses with old men sitting outside them—old sea captains with wooden legs winding up their watches, and there are little shops with lamps in the windows."

It was too late for them to see the geese or the old men, but the river was there and the houses and even the shops with lamps. In one a woman sat working a sewing-machine on the counter. They heard the whirring hum and they saw her big shadow filling the shop. "Too full for a single customer," said Henry. "It is a perfect place."

The houses were small and covered with creepers and ivy. Some of them had worn wooden steps leading up to the doors. You had to go down a little flight of steps to enter some of the others; and just across the road—to be seen from every window—was the river, with a walk beside it and some high poplar trees.

"This is the place for us to live in," said Henry. "There's a house to let, too. I wonder if it would wait if we asked it. I'm sure it would."

"Yes, I would like to live there," said Edna. They

crossed the road and she leaned against the trunk of a tree and looked up at the empty house, with a dreamy smile.

"There is a little garden at the back, dear," said Henry, "a lawn with one tree on it and some daisy bushes round the wall. At night the stars shine in the tree like tiny candles. And inside there are two rooms downstairs and a big room with folding doors upstairs and above that an attic. And there are eight stairs to the kitchen—very dark, Edna. You are rather frightened of them, you know. 'Henry, dear, would you mind bringing the lamp? I just want to make sure that Euphemia has raked out the fire before we go to bed.'"

"Yes," said Edna. "Our bedroom is at the very top—that room with the two square windows. When it is quiet we can hear the river flowing and the sound of the poplar trees far, far away, rustling and flowing in our dreams, darling."

"You're not cold—are you?" he said, suddenly.

"No—no, only happy."

"The room with the folding doors is yours." Henry laughed. "It's a mixture—it isn't a room at all. It's full of your toys and there's a big blue chair in it where you sit curled up in front of the fire with the flames in your curls—because though we're married you refuse to put your hair up and only tuck it inside your coat for the church service. And there's a rug on the floor for me to lie on, because I'm so lazy. Euphemia—that's our servant—only comes in the day. After she's gone we go down to the kitchen and sit on the table and eat an apple, or perhaps we make some tea, just for the sake of hearing the kettle sing. That's not joking. If you listen to a kettle right through it's like an early morning in Spring."

"Yes, I know," she said, "all the different kinds of birds."

A little cat came through the railings of the empty house and into the road. Edna called it and bent down and held out her hands—"*Kitty! Kitty!*" The little cat ran to her and rubbed against her knees.

"If we're going for a walk just take the cat and put it inside the front door," said Henry, still pretending. "I've got the key."

They walked across the road and Edna stood stroking the cat in her arms while Henry went up the steps and pretended to open the door.

He came down again quickly. "Let's go away at once. It's going to turn into a dream."

The night was dark and warm. They did not want to go home. "What I feel so certain of is," said Henry, "that we ought to be living there, now. We oughtn't to wait for things. What's age? You're as old as you'll ever be and so am I. You know," he said, "I have a feeling often and often that it's dangerous to wait for things—that if you wait for things they only go further and further away."

"But, Henry,—money! You see we haven't any money."

"Oh, well—perhaps if I disguised myself as an old man we could get a job as caretakers in some large house—that would be rather fun. I'd make up a terrific history of the house if anyone came to look over it and you could dress up and be the ghost moaning and wringing your hands in the deserted picture gallery, to frighten them off. Don't you ever feel that money is more or less accidental—that if one really wants things it's either there or it doesn't matter?"

She did not answer that—she looked up at the sky and said, "Oh dear, I don't want to go home."

"Exactly—that's the whole trouble—and we oughtn't to go home. We ought to be going back to the house and find an odd saucer to give the cat the dregs of the milk-jug in. I'm not really laughing—I'm

not even happy. I'm lonely for you, Edna—I would give anything to lie down and cry" . . . and he added limply, "with my head in your lap and your darling cheek in my hair."

"But, Henry," she said, coming closer—"you have faith, haven't you? I mean you are absolutely certain that we shall have a house like that and everything we want—aren't you?"

"Not enough—that's not enough. I want to be sitting on those very stairs and taking off these very boots this very minute. Don't you? Is faith enough for you?"

"If only we weren't so young . . ." she said miserably. And yet she sighed, "I'm sure I don't feel very young—I feel twenty at least."

VI.

Henry lay on his back in the little wood. When he moved the dead leaves rustled beneath him and above his head the new leaves quivered like fountains of green water steeped in sunlight. Somewhere out of sight Edna was gathering primroses. He had been so full of dreams that morning that he could not keep pace with her delight in the flowers. "Yes, love, you go and come back for me. I'm too lazy." She had thrown off her hat and knelt down beside him, and by and by her voice and her footsteps had grown fainter. Now the wood was silent except for the leaves, but he knew that she was not far away and he moved so that the tips of his fingers touched her pink jacket. Ever since waking he had felt so strangely that he was not really awake at all, but just dreaming. The time before, Edna was a dream and now he and she were dreaming together and somewhere in some dark place another dream waited for him. "No, that can't be true because I can't ever imagine the world without us. I feel that we two together mean something that's got to be there

just as naturally as trees or birds or clouds." He tried to remember what it had felt like without Edna, but he could not get back to those days. They were hidden by her; Edna, with the marigold hair and strange, dreamy smile filled him up to the brim. He breathed her; he ate and drank her. He walked about with a shining ring of Edna keeping the world away or touching whatever it lighted on with its own beauty. "Long after you have stopped laughing," he told her, "I can hear your laugh running up and down my veins—and yet—are we a dream?" And suddenly he saw himself and Edna as two very small children walking through the streets, looking through windows, buying things and playing with them, talking to each other, smiling—he saw even their gestures and the way they stood, so often, quite still, face to face—and then he rolled over and pressed his face in the leaves—faint with longing. He wanted to kiss Edna, and to put his arms round her and press her to him and feel her cheek hot against his kiss and kiss her until he'd no breath left and so stifle the dream.

"No, I can't go on being hungry like this," said Henry, and jumped up and began to run in the direction she had gone. She had wandered a long way. Down in a green hollow he saw her kneeling, and when she saw him she waved and said—"Oh, Henry—such beauties! I've never seen such beauties. Come and look." By the time he had reached her he would have cut off his hand rather than spoil her happiness. How strange Edna was that day! All the time she talked to Henry her eyes laughed; they were sweet and mocking. Two little spots of colour like strawberries glowed on her cheeks and "I wish I could feel tired," she kept saying. "I want to walk over the whole world until I die. Henry—come along. Walk faster—Henry! If I start flying suddenly, you'll promise to catch hold of my feet, won't you? Otherwise I'll never come

down." And "Oh," she cried, "I am so happy, I'm so frightfully happy." They came to a weird place, covered with heather. It was early afternoon and the sun streamed down upon the purple.

"Let's rest here a little," said Edna, and she waded into the heather and lay down. "Oh, Henry, it's so lovely. I can't see anything except the little bells and the sky."

Henry knelt down by her and took some primroses out of her basket and made a long chain to go round her throat. "I could almost fall asleep," said Edna. She crept over to his knees and lay hidden in her hair just beside him. "It's like being under the sea, isn't it, dearest, so sweet and so still?"

"Yes"—said Henry, in a strange husky voice. "Now I'll make you one of violets." But Edna sat up. "Let's go in," she said.

They came back to the road and walked a long way. Edna said, "No, I couldn't walk over the world—I'm tired now." She trailed on the grass edge of the road. "You and I are tired, Henry! How much further is it?"

"I don't know—not very far," said Henry, peering into the distance. Then they walked in silence.

"Oh," she said at last, "it really is too far, Henry, I'm tired and I'm hungry. Carry my silly basket of primroses." He took them without looking at her.

At last they came to a village and a cottage with a notice "Teas Provided."

"This is the place," said Henry. "I've often been here. You sit on the little bench and I'll go and order the tea." She sat down on the bench, in the pretty garden all white and yellow with spring flowers. A woman came to the door and leaned against it watching them eat. Henry was very nice to her, but Edna did not say a word. "You haven't been here for a long spell," said the woman.

" No—the garden's looking wonderful."

" Fair," said she—" Is the young lady your sister? " Henry nodded Yes, and took some jam.

" There's a likeness," said the woman. She came down into the garden and picked a head of white jonquils and handed it to Edna. " I suppose you don't happen to know anyone who wants a cottage," said she. " My sister's taken ill and she left me hers. I want to let it."

" For a long time? " asked Henry, politely.

" Oh," said the woman vaguely, " that depends."

Said Henry, " Well—I might know of somebody—could we go and look at it? "

" Yes, it's just a step down the road, the little one with the apple trees in front—I'll fetch you the key."

While she was away Henry turned to Edna and said, " Will you come? " She nodded.

They walked down the road and in through the gate and up the grassy path between the pink and white trees. It was a tiny place—two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. Edna leaned out of the top window, and Henry stood at the doorway. " Do you like it? " he asked.

" Yes," she called and then made a place for him at the window. " Come and look. It's so sweet."

He came and leant out of the window. Below them were the apple trees tossing in a faint wind that blew a long piece of Edna's hair across his eyes. They did not move. It was evening—the pale green sky was sprinkled with stars. " Look! " she said—" stars, Henry."

" There will be a moon in two T's," said Henry.

She did not seem to move and yet she was leaning against Henry's shoulder; he put his arm round her—" Are all those trees down there—apple? " she asked in a shaky voice.

" No, darling," said Henry. " Some of them are

full of angels and some of them are full of sugar almonds—but evening light is awfully deceptive." She sighed. "Henry—we mustn't stay here any longer."

He let her go and she stood up in the dusky room and touched her hair. "What has been the matter with you all day?" she said—and then did not wait for an answer but ran to him and put her arms round his neck—and pressed his head into the hollow of her shoulder. "Oh," she breathed, "I do love you. Hold me, Henry." He put his arms round her, and she leaned against him and looked into his eyes. "Hasn't it been terrible, all to-day?" said Edna. "I knew what was the matter and I've tried every way I could to tell you that I wanted you to kiss me—that I'd quite got over the feeling."

"You're perfect, perfect, perfect," said Henry.

VII.

"The thing is," said Henry, "how am I going to wait until evening?" He took his watch out of his pocket, went into the cottage and popped it into a china jar on the mantelpiece. He'd looked at it seven times in one hour, and now he couldn't remember what time it was. Well, he'd look once again. Half-past four. Her train arrived at seven. He'd have to start for the station at half-past six. Two hours more to wait. He went through the cottage again—downstairs and upstairs. "It looks lovely," he said. He went into the garden and picked a round bunch of white pinks and put them in a vase on the little table by Edna's bed. "I don't believe this," thought Henry. "I don't believe this for a minute. It's too much. She'll be here in two hours and we'll walk home and then I'll take that white jug off the kitchen table and go across to Mrs. Biddle's and get the milk, and then come back and when I come back she'll have lighted the lamp in the kitchen and I'll look through the window and see

her moving about in the pool of lamplight. And then we shall have supper and after supper (Bags I washing up!) I shall put some wood on the fire and we'll sit on the hearth-rug and watch it burning. There won't be a sound except the wood and perhaps the wind will creep round the house once. . . . And then we shall change our candles and she will go up first with her shadow on the wall beside her, and she will call out, Good-night, Henry—and I shall answer—Good-night, Edna. And then I shall dash upstairs and jump into bed and watch the tiny bar of light from her room brush my door and the moment it disappears I'll shut my eyes and sleep until morning. Then we'll have all to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow night. Is she thinking all this, too? Edna, come quickly!

> Had I two little wings,
> And were a little feathery bird,
> To you I'd fly, my dear—

"No, no, dearest. . . . Because the waiting is a sort of Heaven, too, darling. If you can understand that. Did you ever know a cottage could stand on tip-toe? This one is doing it now."

He was downstairs and sat on the doorstep with his hands clasped round his knees. That night when they found the village—and Edna said, 'Haven't you faith, Henry?" "I hadn't then. Now I have," he said, "I feel just like God."

He leaned his head against the lintel. He could hardly keep his eyes open, not that he was sleepy, but . . . for some reason . . . and a long time passed.

Henry thought he saw a big white moth flying down the road. It perched on the gate. No, it wasn't a moth. It was a little girl in a pinafore. What a nice little girl, and he smiled in his sleep, and she smiled, too, and turned in her toes as she walked. "But she can't be living here," thought Henry. "Because this is ours. Here she comes."

When she was quite close to him she took her hand from under her pinafore and gave him a telegram and smiled and went away. There's a funny present! thought Henry, staring at it. "Perhaps it's only a make-believe one, and it's got one of those snakes inside it that fly up at you." He laughed gently in the dream and opened it very carefully. "It's just a folded paper." He took it out and spread it open.

The garden became full of shadows—they spun a web of darkness over the cottage and the trees and Henry and the telegram. But Henry did not move.

(1914)

FRIENDSHIP

By Kathleen Freeman

MEN say my brother has a heart of stone,
And sea-cold eyes, and hands so pitiless
That I sore-stricken with a bloody wound
Might lie and gasp my soul out of his feet
Ere he would stir to succour. I have known
The heart of quick-sand softer to impress
With sorrows of a sailor grief-marooned;
And I have known those eyes that with a sweet
Warm-glinting beauty lure him on to drown
Pain in their shining shallows; there are hands
More tender-seeming I have known, to probe
The wound, and draw aside the decent robe—
But treacherous, treacherous all; my brother stands
Watching apart; in peace I lay me down.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Wordsworth and Coleridge.—The newly elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. H. W. Garrod, published a little book on Wordsworth (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net) shortly before his election. The mere journalist, ignorant of the ways of Academe, and trebly ignorant of the strangely devious ways that lead to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, would suppose that Mr. Garrod aimed at the Professorship in order to sell his book : it is more probable that he published his book in order to substantiate his claim to the Professorship.

I hold, rather strongly, that English literary criticism is an art for which a long apprenticeship—extremely difficult to serve, by the way, in these days of the syndicated and syncopated Press—is necessary. I do not think that classical tutors, however eminent, make very good critics, if only because they seldom know how to write. Their sentences creak at the joints ; their language is too often accurate and lifeless. For example, I believe that a "professional" who was worth his salt could not possibly have written this sentence in the first paragraph of a critical study of Wordsworth.

> "A book, whatever its genius, is only the fragment of a wider effort ; a wandering meteorite, flung off from the unconjectured path of a luminary distant and mysterious ; no more, often, than—as it were—the frigescent débris of a once glowing totality of inspiration."

I don't know what that *is* ; but I do know what it is not. It is not English. And it reveals an insensitiveness to the living soul of the language that almost puts its author out of court as a critic of English poetry.

"No more—often—than—as it were—the frigescent débris." Golly!

But, very fortunately, Mr. Garrod is not engaged in the criticism of Wordsworth's poetry. As he puts it, "I shall adhere to interpretation and eschew literary criticism in its larger sense. I shall not stray, that is, outside interpretation, into the wider and pleasanter field of appreciation." It is as well. Mr. Garrod's Pegasus would have kicked up a good deal more frigescent débris if he had been allowed to gallop through those wider and more pleasant fields. He needs to be ridden not with a curb, but with an anchor chain. And Mr. Garrod, in spite of his air of "we could an if we would," keeps him most severely off the grass. As a reward for this obligatory self-denial, he has written a very interesting and valuable book.

He has confined himself to elucidating the development of Wordsworth's thought and feeling, by a careful and acute collation of his life and work, to the end of the poet's period of full maturity; and the account he gives is, on the whole, perfectly convincing.

William was as a boy gifted with an abnormal sensibility. Sights and sounds came all sharp to his startled senses: they overwhelmed him, all but prisoned him in the world within. "Many times (he wrote in the Fenwick Notes) while going to school I have grasped a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. To that dreamlike vividness and splendour which invest the objects of sight in childhood everyone, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony."

Grown up, he became a Rousseauist—in the exoteric sense—and as such looked upon the French Revolution as an inevitable event in the natural course of things. Then came the declaration of war between England and France—Wordsworth's crucial experience of the secular collision between the ideal and the real. And the reaction, as ever, was towards an intense individualism.

The gospel which Wordsworth adopted was Godwinism, with its anathema for all organised society and its exaltation of the individual "reason." Nature, which could speak only to man in his isolation, was the refuge. This is the point Wordsworth had reached in August, 1793, the time of his wandering over Salisbury Plain and the West of England and his first visit to Tintern. He had bumped his head against the brick wall and was running away. By the end of 1795 he had become an out-and-out Godwinian individualist, with the ambition to—

> "Build social upon personal liberty;
> Which to the blind restraints of general laws
> Superior, magisterially adopts
> One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed
> Upon an independent intellect. . . ."

But, of course, it cannot be done. What can be achieved is a much smaller, much less apocalyptic consummation : you can only help to keep the secret fire of the human soul alive.

Wordsworth, the isolated individual in rebellion against society, had to find something to build upon. He turned inevitably towards the most enduring foundations that were in himself—the immediate sensuous experiences, the knowledge, of his childhood. And what he built upon them is the doctrine of "Tintern Abbey," which, whether it be a creed that will work or not, has retained an undiminished power over the hearts of Englishmen through more than a century of disillusion. But what was he to do—it is an old question—when the ecstasy or the memory of the ecstasy began to fade? The pessimism of the "Immortal" Ode has been felt by everyone. ("Where is it now—the glory and the dream?") And the answer, as far as Wordsworth gives an answer at all, is that we must try to bind our days "each to each with natural piety"—which is not very clear. But it was really not easy

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for Wordsworth to reply to Coleridge's still more despairing address to him :—

> "O William, we receive but what we give;
> And in our life alone doth Nature live."

For some this might be a challenge to the heroic soul to persevere in sending forth from itself "a light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud, Enveloping the earth." But Wordsworth and Coleridge themselves were no mean spirits; and it was not sufficient for them. Wordworth tried to reply: "What I have known, I know." But his voice wavered a little when he heard Coleridge's "But did you *know* it?"

And then Wordsworth and Coleridge parted. For what cause we do not know. It might be enough to say that the mighty force of attraction which held them together, turned into a force of repulsion, simply because it was living. Perhaps it was that neither could be the other's disciple, and neither could accept less. Anyhow, they parted; and Coleridge took to laudanum and Wordsworth faded into the prosy, disingenuous Tory: "I and my brother the Dean." What was the cause? Mr. Garrod makes no attempt upon this problem. Wordsworth's vision decayed, he suggests. It it only a restatement of the fact, and of only one part of the fact, which was twofold. Coleridge's vision also decayed. And I will venture my guess that the reason was that each of these two men needed the other in order to believe in his own belief. For those beliefs being high and deep were not of a nature to be maintained alone.—J. M. MURRY.

THREE FILMS.—I often consider, when I am in the cinema, how much each unique individual sitting in the darkness there, watching that representation of other interacting individuals on the screen, resembles the solitary creatures who sit at home behind a veil of window-curtains, peeping out at passers-by. There is the same

isolation, the same attention, there is something of the same need. But how little the curiosity of the watchers behind curtains must be satisfied: how they must wish dimly for the gesture which will reveal in those unknown pedestrians something common to watcher and watched alike. I think the curiosity is to know how life is lived: its resources. At least the watchers in the cinema get more satisfaction; for there, besides the spectacle of moving creatures they are constantly drawn out of themselves by a vicarious participation in the action of the play, and they are sometimes drawn into themselves to comment and reflect upon the causes and effects of the action, to judge what truth there is for themselves personally in the play.

The films of pure action, for example, those of Tom Mix, are exhilarating as a toboggan-ride, a sort of Cook's Tour of the mind. But recollection of them fades because these films of uninspired action are a drawing-out of the spectator to a world where he has no point of reference. The pictures that remain most in the memory are those in which the action crystallises an attitude to life, and evokes a judgment on what is done, drawing something inwards to add to the spectator's own conscious experience.

The most memorable films of this kind have come lately not from America but from the Continent, particularly Germany. In *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (this was produced years ago, but is only now finding its way to our picture-houses) the screen shows two men sitting in a garden: one man tells the other a tale. From then on, sinister figures move before our eyes in a world of crazy perspectives. In and out of harsh shadows, young people pass in fear and bewilderment. Landscape and characters alike are dominated by an unexplained and threatening figure, Dr. Caligari, who is exhibiting a somnambulist at a local fair. We find ourselves back in the garden with a sense of revelation

and relief; we understand that the narrator is an inmate of an asylum, that his story is a jangled fantasy about his own medical attendant. *Is* life like that to a madman? I ask, looking outwards. And, what then is life like to me? I add, looking inwards. Perhaps it is only in degree less like reality than the madman's story is like fact. I suddenly doubt the evidence of my senses, which I had thoughtlessly accepted as testimony on the appearance of the world: it is good and important that I should doubt that evidence. The film is a new point of reference for me: a dream that colours waking life.

That our interpenetration of other lives must be a sympathetic mental act, not an envious physical one, I understood best after seeing *The Street*, a film to be seen in the cinemas some time this year. The staging of the piece and the acting of Eugene Klopfer are superb: it is the cleverest film yet made. And its theme of a little elderly clerk, inseparable from his umbrella and well-brushed hat, in search of an evening's amusement, might well have been inspired by Maupassant. This modern Everyman is drawn by the mystery and complexity of unknown lives into the street, with its kaleidoscope of trams, cars, bicycles, its chance encounters: he tries to step aside from his own existence into a kind of life that is not his, and meets only with contempt and disaster. The underworld speaks a language he does not know. In the bleak dawn he wanders home again. I thought: this is the most refreshingly sensual and the most moral film I have ever seen, for it does not make what was wrong to this man either attractive or unattractive: it shows it unsuitable for him. Neither does it make him comic, indeed, I doubt if the elderly reveller will ever again *amuse* anyone who sees *The Street.* To break down conventions of false romance and false humour in this way is to be finely moral.

And then I wondered if romance could ever be

destroyed and idealism still retained. The question is partly worked out in a third film called *Destiny*, produced by the same people as *Caligari*. This is the most beautiful of the three: more emotional, less unusual. In an old-world town a girl pleads with a mysterious stranger to give up her lost sweetheart. The stranger, who is Death, shows her three unhappy love stories—one in Arabia, one in Venice, one in China—and would have her understand that physically love is weaker than death, and death but an obedient force to unknown laws. The girl searches through the town for some human life to offer to death in exchange for her lover's, but, though she is able to save an infant from a fire, human morality too is sometimes stronger than love: she cannot give the infant to death, but loses her own life in obedience to this morality, saving the infant. Then she and her lover meet, and go away together, sheltered under Death's cloak. Spiritually, love must surely be master of death. The main story and the three subsidiary love-tales are linked together by skilful devices, and an appropriate use of Freudian symbolism: there are scenes of simple and unparalleled dignity and effectiveness. I was glad, too, that this piece had this kind of "happy ending." While perhaps the story fails quite to reconcile a fatalistic point of view with a romantic one, the attempt to do so gives *Destiny* a poignancy and beauty which no acting and no staging, however competent, artistic, and intelligent, could furnish alone.

These German producers have been the first to appreciate how much more than mere spectators a cinema audience can be moved to become, though others have claimed more noisily that cinematography is an art. It can be.—Iris Barry.

WHY DO I WRITE?

By The Journeyman

SOMEONE has written to me to this effect. "You talk of isolation, of living to oneself; you say: 'Why should I waste my time any more, proclaiming that I am I?' Why then do you write? Isn't what you have found, or what you say you have found, sufficient?"

Why do I write? There are a good many answers to the question; and I feel it is one worth answering. But no more than feel it, for when I begin to write I never know what I am going to say. I am like a prospector who, when he sees a promising hole in the rock, strips and begins to dig furiously. He does not know what he is going to turn up. But for some reason or other this question seems to me a promising hole. One of the reasons is that it is so simple; another that it took me so much aback when I read it. Simple, disconcerting questions are good to answer: good, not in the sense of pleasant—they are mostly unpleasant—but in the sense of good for one's soul.

Why, then, do I write? And the answer must be dead honest,—as a friend of mine used to say, "cross my heart straight dinkum." Well, the first honest answer that comes to me is that I write because I am a journeyman. Writing is my trade, which I practise for a living. I try to write as well as I can, and as truly as I can, because I believe writing is an honourable and —yes, I will say it—a sacred craft. To be insincere as a writer is, in the long run, spiritual suicide. So that, although it is true that I write in the first instance because I was (by my own choice) brought up to the trade, it would be untrue to say (what the cheap cynic

would suggest) that I write for money. I write for my living, simply, which is a different thing. That is to say, I would rather get three pounds for saying what I want to say than thirty for saying what I don't want to say.

So much for that. But, though it is a true answer, it is also a superficial one. I must get to something more essential. That is, as it were, the very outside skin of the onion. I am far from its centre of virtue and its source of tears. For what would I do if, being a journeyman, I suddenly found that I had nothing more to say : that the activity of writing had, in fact, become a mere automatism? I am afraid that would not deter me, because being what I am, and enjoying the freedom I enjoy in these pages, I should in all sincerity avoid the issue. I should immediately begin to inquire into the question why the source had failed—and if I could find no answer, inquire into the question why I could find no answer—and so *ad infinitum*.

That also gives no adequate reply to the question, Why do I write? Perhaps I have a better chance of pinning myself down if I turn the question inside out, and ask myself, Why do I not leave off writing? It is certainly not because I have to live, for though it is true that writing is the easiest and most natural means of making a living that I possess, I think I should have no difficulty in giving it up to-morrow if I began to feel that what I have to say is not worth saying. But perhaps in the very nature of things that moment can never come ; perhaps I am really so much of an egotist that I cannot imagine a condition in which a truthful record of some thought or feeling of mine, even if it were no more than a feeling of utter weariness, would not be of some interest to somebody.

Indeed it seems to me, if I judge from my own experience, that there is always a certain interest and a certain value in a truthful record of a man's thoughts and feel-

ings. How much good it has done me, in the past, to learn that some writer whom I admired had been at the end of *his* tether! To know that he, too, had days which were "a weariness and a heaviness," that he, too, behaved like a fool, that he, too, was childishly happy because his friend suddenly took him by the arm and said, "I don't know what it is, old chap; I know you are a fool and all that—but I can't get over this absurd feeling of affection for you"—or something of that kind. To find that little preposterous things which have meant a great deal to us, have meant a great deal also to men far greater than we; to know that our heroes were troubled as we are troubled—this helps us towards that desired of all desirables: the courage of ourselves. How vividly I remember the moment when I first read in the Confessions how young Rousseau threw a stone at a tree, and felt that his future, his destiny, everything, depended upon his hitting it! How I loved him that day! Or when Tchehov in his letters tells of the pride with which he drove his cart from Melihovo to the station: how he drove furiously like Jehu, shouting all the way. When I was younger than I am now, such things as these had an immense importance for me. They lifted, each one a little, from me the nightmare horror of being abnormal and queer that used to brood over me. Not that one ever gets rid of the nightmare altogether, for there is a sense in which anyone who *is* anything at all is queer and alone for ever and ever. But the knowledge that there have been other queer and lonely ones is a very present help in trouble. I myself have got through some very nasty places by thinking of that queer fish Stendhal writing "Yesterday I was fifty" on the *inside of his braces!*

And so it seems to me that it is possible, in one's turn, to make life a little easier for other people, simply by saying, "This thing or this has been worrying me of late," or "This little thing has made me happy."

Not that I sit down with my pen with the idea of doing good. That only occurs to me when I think about what I am doing as I am thinking now. For the most part my only conscious motive is to satisfy this intermittent impulse I have to write in a way that is compatible with my dignity as a human being : a dignity which demands, as a colleague has somewhere said, that one should tell no lies either to oneself or to others. Because of that, and because the act of writing seems to me the highest of human activities, I make it my business to express in the most intelligible language I can command the thoughts and feelings which are most real to me. That does not mean that I always want to be serious. Sometime, I do not *feel* serious at all. And I can see no good reason for pretending to a seriousness which I do not feel.

But still I have not really faced the question, in the terms and in the intention of my questioner. For what he really means, I take it, is to ask—or to cause me to ask myself—whether the activity of writing is not somehow incompatible with my profession of faith in standing alone. Well, in the absolute sense, I think it is. Writing is essentially a sharing, *a communication*, of the writer's thoughts and feelings. If he stood alone absolutely, he would abstain from this communication. But he would also be a monster. To be anything absolutely is to be a monster, for it means that a human being is trying to disregard the conditions of his own humanity. Life is a compromise. It is based on the most astonishing compromise the human imagination has ever dreamed—one, indeed, that it never could have dreamed—the working arrangement between soul and body. They are perpetually at war, yet somehow they agree, somehow they know that each depends upon the other. And that fundamental conflict, occasionally resolved into harmony, prescribes the limits within which all human achievement must be bounded. This is, as it were, the

rhythm which must govern all human activity. It emerges, in a thousand variations, in every corner of the great pattern of life. Thus, to stand alone absolutely is to be, or to try to be, all soul, for in this relation the rest of humankind are the body. If you sever your connection with the body, you die—you may explode in an imposing and incomprehensible blaze perhaps, but still you die. If you merge yourself in the body and sever your connection with the soul (which is your individual, indefeasible *self*), you also die. Standing alone, therefore, is relative. The most lonely man on earth sought disciples. And more, standing alone is only a means towards a communion that will not fail. It is a procedure, a technique, a way, by which the individual may fit himself for some new and richer and more stable relation with his fellows than the modern mechanism now permits.

With this final end writing is not incompatible. Far from it. The extremest individualist, by declaring his faith through the written word, declares something beyond his faith : he declares that he is, after all, a member of a society. Not of this one, perhaps, but of a society that may be.

Before you take off your hat to France——————

read DEFEAT

By GEOFFREY MOSS

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MULTUM IN PARVO

BILLY.—Billy the idiot sidled up to a fisherman, who was leaning over the harbour wall.

"Well, Billy, what you got?" inquired the lazy fisherman, without diverting his eyes from a solemn, all-absorbing contemplation of the boats moored down there, the water, silky in the evening sun, and the young urchins wading about and shouting to one another.

Tom could not be expected to give much attention to Billy since he spoke to all and sundry in an idiom detached and nonchalant, save when he warmed to his subject and poured forth a stream of fiery invectives:

"Gawd, Mrr Winterr, did'n I sweat to catch that damn monkey! And then afterr all the damn thing 'luded me, that it did." Then he would suddenly subside.

"But Tom, didn't you bring home any monkey at all?"

"Ye', I got one, ye' I got one," in a dull, spiritless tone.

At the moment no stirring-up of past happenings was there to rouse his spirit:

"Well, Billy, what yer got there, 'nother o' them pears? Saw yer throw 'way one just now. Wasteful, that's what y'are."

Billy grinned and plunged his enormous teeth into a green, unappetising pear.

"Um, 'ad six beetroots fer tea yes'day."

"Six, did yer? I know the sort you 'ad, big's a radish, that's about it."

"Naw."

"Well, then 'ow big?"

"Oh, big's, big's . . ." Billy measured a distance in the air the length of a good-sized marrow.

" 'Avin' six more to-night tu." Pause. " Beet-root's best thing to eat there es, savin' pasties ; onion pasties best."

" Ah ! I guess, I guess ! "

Tom nodded and gazed abstractedly out to sea.

Since he was not obtaining that undivided attention which he always hoped for and seldom got, Billy sheered off.

He was presently attracted to a bright something on the ground. He picked it up.

" 'Ere ! " said he, returning at the double.

" Well? "

" 'S'writin' on."

" Read me the writin' an' you shall 'ave cigarette card."

" Right."

" 'Ow many cigarette cards you got a'ready ? "

" Six 'undred."

" Well, you read the writin'."

But Billy was far too artful. Oh, how artful was Billy ! He wasn't going to read no writing ; he wasn't so silly. He smiled slyly to himself and chuckled. Oh, wasn't he a one ?

Very quickly he tore the piece of cardboard into fragments. He tossed them behind him and they fluttered down into the harbour. Wasn't that a clever trick now ? Hadn't he just nabbed that codger ?

Billy flung back his head and roared with glee, spreading out his arms on the wall and expanding his chest.

Just then, as if he had sprung from the earth, a little boy rushed up, brandishing a rusty knife which had been used for cleaning fish :

" Hullo, Billy, what you doing ? I'll drag yer giblets out for yer, that I will ! " And he advanced in warlike guise.

The wretched Billy's eyes bulged. He was mes-

merized. He began to drag his jersey up from the waist, as if preparing for the operation.

Then, all at once, the spell left him. With a little shriek, half of laughter, half of fear, he doubled up and dashed away, past the boatmen's shelter, up the street, round the corner, with the warrior in pursuit.

The abandoned Tom continued his contemplation of the harbour with a mournful, abstracted stare.—VIOLET LE MAISTRE.

ON MAKING ENEMIES.—It is false that in point of policy a man should never make enemies. As well-wishers some men may not only be nugatory but positive obstacles in your peculiar plans; but as foes you may subordinately cement them into your general design. (*Herman Melville.*)

GOODNESS.—All the world knows that the goodness of doing good is not real goodness. (*Lao-Tse.*)

PASTURES NEW.—It is a Scottish mining village, and although the children treat all teachers as dirt under their feet, they do so with such an engaging absence of intention that it would be churlish to take offence. We chuckle reflectively over the anxious theorizing of Training College days. "Natural relations with our pupils," we said, remembering the lack of honesty in our own school life, "or burst." Well, here we are, some of us, and it has all happened without us. No need to show to our pupils by delightful and winning condescensions that we are of the same common clay after all. They know it.

Sadly we withdraw the three-ha'penny "horrible," perused with pious downward gaze by a great stalwart of fourteen. It is contraband. We tear it up. Suddenly we are confronted by a face contorted with passion. "Awa! Dae ye think a' get three ha'pence to spend on a buik for you to teer up?" It is long

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—*Sir Richard Gregory*

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since we troubled to report this sort of reception of our good intentions. He is but being natural. We have heard him when he was not, and we do not prefer him that way. He really, bar artifice, does the best he can.

Now, the interesting thing about it is that the educational text-books do not know of the existence of this type, savage, spontaneous, very near to Nature. In the text-books, the children lay their little minds and little hearts and little passions at the teacher's feet and implore her to make the best investment possible of them. It is all empty jargon. No one has ever yet told the truth about teaching. The truth is that the teacher can neither do very much harm nor very much good. It is the one glory of the teaching profession.

Teachers inevitably forget their own childhood. They do not wish to remember that as children, they must have sat through lesson after lesson outwardly attentive, while far, far within themselves they were pursuing the proper business of their own souls. And this is right. Schools are eminently places for learning facts about the world in which the child finds himself. They are not Halls of Judgment, nor are they hot-houses for character. It is the worst folly to try to make them small Utopias, pattern perfect. They are only Shops for the sale of information, and the customers bring only their intelligence to the transaction. Would not the shopman be considered a trifle over-anxious who should concern himself with the use his goods were to be put to?

The entire good-will of the child can never be possessed, for he does not come voluntarily to school. It is right, therefore, to confiscate Johnny's paper; one must have vetoes in a deliberately artificial society, lest graceless Nature assert herself. But it is wrong to fret about theories corrupted with emotionalism, which regard all things in heaven and earth, except the object.
—H. Bowe.

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—H. Bowz.

THE VALUE OF BOOKS.—All books in general, and even the most admirable, seem to me infinitely less precious for what they contain than for what he who reads puts into them. The best, in my opinion, are those that are most suggestive, and suggestive of the most diverse things. (*Anatole France.*)

WISDOM OF AGE.—During a conversation with an old gentleman of seventy he told me that as a boy he was anxious to become either a doctor or a parson, and this for two reasons. He would have liked to be a doctor because he thought that doctors never died, and he would have liked to be a parson because he believed that if he died he would go to heaven. Seventy years has taught him that doctors die, and that not all parsons go to heaven.—R. M. G.

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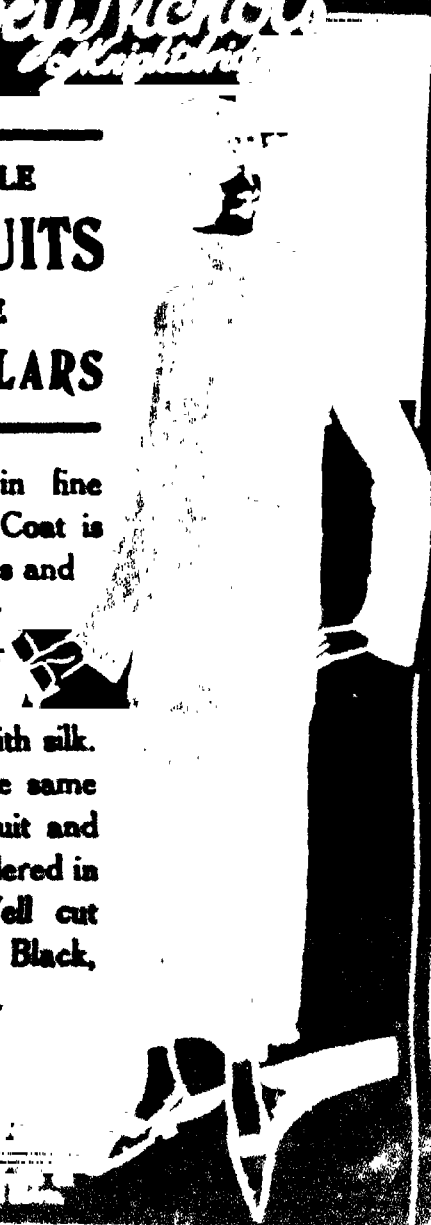
WRAP ME UP IN MY AUBUSSON CARPET

By John Middleton Murry

THE Aubusson carpet belongs to Mr. George Moore. He has written about it in many books. Americans cross the ocean in order to set a reverential foot upon it. Mr. George Moore and the Aubusson carpet live together in Ebury Street, Pimlico.

Mr. George Moore is a writer of considerable ability, whose writings are caviare to the general. Mr. Moore accordingly makes a virtue of his necessity and issues them in sumptuous volumes at a price which no ordinary people can afford to pay. He hides his light under a two-guinea bushel, with the result that the majority of his "select tribunal" of a thousand readers do not buy his books to read at all; they buy in order to sell them at a profit.

But why should not Mr. Moore turn his books into bibelots? That is an affair between him and his conscience; it is also an affair between him and his courage. Perhaps he feels that his ships will float only on the delicate and sheltered pond he builds for them; they would founder in the surges of the open sea. And in truth, if this be his fear, it is not ungrounded. His ships are not built for the longest voyages; they will scarcely

make a landfall in immortality. His books have not in them the stuff which abides; the life which is everlasting refuses to inhabit their tenuous and brittle tissues. "Nothing can please many and please long," said Dr. Johnson, "but just representations of human nature." And the power of representing human nature justly, the instinctive knowledge of the simple and mysterious truth of living men and women, was withheld from Mr. Moore at his birth. He was given many gifts, but this one was denied him. He was given the gifts of a good memory, of pleasing conversation, of a settled income, of great industry, and of colossal self-esteem; he was given a fair allowance of wit and an overflowing measure of treachery. Nearly all that talent can do he has done; but the word that quickeneth, which genius alone may utter, he has never spoken. The *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of human thought and emotion he has never expressed. He has polished his words until they shone: they have never caught fire. By this alone we know that Mr. Moore has not the creative gift. For the words of the true creator are burned away by the passion of his knowledge. What he has to tell triumphs over his telling. "He has no time to *write*."

"He has no time to *write*." Those are Mr. Moore's words, not mine. They show that Mr. Moore, who has no time for anything but *writing*, knows the condition of the creative writer well. No one, indeed, knows it better, for no one has more assiduously sought the secret, no one more bitterly failed to make it his own. To know so much—to be so little able; to see that clumsy Balzac pouring life upon the printed page in streams of inspissated verbiage, to watch that "absurd" Hardy—that again is Mr. Moore's word, not mine—clothing his melodramatic skeletons with flesh and blood which lives and moves and has its being, and with a touch of his fingers filling his stories with the fragrance of the great earth itself, while Mr. Moore's smell chiefly

of the midnight oil ; to have talent enough to know what genius is and to have no genius—that is bitter indeed.

It is bitter, but surely Mr. Moore might have accepted it long ago. For he is old. When a writer is young it is perhaps necessary that he should not admit the existence of men greater than himself in his own time and his own language. He needs a preposterous and sublime self-confidence in order that his potentialities may be put to their full stretch. A touch of secret megalomania in his nonage may do a young man not harm but good, for it is not really a judgment on himself and his fellows, but a vindication of his own freedom to become—all that he can become. But when the period of hoyden growth is ended, then a writer's self-conceit must disappear. If he is to take the mortal leap into a true maturity, he must see himself as he is and his compeers as they are. He must know the gifts he has and acknowledge his lack of the gifts denied him. He must, not merely with his lips but with his soul, confess the presence of greatness where he finds it.

This is a crucial discipline for the minor writer, for only by its means can he come into full possession of what is indefeasibly his own. Having passed through this discipline, he does not waste his strength on tasks he cannot accomplish ; he knows what he can do and he sets himself to do it ; and more than this, the inward acknowledgment of another's greatness purifies his own powers. He is no longer embittered and corrupted by the strain of competition, he is not on edge to outdo and defeat and denigrate his rivals. He has no rivals : he has beside him only other writers than himself, some greater, some smaller, but all alike in that each has the opportunity (if he will but pay the price for taking it) of doing something of value that no other man can do.

Therefore there is a moment when it is no longer bitter but serenely sweet for talent to acknowledge genius. When a man knows within himself that he

can face the truth, he knows also that he can afford to face it: he cannot be overwhelmed. I make no doubt that it cost Ben Jonson a hard struggle to confess that William Shakespeare was a better man than he; but he did confess it, and when he found it in himself to write the noble poem for the First Folio he knew as by a certain sign that he also would not be forgotten. When Jonson had to declare himself, he knew what was required of him: when the summons came to him—and it was surely self-sought—to tell what he, a poet, knew of his fellow-poet, then Jonson spoke like a man before his God—indeed, at that moment he *was* before his God if ever man was. He put clean out of his mind all the little grudging thoughts he had nursed against Shakespeare, all the many pricks his vanity had suffered from Shakespeare's smiling indifference to his theories, all the criticisms of Shakespeare's work which few could make better or with better right than he: at the moment when he had to speak of what he knew to a world which could distinguish then no more than it can distinguish now between greatness and success, all these petty memories were forgotten. The angel flew from the altar and set the coal of fire upon his tongue, so that he prophesied:—

> Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not for an age, but for all time! . . .
> Nature herself was proud of his designs
> And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines . . .
> . . . Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear,
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James.
> But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
> Advanced and made a constellation there.
> Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
> Or influence chide or cheer the drooping age,
> Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
> And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

The very gesture was an earnest of his own immortality.

Now let us make a small comparison. Mr. Hardy is not Shakespeare: Mr. Moore is not Jonson. But for the moment let us imagine that the proportion stands thus: Mr. Hardy is to Shakespeare as Mr. Moore is to Jonson. I think that not even Mr. Moore's admirers would cavil at the ratio: those who are not his admirers will be shocked by my generosity, and those who admire Jonson (as I admire Jonson) will be offended (as I am offended) by the parallel. But let it stand. After all, I use it chiefly to show how wildly wrong it is in one manifest essential. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Moore are also roughly contemporaries. And for some reason, which I shall try hereafter to make still more explicit, Mr. Moore in his latest volume, "Conversations in Ebury Street," feels himself called upon to prophesy concerning Mr. Hardy's work. Alas for him, no angel flew from the altar with a coal of fire to set on Mr. Moore's tongue. No doubt the angels knew it was too black and bitter and spotted for their celestial cautery.

> "I would think (says Mr. Moore) only of how Mr. Hardy may be saved from invidious familiarity when he advances to meet our God, for never having known him on earth he may, when he steps from Charon's boat, ask the God to point out his (Mr. Hardy's) seat to him; or it may be that he will seek his seat himself, and not finding it next to Shakespeare or Æschylus, he will return and complain to Apollo, who will ask: Who is this one? A messenger will answer: This is Hardy, the writer of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. And the author of these absurd works, the God will reply, would place himself next to Æschylus and Shakespeare! The messenger will answer: He has listened long to the quackers that beset the shallows of mortality. All the same, let him be hurled into the hollows we have reserved for—and the God will quote three names which I am not called upon to transcribe.

And again the very gesture is an earnest—of the complete and utter oblivion that will fall upon the works of Mr. George Moore.

Fool, fool that he is! Why could he not refrain? This senile indecency will be remembered against him for ever. He is young no longer,

> The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble
> And waits upon the judgment,

and the act is frigidly disgusting. Can it be that Mr. Moore is avid of immortality at all costs, like the incendiary of Ephesus? Fool, fool that he is! Why could he not refrain?

In the interests of truth, comes the senile bleat. But, Mr. Moore, you know the truth about Mr. Hardy and yourself as well as I, better than I: you know that he is potent to create, and you are impotent. And I know that you know this by two certain signs: first, that you dare not criticise Mr. Hardy's work at all. You do not criticise his novels, you merely worry, like a yelping terrier, a page of his prose. You stand aloof from the entire point, and you know it just as well as you know that the smooth rhythms and grammatical correctness of every page of *Esther Waters* cannot lend that pale simulacrum of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* a scintilla of true vitality: it remains flat, stale and unprofitable like beer-spillings on the counters of the public-houses you have so sedulously and lifelessly described. The second sign is this: You have chosen for your attempt at destruction two passages of Mr. Hardy's prose which have a rare intrinsic beauty of their own. You spit on them, you throw little handfuls of mud at them, and call to your Achates to admire: "How dirty they are! How muddy!" But the dirt and the mud are of your own slinging. Mr. Hardy wrote: "The persistent torrent from the gargoyle's jaws directed all its vengeance into the

grave." You say he should have written: "The pour of water from the gargoyle washed away the grave-mound." How, in the name of Apollo, do you know? The truth is that Mr. Hardy would have written that flat, stale and unprofitable sentence only if he had been Mr. Moore!

Yet why should Mr. Moore thus expose himself? For this "criticism" of Mr. Hardy is not criticism at all; it is simply the spluttering of venom. Mr. Moore is not a fool: even though his heart is black with envy, he need not have suffered his words to appear black with envy also. Even if he could not, by defect of his own soul, understand the character of Mr. Hardy's achievement, he could have held his peace, or he could have written a criticism in which his own rancour and hatred were concealed. But he could not refrain: the angry serpent stung him on until he whose chief occupation as a writer has been to uncover the nakedness of others has finally and forever uncovered his own.

Of course, Mr. Moore cannot really understand Mr. Hardy: he can understand, he can feel, that Mr. Hardy's is genius and his own is talent, and he is angry and venomous. But the essential nature of Mr. Hardy's genius is completely concealed from him, for "it is a law as unconditionally true as any one of Newton's laws of motion that sincerity cannot be penetrated by insincerity." Those are Mark Rutherford's words. Mark Rutherford was, like Mr. Moore, a minor writer, but he was one who possessed an inward purity of purpose which will keep his works sweet when Mr. Moore's are rotten. Mark Rutherford could not lie; Mr. Moore cannot tell the truth. The lie festers in his soul, and a smell of corruption comes out of all his works. He prides himself on his taste; in book after book he proclaims the exquisiteness of his own sensibility: yet what makes those books Mr. Moore's own indefeasibly, the maker's mark by which they can never be mistaken,

is the uniform and unvarying vulgarity with which they are conceived. Those who have nostrils sensitive to atmosphere find the odour of Mr. Moore's books intolerable. They infect the air. And this is the cause why of all men of letters of his age to-day Mr. Moore is the least respected. Those who recognize the talent are contemptuous of the man. Talent receives its quality from the soul of which it is the instrument. When the soul is corrupted, the talent is corrupted also, and it decays.

In vain, therefore, Mr. Moore invokes the protection of Landor and Stevenson and Pater. These were not great writers, but they are in their degree immortal. Not one of them but had the nobility of soul and the steadfast sincerity of purpose which makes their labours heroic and their achievements heroic too. If they felt envy they conquered it; they overcame their baser impulses. Mr. Moore has sought notoriety by indulging his.

In this last book he has fittingly crowned the labours of his life. In his treatment of Mr. Hardy he has surpassed his own previous triumphs in envy and vulgarity. An evil fate drives him on to the utter perversion of his gifts. He cannot help himself; he is possessed—but possessed by such a mean, ugly, contemptible little demon that we can feel no pity for him.

No, we simply feel that it is time he ceased to trouble us. But since he is a writer we cannot let him go wholly unhonoured and unsung. Therefore against the day when the summons comes for him also to enter Charon's boat, we have prepared a dirge for him to sing:

> Wrap me up in my Aubusson carpet,
> And say a poor buffer lies low . . .

But, alas, never so low before!

AN EPITAPH

By Walter de la Mare

Hook-nosed was I ; loose-lipped ; greed fixed its gaze
In my young eyes ere they knew brass from gold.
Doomed to the blazing market-place my days—
A sweating chafferer of the bought and sold.
Frowned on and spat at, flattered and decried,
One only thing man asked of me—my price.
I lived, detested ; and deserted, died ;
Scorned by the virtuous and the jest of vice.
    And now behold, you Christians, my true worth ;
    Step close : I have inherited the Earth.

THE SEA

By Henry King

I KNOW the sea, when to the golden sun
Each shoreward-rolling and triumphant wave
Curves a green trembling window, and anon
Like a sick child shivers the gift she gave
In gems of splintering foam ; and I have heard
Her softest whisper, trod her firmest sand,
Plunged her cool depths until my eyes were blurred
With bliss of being, in a faery land.
    Yet though she smile never so lovingly,
Still the salt taste of death is on her lips,
And in the mirror of her waves I see
A darkling presage of the dread eclipse
When she shall give her dead, the company
Which loved her and went down to her in ships.

THE GHOST SHIP

By H. M. Tomlinson

It is risky for a father to take his lad, who is in a new world, for an excursion to the scenes of his own past. What meaning could they have for the boy? If the youngster does not care to know, how shall he understand? Besides, when a man himself cannot guess why some odd things, such as late afternoon of an overcast winter day by Cherry Garden Pier, disturb him strangely, and for some unreasonable cause have the same effect on him as certain chords of music, or a field postcard found unexpectedly in a book, why try such dubious magic on an innocent youth? It might do harm. It might be nothing like music to him. For in spite of all that biologists and anthropologists will tell us, what is more lonely and immune than the soul? Our resemblances make us fellows; but the little difference puts each of us into his own appointed darkness of the Zodiac. No man has yet told the truth about himself, and never will; he does not know it.

Therefore, one of us silent with such a doubt as that, we left our suburb with its Saxon name, its old red walls and distant prospects of the wood outliers of the Downs, its cricket fields and neolithic village sites, its old coaching inns, its chalk streams (some of the chalk is there still) in which Ruskin tells us he used to see trout (and I believe he did), and presently came out of London Bridge Station. And on that occasion we did not turn west as usual, but away from the familiar prospect of Wren's towers, and that noble

bubble of St. Paul's which Dean Inge will prick yet if he is not more careful, and went east down Tooley Street instead.

Where were we going? What were we going to do?

Now how could I answer him? Did I really know? I could only give him names not on his map; names which, though they mean much to me, heaven only knows what they mean. Funny smells here, he said. Rather! A funny blended odour of the wood and straw of boxes of eggs, and of tea, cheese, butter, and bacon. It was merely Tooley Street. Some of us could name it blindfolded. You come out of the smell of the Borough—and everyone knows the whiff of hops—and in the street below by the Thames the cargoes for London's big breakfast table are being discharged.

There were sooty precipices of bricks, and now and then they gave on the river. He seemed surprised. He would stand at an opening of the walls, a chasm with day at its end. The tide was making. It was winter. It was afternoon. He said he thought he could smell spice. He could, too. There was light on the river. We saw the nose of a steamer resting by an embrasure, a ship's prow in a bright rectangle; a peep of the outer framed in black. He exclaimed that he had never been there before. But as for me, I wondered whether it was possible that he might be mistaken in that.

I wanted to begin to explain . . . a ridiculous impulse, instantly checked. Begin where? With what? These things must tell their own story, and they must do it in their own time. Then, when he gets to my age, he will know why I appeared to be unable to satisfy him. We stopped to look at the Hole-in-the-Wall, which is a properly constituted thoroughfare of London, a right of way with no more reason in it than that the generation which first wore tracks up St. Paul's Hill may have been in the habit of landing there

from their rafts or coracles or canoes, and all the men of the river since then, when they felt like it, have done the same. The London of the lower river has lasted longer than Tyre and Sidon.

Then we got lost among wharves and warehouses, meandering through clefts which were criss-crossed overhead by numerous bridges from one porthole to another, as though all that sombre region had no regular streets, but was the continuous tabernacle of myriads of inscrutably industrious creatures who appeared at an opening only by chance, for its galleries under its crust were interminable. We emerged at last, and went through a portal into open space and daylight. A policeman stood at a sentry-box just inside.

The Surrey Commercial Dock. There we stood for a little while to appreciate the release. That expanse seemed without any more design than the chances of a wilderness. We looked at vistas of lagoons, perspectives of quays, mountains of timber threaded by tracks and railway metals, and the funnels and masts of ships where no water could be seen. We went through a fragrant lane between walls of raw pine, and came out under the bows of a steamer. She was empty; and though we looked up at her great black body topped by its factory stack, and wondered how much bigger ships would grow, yet it was incredible that all the mounds of cargo stacked about the quay could ever have come out of her. Cornucopia was only a paper bag to that ship. We dodged through tunnels and causeways in piled strata of pine, climbed hecatombs of forests, and presently came to the mouth of a cave in the mass. It opened on the edge of a quay. There was a cliff of timber above us, and a narrow ledge of stone along which we could walk at its foot, with the still water below us. We were having a fine day. It had a resinous smell; and this was the rummiest sort of London.

The ledge was one side of a small dock. A barquentine lay isolated at a buoy in its centre. Her jibboom pointed at us. I leaned against the wall of pine and looked at her. I had not seen her for years. When I saw her last she was not a foreign barquentine, but a British ship. The boy stopped because I did, and he looked at her. There was nothing else for him to do. "She's a foreigner," he said, "and she's only wooden. But," he added suddenly, "isn't she a fine shape? Look at her bows!" Yes, there was no doubt about the head of that ship. She was an aristocrat, though in rags, disrepute, and dirt. Could anyone mistake her? Would a barquentine have a quarter-deck and a raised poop?

A huddle of barges offered an opportunity to board her. We scrambled over to her, and mounted a gritty Jacob's ladder hanging amidships. Her deck was deserted. We could do as we pleased. We explored the frouzy gloom of a deckhouse. A dim hurricane lamp was on the table there, and a negro sat by it. That lamp barely distinguished his face from shadows, but we saw his eyes and his teeth when he spoke to us. But he spoke Portuguese, and we didn't. He seemed very tired. His mask was indifferent to us, and his head went all into the shadow when he turned his face away, and looked at the presentiment of the dismal bunks which lined that shelter. There we left him. We went to the anchor-deck, and peered at the rusty gear. She had no forecastle-head. It was a place most exposed. That anchor-deck must have been wet, once, when she was driving. We went to the raised poop to see how her lines ran into the bows. Lovely and satisfying still! She was only the ghost of herself, but she was still visible. The boy leaned on the rail, and spelled out the name on a boat (it was staved-in) on the deck below. "*Ferriera*, Lisbon."

"No," I said. "The *Cutty Sark*, of London

You are aboard the last of the China clippers. This ship was once the fastest on the seas."

Oh, well. It was worth it, to see his surprise. He won't forget that. Of course, often enough he had been where he had nothing to do but to sit quiet and listen to his elders, several of them unexpected visitors whose ships were in again, talk of the *Cutty Sark* and many others of her day. I don't know what he used to think of us, or whether he ever wondered what we found in such things to talk about for hours. But clearly his memory was stirred. "What! This ship?" he exclaimed in astonishment. He could not have become more intent if I had told him that this was the veritable *Golden Hind*, and that we were standing where Drake conned her into the Pacific.

After all, too, she was not so far from being of that class. She not only belonged to the past, but to a past which suddenly has become so remote that now we are in another era with things all different about us. The men who once worked the *Cutty Sark* were craftsmen like the Elizabethans. They would have been at home on the *Marchant Royall*, the *Tobie*, the *Half Moon*, and the *Trinitie*; anyhow, they would not have been long in finding themselves quite at home. But imagine the men who worked those ships brought to daylight again in a modern liner! That would not be slightly different work, but a monstrous and alien world. Yet, in 1890, the *Cutty Sark* was the fastest ship afloat, and has left the P. and O. mail steamer astern.

Mr. Basil Lubbock, an ardent lover of the old ships, who thinks that nothing concerning them is uninteresting, who delves in old sail lofts, interviews retired captains, thinks the offices of long-established ship-yards of more interest than the muniment chambers of cathedrals, and is undaunted in his search for old log-books, plans, and letters written on forgotten voyages, has appointed himself, luckily for us, the historian of

the clipper ships. His last book is the "Log of the *Cutty Sark.*" It is a volume which is courageously big—over four hundred pages and pictures about one ship—but I am glad that its publishers, Brown & Son, of Glasgow, have not stinted us. Mr. Lubbock is not a writer, but a eulogist. He puts everything down. His instinct told him that we should want no fussy touches, but all the facts, and he was exactly right.

The *Cutty Sark,* a tea ship, was launched in 1869. We won't go into technicalities here—as, for example, that she was a composite ship. The Suez Canal was opened about the time she took the water, and the China clippers, which were the last word in sailing ships, were doomed. Let us name her owner, White Hat Willis, who walked from his home at Hackney to the East India Dock, and always bought his snuff at one shop while on the way; and the captain who was most happily married to Tam O'Shanter's witch, Woodget, who did not, like other master mariners of his day, wear a top hat on the poop, but a tammy; or so Mr. Lubbock says, but when on a recent Sunday I was going over all this with an aged remembrancer of ships who knew both Woodget and Willis, I was told that Woodget used to wear a glengarry cap. No matter; in any hat Woodget was a remarkable figure. And we must name the designer of the *Cutty Sark,* Hercules Linton, of Dumbarton. I don't know whether Linton was a genius, but once, certainly, he was inspired. You might as well find fault with the "Ode to the Nightingale," and try to improve it, as copy or criticize the *Cuttv Sark.* She was a lyric. She was a masterpiece. She had the indefinable touch. She was the finest merchant sailer ever created by the British. And I, who have sat in Amiens Cathedral and looked at the austerity of those soaring columns and arches till the serene light of that noble space was not the light of a world at war, have stood on a quay at

Poplar and gazed at the *Cutty Sark*—and in Woodget's day, too—till I wondered whether man had ever done anything better than that. Perhaps he never had, and perhaps he never will do anything better than that. Perhaps to-day he is too clever by half. The machines we have created now order us about, and in reality we have no life of our own to live. Clever and obedient slaves to mechanism and organization must be strangers to the work of free and daring minds. Odd, that we can fly over Amiens Cathedral, but could no more build such a place than the men who did build it could fly! What have we lost? What have we gained?

The *Cutty Sark's* first voyages did not show that she was more than an exceptionally fine ship. She made fast passages, but she had bad luck. Her first masters, Moodie and Moore, were first-rate seamen, but they did not divine the nature of the masterpiece under them. For a ship, of course, like a man, is made under its own star. In a sense, a naval architect never knows what he is doing. His calculations are for one thing, and more or less he gets that, but the coincidence of all the atoms which form a ship is never quite in the designed place. In Linton's case, his work was in accord with a lucky star. When Woodget was taken to the *Cutty Sark* by Old White Hat, and was told, "There is your ship. My agents in Sydney are Wangar, Geddes & Co. All you have to do is to drive her," then all the atoms in her must have danced. Woodget was the completing touch.

As a fact, the tea clippers were delicate and crank, and the men who drove them did it at their peril. But the *Cutty Sark* was not like that. In heavy weather she was at her best. There were occasions when Woodget scared his crew by demanding of his witch the kind of magic which, with such wind and seas pursuing, mortal man should never invoke in the Southern Ocean. But Woodget laughed at them. He

knew her. One of his officers, quoted by Mr. Lubbock, says this of him: "It was a pleasure to see the 'old man' in dirty weather. He fairly revelled in it. With one side of his moustache jammed into his mouth, and hanging on to the weather rigging, I can see him now, his sturdy figure in yellow oilskins and long leather sea-boots, watching aloft and hanging on to the last minute. He gave all his crew complete confidence in him, and I never remember seeing him anything but calm in dirty weather." Woodget never once hove-to his ship in all the ten years he was with her. And Woodget was a navigator. We are told that, approaching the dangerous Australian coast after sunset, he was so sure of his landfall, though his last sight of land had been the Lizard, that he continued to drive her through the darkness straight to her anchorage. Woodget was a non-drinker, a non-smoker, a free-thinker who enjoyed reading the Bible, was a metaphysician, and bred collie dogs on his ship. There is a story that he used to frighten his men into prayerfulness by carrying on in dirty weather. "Whilst the *Cutty Sark* was staggering along in a mist of sprays . . . one day, in the midst of this curious prayer-meeting, the ship gave an extra nasty lurch and shipped a sea which threatened to wash the devotees off their knees. Upon which one of the men looked up in a fright, whereupon the old man roared out, 'Close your damned eyes, Bill Jones, and let me finish this prayer.'"

I should like to believe it. But some of the stories about him are true. At Sydney, in 1885, after his first voyage round Cape Horn in command, while waiting for his bales at the Circular Quay with the fleet of wool clippers, Woodget glanced up at the gold cock at the main truck of the *Thermopylæ*, the *Cutty Sark's* great rival, and he said, "I'll pull that damned bauble off her." A fleet of nine ships left Sydney that year for London's January wool sales. The *Cutty Sark*

made the passage in 73 days, the *Thermopylæ*, the second in the race, in 80 days. In the East India Dock Old White Hat had a little golden shirt put as a wind vane at the main truck of his ship; and there it stayed till she was dismasted off the East African coast, under the Portuguese flag, during the war.

But what does all this matter? I have no idea. One enjoys going over it again, that is all. I like to hear the story of the captain who passed the *Cutty Sark* at sea, got his clipper into port, and went overjoyed to his agent, and was telling him how he had beaten Woodget's ship; to be interrupted in the middle of his jolly yarn by Woodget's face, which peeped round a door to grin at the story; for the *Cutty Sark* had been in some days. The boy and I left the famous little ship that winter day in 1922 just as twilight gave us enough to see our way back over the barges to the quay. There she was, in the last of that day, with the water about her black shape brighter than the sky; and there she will remain for the two of us, not easy to talk about, but unforgettable; like the memory of Amiens; like an admonition, noble and sombre, of what good men can do.

QUIET WISDOM.—

Nor less I deem that there are powers
   Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
   In a wise passiveness.

Think you, amid all this mighty sum
   Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
   But we must still be seeking?

(*Wordsworth.*)

THE MILLER

By Pauline Smith

ANDRIES LOMBARD, the miller in the mountains at Mijnheer van der Merwe's farm of Harmonie, was a stupid, kindly man whom illness had turned into a morose and bitter one. He was a tall, gaunt Dutchman from the Malgas district, with black hair, black eyes, and a thick, square, black beard. Round his neck he wore an eel-skin which his wife Mintje had tramped sixteen miles down the Aangenaam valley to borrow from old Tan' Betje Ferreira. The eel-skin had cured many coughs in Tan' Betje's family, but, God knows how it was, though Andries wore it day and night it did not cure him of spitting blood. And in the month of September, when, in the Aangenaam valley, other men planted their lands, the miller said to his wife:

"I will not plant my lands. If I plant me now my lands surely by the time that it comes for me to dig my potatoes and gather me my mealies I shall be dead of this cough that I have from the dust in the mill. And so surely as I am dead, the day that I am buried they will drive you out of this house in the rocks and to the man that comes after me they will give my potatoes and mealies. So I will not plant my lands. God help you, Mintje, when I am dead and they drive our children and you out in the veld the day that I am buried, but I will not plant my lands for the man that comes after me."

All this Andries had said on a cold, clear, spring morning, sitting out in front of the mill coughing in the sun. He did not, in fact, believe that his master, a just and generous man who even now sent help up to the

mill when work there was heavy, would drive Mintje and her children out in the veld when he died, but it gave him a strange malicious pleasure to say it and to make Mintje believe it. Mintje was a timid, humble woman who loved her husband and ran, to serve him with quick fluttering movements like those of a frightened hen. But, unlike a hen, she ran always in silence, and it was the new cunning of his illness which had taught Andries how to make her suffer in this silence. If God, Who loved him, made the miller suffer, he, who loved Mintje, would make Mintje suffer. So it was that Andries reasoned, and through all his blundering cruelty, and through the wild and bitter exultation with which her tears and the quick rise and fall of her bosom filled him, there ran the memory of his old affection for her and the yearning for her love.

Through the spring and summer months, while his lands lay desolate on the mountain side, the miller's illness rapidly increased. He made now no effort to control the sudden bursts of fury which more and more frequently possessed him, and which drove his children from him in terror. He delighted in their terror as he delighted in Mintje's tears. Yet invariably after these storms his heart was tormented by a remorseful tenderness for which he could find no expression. There were days when Andries, having driven Mintje away from him, would have given all the world to call her back again to speak with her of his sorrow and his love. He never spoke of either. It was to make Mintje suffer that, in the autumn, when other men gathered their harvests, he dug for himself a grave in a corner of his empty lands. It was to make her suffer again that, in the month of May, when the pastor of Platkops came to the valley, Andries refused, for the first time since their marriage, to go with his wife to the Thanksgiving.

"Why then should I go?" he cried. "Is there a thing this day in my lands but the grave that I have dug

there? Is it for my grave that you would have me praise the Lord? Go you, then, if you will, and praise him for it, Mintje, but surely I will not."

So it was that on the Thanksgiving morning Andries sat alone in front of the mill while Mintje and his children went down the mountain side to Harmonie. The square, whitewashed church, built by Mijnheer van der Merwe for the Aangenaam valley, stood at a little distance from the homestead, close to a poplar-grove near the Aangenaam river. Round about it went four straight white paths made of the stones which Mijnheer van der Merwe's sons had dug out of the mountain side for gold. They had found no gold, and the old man had cried:

"It is well, my children! The judgments of the Lord are more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." And round his white church he had put their white stones as a sign to his sons from the Lord.

It was to these straight white paths that, on the Thanksgiving morning, the men of the Aangenaam valley brought their gifts of pumpkins and mealies, dried fruit, corn, goats, pigs, and poultry. On a long trestle table in front of the church door the women spread their offerings of baked meats and pastries, their konfijts and cakes. Every year, for eleven years, Mintje had taken must-rusks to the table, and Andries had taken pumpkins and mealies to the paths. This year the miller had nothing to give and no wish to give. But, when he drove her from him, Mintje carried, as always, her offering of rusks tied up in a spotless white cloth.

For a little while after Mintje left him Andries sat brooding in front of the mill. Mintje had left him in tears, but to-day her tears had brought him no pleasure. There was a pain in his chest, in his heart, and a strange humming lightness in his head. The morning air was sharp and clear, and in it the voices of his children came back to him shrill and sweet as they scrambled like

conies among the rocks. Mintje's voice he did not hear, and suddenly it was the one sound in all the world that he wished to hear. If Mintje would but turn and call to him, "Andries! Andries!" he would go to her, and this pain in his chest, this lightness in his head would surely leave him. . . . But Mintje did not call. She did not even dare to turn and look back. Timid, humble, down the mountain side she went, in little quick fluttering runs, to thank the Lord through her tears for His many mercies.

Down in the valley at Harmonie carts and waggons were now being outspanned, and close to the low mud wall of the church-land a fire had been lighted for coffee-making. From his plank seat in front of the mill Andries could see the smoke of this fire rising straight up into the clear blue sky like a burnt-offering to the Lord. In the poplar-grove the winter sunshine turned the tall yellowing trees into spires of gold. Through Mevrouw van der Merwe's flower-garden, and through the grove, ran the brown bubbling stream which up here in the mountains turned the mill-wheel. The stream joined the Aangenaam river close to the little whitewashed store where the old Russian Jew-woman, Esther Sokolowsky, kept shop with her grandson Elijah. Every year the Jew-woman, who went by no other name in the valley, baked a cake for the Thanksgiving. Andries, looking down now on the store, remembered how, for the first Thanksgiving after she came to Harmonie, the Jew-woman, old and bent and thin, cringing like a hunted animal, with her thin grey hair tied up in a handkerchief, had come to Mevrouw van der Merwe with a cake on a blue and white plate. Standing on the stoep, where Andries was waiting for Mijnheer, the Jew-woman had said to Mevrouw:

"If it is not right for Mevrouw to take this cake that I have made, to sell it at the Thanksgiving for the Lord, let Mevrouw give it to her grandchildren, for it is a

good cake that I have made for a thank-offering for my grandson and me."

And Mevrouw had answered: "Is not your Lord also my Lord?" And had herself carried the cake down to the table before the church door.

Every year round her cake the Jew-woman put a little frill of coloured paper, and when one opened this frill and held it up to the light one saw in it the little trees and houses, and the little strange animals which she had cut there. The paper frill had always been a source of wonder to the miller and his children, but for the old Jewess herself Andries had a pity that was not unmixed with fear. Terrible things had happened to the Jew-woman in her own country before she had escaped from it with her grandson Elijah. It was the memory of these things that made her creep about her house like a hunted wild animal. In no other human being had Andries ever seen such fear as one saw sometimes in the Jew-woman's eyes. . . . And now suddenly, as he sat in front of his mill on this Thanksgiving morning, it was not the Jew-woman's eyes that he saw before him, but his wife Mintje's, terror-stricken through her tears.

In an agony that was half physical, half mental, the miller rose from his seat. God forgive him, he thought in horror, but if it was the terrible things that had happened to her in her own country that had turned the Jew-woman into a frightened animal, it was he, Andries, who had turned Mintje into a frightened hen. . . . Mintje had not been a hen when he married her. When he married her she had been his little dove. Yes, like a little bird had she come fluttering into his arms on the day that he asked her to be his wife. . . . He could feel now the pressure of her dark brown head against his breast. He could hear now the first, shy, half-whispered "Andries! Andries!" of her wonder and her love. . . . God forgive him the evil he had done, but never again

would he drive Mintje from him in tears. If he could but reach her now, to speak with her of his sorrow, this pain in his chest, this lightness in his head would surely go and she would be again his little dove, his little gentle fluttering bird, soft and warm against his breast. . . .

Weak and shaken by emotion and pain the miller had already crossed the mill-yard and was now making his way uncertainly down the mountain side. Down in the valley they were ringing the old slave bell, which was now the church bell, and in the church-land men, women, and children were gathering together for the opening psalm. Somewhere among them was Mintje, and now, come what might of it, to Mintje the miller must go. As a worshipper to the Thanksgiving he would not and could not go. He had nothing to do with the Thanksgiving. Did not all the valley know that he had not planted his lands? Did not all the valley know that there was nothing this day in his lands but the grave that he had dug there? Could a man come so with empty hands to the Lord? It was not to the Lord that he was going now, but to Mintje. It was not the Lord who could ease his pain of body and mind. It was Mintje.

When he reached the quiet, deserted homestead the miller slipped into Mevrouw van der Merwe's flower-garden, and through it into the poplar-grove. If he could get close to the mud wall of the church-land he might perhaps be able to call to Mintje when she came, as was her custom, to help with the coffee-making at the fire. In the grove, cut off from the brilliant winter sunshine, the air was bitterly cold, and his body, which pain and exertion had thrown into a heavy sweat, grew suddenly chilled. Pushing his way through the undergrowth, cougning feebly he came at last to a slight clearing from which he could see the gathering in the church-land. And here, leaning up against a tree-trunk, he halted.

In the church-land, facing the church door, the old,

white-haired pastor of Platkops was addressing his people. On one side of him, bareheaded, stood the men and boys of the Aangenaam valley. On the other, the women and girls. In a group apart were the native servants, and behind the table stood Mevrouw van der Merwe and her daughters, with Classina October, the bond-girl, waving a cow-tail before them. Close to the table, among the women, stood Mintje, holding her little Andrina by the hand. The year had been a good one, and looking now from group to group it seemed to Andries that he alone, in all the valley, was not at the Thanksgiving. He and the Jew-woman, who, though she baked a cake for the table, and came every year to look over the wall, remained always, by her faith, an outcast from the gathering.

Of what the pastor said Andries at first heard little. The humming in his ears was now intense, and added to it there was a new, suffocating pressure in his throat. Only for a moment, as the Jew-woman, creeping towards him, threw him into a sudden panic, did this pressure lessen, and in that moment he heard, with a curious, thin, almost painful distinctness, the pastor cry :—

"Is it by gifts alone that a man shall be judged? Surely not, my children! So many men as there are in the world, so many ways there are to praise the Lord, and who can tell how another serves Him? Look, my little ones! The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart He will not despise, for He Himself has said it. . . ."

As suddenly as it had lifted the pressure in his ears, in his throat, descended upon him again, and the miller turned, wild-eyed and suffering, to the old Jewess for help. He tried to ask her to call Mintje to him, but he could not speak. Nor could he hear what it was that the Jew-woman, looking at him so strangely, said. For some reason which he could not understand she took him by the hand and began leading him away from the

IMAGINATION IN ART AND SCIENCE

By J. W. N. Sullivan

IMAGINATION, as contrasted with fancy, has a pragmatic value. It leaps before reason to something which is true; an act of imagination grasps some reality. A truly imaginative writer, as Tolstoi, presents the truth of a situation to us even if it has never taken place; he is not limited to autobiography or to reports of his observations on other people; he can, in virtue of his imaginative faculty, make direct contact with the reality of an unprecedented conjunction of people and events. He takes us straight, as it were, to those relatively fixed principles of life which condition the particular occurrence. By "principles of life" we do not only mean the principles which are described by sociologists and psychologists, although in any truly imagined situation these are doubtless present. We mean something which lies deeper, is more comprehensive and more simple, and the fact that we cannot say more than this about it means that art is not useless nor a mere amusement. For what we mean is revealed in great art and cannot be paraphrased.

From this superlative kind of imagination we can descend, by gentle steps, passing through philosophy, to imagination in science. There are philosophies which are mystical and philosophies which are rational. A [illegible] philosophy is strictly analogous to a work of [illegible] mystical philosopher presents us with his world and leaves us to respond or not.

His method is persuasive. Does this vision, in its depth and comprehensiveness, enable you to comprehend the world? The appeal is not to our reason, although there should be nothing in what is said that is unreasonable. The appeal is to our own imagination; we *feel*, as we say, that the philosopher has truly imagined or that he has not, and we can make this judgment on matters which we are not in a position to illuminate by reason. There are very few pure philosophers of this type. We may, perhaps, instance Buddha as one and Christ as another. But usually philosophers of this type are, like Plato, not fully aware of the inadequacy of rational arguments as vehicles for transmitting their vision. The rational philosophers, and these are in the majority, profess, of course, that their results can be verified by reason. What they have to communicate may have been perceived by them imaginatively but, having been obtained, they claim that it can be reached from what is known by a process of reasoning. In this respect, therefore, a rational scheme of philosophy is like a scientific hypothesis; it differs by its material and by the kind of explanations it admits, but the scheme is one which is rationally justified if it is justified at all. Of pure philosophers of this type there are very few, and of successful philosophies of this type there are probably none. Just as most mystical philosophers mistakenly appeal to reason, so most philosophers of the second type are persuasive when they think they are being demonstrative.

It appears that we must turn to science for indubitable manifestations of imaginative acts which can be verified by reason. It is a mysterious fact that the reality with which science deals should be so homely and grateful to the human mind, that reason and imagination should move so closely knit in this region, and wander so separated almost everywhere else. But perhaps this harmony is only apparent or, at least, not very pro-

found. It may be that we imagine so well in this region because we first created it; we understand the design of Nature so well because we designed it. And this unusual harmony is only apparent in the sciences of matter, where we have most reason to believe that we have created what we find. In the sciences which deal with life and consciousness we are in the presence of facts which seem almost ungraspable. The commonest facts of life, such as heredity, are mysteries before which the mind grows dizzy. If they are judged in relation to any reasonable ideal of comprehension, the sciences of life and mind have hardly begun. And even in the sciences of matter there are hints that we may be reaching a region where we cannot yet imagine truly. Nevertheless, science, as it at present exists, has been created by imaginative acts, verifiable by reason, and in some way consonant with the nature of the reality they attempted to grasp.

But scientific reality, although closer to us, perhaps, than any other kind of reality, is yet elusive. The instinct, or whatever one may call it, which is concerned in imagining truly, is very delicate, and is easily overlaid and smothered by irrelevant appetites and desires. When the ancients imagined that the planets moved in circles because the circle was a perfect figure, they were moved by an aesthetic impulse which was, in this case, wholly irrelevant. But there is no way of cultivating taste or training the imagination which will ensure that one shall imagine truly. Aesthetic considerations have not been a safe guide in developing planetary theory, but it does not follow that they will always be valueless in all branches of science. It is true that a certain censorship of imaginary entities is necessary. The spirits that carried the planets round the sun are amongst the entities that every scientific man would reject. But there are no sacrosanct entities whose invocation will always lead to success. The attempt to describe pheno-

mena in terms of the motions of little material particles had, and has, a great measure of success; but when Le Sage applied it to gravitation he was, as we see now, using a concept as irrelevant to the reality as the aesthetic charm of the circle is to the laws of planetary motion. We are so far from knowing what imaginary entities are admissible that even the most successful acts of the scientific imagination are seen to have been mere approximations to the nature of the reality with which science concerns itself, and approximations precisely because the entities imagined were mythical. Newton built up a planetary theory unhampered by *a priori* ideas respecting the motions fitting for heavenly bodies, but in terms of imaginary entities such as forces, absolute space and absolute time, which we now believe to be mythical. The scientific man's experience of matter, when he came to consider the phenomena of light, proved both an incentive and a limitation; it led him to imagine the aether and, whatever the reality may be that he thus tried to approach, we now know that it is certainly not an elastic solid. Nevertheless, even a theory so crude as the aether theory must have some very important points of contact with the scientific reality. Men believed a great deal more than they need have done, and their picture of reality was an almost ludicrously homely rendering of it, but something was true about their picture, just as a child's map of Ireland may misrepresent every fact about that country except that it is an island. The difficulty consists in the fact that the imaginary entities with which man has to work are unsuitable for the purpose—as if, for instance, the child's map had to be built up out of little straight sticks. With the abolition of forces, aethers, and the like, and with the advent of the altogether more emancipated kind of imagination that is Einstein's, science has entered on a new era. The imagination of the mathematician, the imagination whose entities are pure relations

released, as it were, from the bonds of sense, promises to take us a giant's stride nearer that scientific reality which is so much more "abstract," as we now know, than any of our early pictures of it.

In the sciences of life and mind it appears that hardly any satisfactory fictions have yet been thought of. Such entities as Bergson's *élan vital* are doubtless just as mythical as Newton's forces, and are certainly a great deal less intelligible. The great lack in biology at the present time is a collection of suitable imaginary entities. The phenomena of life are, at present, a series of miracles, and one can easily understand the opinion of some biologists that a *science* of biology does not exist. The sciences that deal with mind seem to suffer from the same lack of suitable entities. The vague concepts of will, emotions, and so on, have proved to have very little scientific value. The theories of the psycho-analysts, it is true, abound in imaginary entities, but they do not enter into a discussion of the scientific imagination since they are not rationally verifiable. But their popularity admirably illustrates the comparative rarity of the scientific imagination. The psycho-analytic interpretations of dreams, for instance, really seem to be immediately convincing to many people, whereas only a slight exercise of fancy is necessary to show that any number of such interpretations can be constructed, as, indeed, is sufficiently proved by the entirely different types of explanation given by various eminent psycho-analysts. It is obvious that, of different systems of interpretation, only one is right or all are wrong, and in the case of psycho-analysis we cannot discriminate by appealing to results—such as cures of hysteria—since it appears that each of these incompatible systems is equally effective and, further, that procedures that do not imply these theories are also effective.* But sup-

* A. Wohlgemuth: "A Critical Examination of Psycho-Analysis." P. McBride: "Psycho-Analysis Analysed."

posing a science of the mind ever to be developed, of what type will be its entities? Will they be analogous to those which are used in describing what is called the material universe? Whether mind and matter are two things, or two aspects of one thing, are questions which cannot yet be resolved but, if science is to realize its ideal, successive imaginative acts in these two fields must approach ever closer to the same entities.

What we call reality is always an imaginary entity, and we have seen that there are two kinds of entities, those whose existence can be confirmed by a rational process (but not *proved*) such as are used in science, and those which cannot be presented in such terms as to admit of the application of rational processes, such as the realities of the mystics and the revelations of art. These two kinds of entities are what we mean by reality, and it is customary to say that one sort of reality is "deeper" or "higher" than the other. On the assumption that the mystical entities are not approximations to their object, but constitute the final form in which this object can be grasped by the human mind, this language is justified, for as we have seen, the entities of science are certainly approximations. And is there any sense in asking whether scientific reality is approximating to the mystical? In asking this we are asking if the final aim of science is to give rational verification to the intuitions of the mystic. Science is not yet old enough to justify us in giving an answer. There may be for ever two orders of reality, and each man must decide for himself how likely that seems to him to be.

THE WEAKNESS OF SYNTHESES.—Philosophical syntheses and ethical systems are only possible in arm-chair moments. They are seen to be meaningless as soon as we get into a 'bus with a dirty baby and a crowd.—(*T. E. Hulme*, "*Speculations.*")

REMINISCENCES OF LEONID ANDREYEV

By Maxim Gorki

In Nijni Leonid met at my house Father Feodor Vladimirsky, the archpriest of the town of Arzamas, who subsequently became a member of the Second State Duma,—a remarkable man. Some time I will try and write about him fully, and meanwhile I find it necessary briefly to outline the chief deed of his life.

The town of Arzamas, almost from the time of Ivan the Terrible, obtained its water from ponds, where, in the summer, swam corpses of drowned cats, rats, fowls, dogs, while in the winter, under the ice, the water became tainted, and had a disgusting smell. Father Feodor, having made it his object to supply the town with wholesome water, spent twelve years in investigating personally the hidden waters around Arzamas. Every summer, year in and year out, he rose at dawn and wandered like a sorcerer about the fields and woods, observing where the ground "perspired." And after long labour he found hidden sub-soil springs, traced their course, canalized them, conducted them to a forest hollow a couple of miles from the town; and having obtained for a population of ten thousand over a hundred thousand gallons of superb spring water, proposed to the town the laying down of a water supply.

The town had a sum of money bequeathed to it by a merchant to be used either for the laying down of a water supply, or for the founding of a credit bank. The tradespeople and the authorities, who employed horses to carry their water in barrels from remote springs out-

side the town, had no need of a water supply, and using all means to hinder the work of Father Feodor, tried to get hold of the capital for the establishment of a credit bank; while the unimportant inhabitants swallowed the tainted water of the ponds, indifferent and passive, in conformity with their immemorial custom. Thus, having found water Father Feodor was compelled to carry on a long and tedious struggle with the stubborn selfishness of the rich and the villainous stupidity of the poor.

When I arrived at Arzamas under police surveillance* I found him at the end of his work gathering together the springs. Exhausted as he was by drudgery and misfortune, that man was the first Arzamasian who dared to make my acquaintance. The wise Arzamasian authorities had most strictly forbidden the employees of the Zemstvo and all other civil servants to visit me, and, in order to intimidate them, had established a police post just under my windows.

Father Feodor came to me one evening, in pouring rain, soaking wet from head to foot, soiled with clay, in heavy peasant boots, in a grey cassock, and in a faded hat,—it was so wet that it looked like a lump of soaked clay. Pressing my hand tightly with his horny, digger's hand, he said in a stern little bass voice:

"Are you the unrepentant sinner who has been foisted on us for the good of your soul? We will do your soul good! Can you treat me to tea?"

In his grey little beard the dried up little face of an ascetic was hidden. From his deep sockets shone the meek smile of understanding eyes.

"I have come straight from the forest. Have you got any garments into which I could change?"

I had already heard a great deal about him. I knew

* Gorki was forbidden to reside in any of the large towns of Russia, and as punishment for his political views was exiled by the authorities to the remote provincial town of Arzamas.

that his son was a political exile, one daughter was in prison "for politics," a second daughter was intent on her preparations to get there. I knew that he had already spent all his means on this search for water, had mortgaged his house, and was now living like a pauper, himself digging ditches in the forest and stopping them with clay. When his strength failed he would implore the neighbouring peasants, for the love of Christ, to lend him a hand. They would help him; but the townspeople, sceptically watching the work of this "queer" parson, would not lift a finger.

It was this man whom Leonid Andreyev met at my house.

It was October, a dry cold day; the wind was blowing, in the streets scraps of paper, birds' feathers, and onion peels were flying about. The dust scratched against the window panes, a huge rain cloud moved from the fields to the town. Suddenly, into our room came Father Feodor, rubbing his dust-covered eyes, shaggy, angry, cursing the thief who had stolen his handbag and umbrella, and the Governor-General who refused to understand that a water supply is more useful than a credit bank. Leonid opened his eyes wide and whispered to me:

"What is this?"

An hour later, at the samovar, with his mouth quite agape, he listened to the archpriest of the absurd town of Arzamas denouncing the Gnostics for having fought against the democratic principles of the Church and for trying to make instruction in the knowledge of God inaccessible to the minds of the people.

"These heretics consider themselves seekers after the highest knowledge, aristocrats of the spirit. But are not the people, in the persons of their wisest guides, the embodiment of the wisdom of God and of His spirit?"

"Docetists," "Ophites," "pleroma," "Karpo-

cratus "—Father Feodor droned on, and Leonid, nudging me with his elbow, whispered :

"There is the Arzamasian horror incarnate!"

But soon he was waving his hand in front of Father Feodor's face as he proved to him the impotence of thought ; and the priest, shaking his beard, retorted :

"It is not thought that is impotent but unbelief."

"But that is the essence of thought . . ."

"You are sophisticated, Mr. Author . . ."

The rain lashed the window panes, the old man and the young one rummaged among ancient wisdom, and from the wall Leo Tolstoi, with the little stick in his hand,—the great pilgrim of this world,—gazed down on them. Having overthrown everything we could in the time we went to our rooms long after midnight. I was already in bed, with a book, when there came a knock at my door and Leonid appeared, dishevelled, agitated, his shirt collar undone ; he sat down on my bed and began rapturously :

"What a parson! How he found me out, eh?"

And suddenly tears gleamed in his eyes.

"Lucky fellow you, Alexey, the devil take you. You always have wonderfully interesting people round you, and I—am lonely . . . or I have hanging on to me . . ."

He waved his hand. I began telling him of the life of Father Feodor, how he had been seeking for water, of the book he had written, *The History of the Old Testament,* the MS. of which had been taken away from him by order of the Synod ; of his book *Love the Law of Life,* also forbidden by the Ecclesiastical censorship. In that book Father Feodor proved by quotations from Poushkin and from other poets that the feeling of love, as between one man and another, was the basis of life and of the progress of the world, that it was as powerful as the law of universal gravitation, and resembled it in every respect.

"Yes," said Leonid musingly, "there are things I must learn; otherwise I feel ashamed before the parson . . ."

Another knock at the door. Enter Father Feodor, folding his cassock round him, barefooted, sad.

"You are not asleep? So, well . . Here I am! I heard talking, I thought I'd come and apologize! I rather shouted, young people, but don't take offence. . . . I lay down, thought of you. You are nice people. I decided that I had grown warm for no reason. . . . Now, here I am, forgive me! I'm going to bed. . . ."

Both sat down on the bed, and again began an endless conversation. Leonid, elated, laughed again and again.

"What a country this Russia of ours is! 'Look here, we haven't yet solved the problem of the existence of God, and you are calling us to dinner!' It is not Bielinsky who says this, it is what all Russia says to Europe. For Europe, in the main, calls us to dine, to feed well, nothing but this!"

And Father Feodor, wrapping his thin, bony legs in his cassock, smilingly replied:

"After all, Europe is our god-mother, don't forget it! Without her Voltaires, without her men of science, we should not now be disputing about matters philosophical, but should be silently swallowing pan-cakes—and only that!"

At daybreak Father Feodor left us, and in a couple of hours he was gone—to set about work again on the Arzamasian water supply. And Leonid having slept till evening, said to me then:

"Just think, in whose interest and for what purpose is it that in this rotten little town a parson should live who is energetic, interesting, and a wizard? And why, indeed, should the parson of this town be a wizard, eh? What nonsense! You know one can live only in

Moscow. Come, leave this place. It is horrid here,—rain, dirt. . . ."

And immediately he began preparing to go home.

At the railway station he said:

"And yet this parson is an oddity. It is all a story!"

He complained more than once that he scarcely met any big, original people:

"Now, you can find them; while only burrs that I drag along on my tail stick to me. Why is it?"

I mentioned people whose acquaintance would be useful to him—men of high culture or of original mind. I spoke to him of V. V. Rosanov and others. It seemed to me that an acquaintance with Rosanov would be extremely useful to Andreyev. He was surprised!

"I can't make you out!"

And he spoke of Rosanov's conservatism, which he need not have done, since his essential self was profoundly indifferent to politics, only now and then displaying fits of external curiosity about them. His real attitude to political activities he expressed most sincerely in his story *As it was—So it will be*.

I tried to prove to him that one can learn from the devil himself or a thief as well as from a saintly recluse, and that study does not mean submission.

"That is not quite true," he replied, "all learning represents submission to facts. And Rosanov I don't like. He reminds me of the dog in the Bible who returns to his vomit."

At times it seemed as if he avoided personal acquaintance with big people, because he was afraid of their influence on him. He would meet such a person once or twice. Sometimes he would praise him ardently; but his interest was short-lived.

So it was with Savva Morosov. After the first long conversation with him L. Andreyev, carried away by the man's subtle mind, wide knowledge, and energy, called him Yermak Timofeyevitch [the conqueror of

Siberia], and said that he would play a great political rôle :

"He has the face of a Tartar ; but, my dear fellow, he is an English lord!"

And Savva Morosov said of Andreyev :

"He only appears self-assured ; but he does not feel confidence in himself and seeks to obtain it from his mind. But his mind wavers. He knows that and does not trust it. . . ."

(*Authorized Translation by Katherine Mansfield and S. S. Koteliansky.*)

A VICTORIAN QUINTESSENCE.—Every man has in his heart of hearts, I suppose, his funniest story ; his absolute among mere relatives. I know what is mine. Oh no, I didn't invent it ; but I love to embellish it. I like to fancy dusk creeping over those never-changing quads where lingers "the last enchantment of the Middle Ages" ; a dusk lit by the lamp—a lamp that has burned dimmer and dimmer through the long Victorian decades—from the study-window of the Master of Balliol. Inside that study a would-be member of the college stands—not sits, stands—a little uneasy, before the desk. The Master throws a roving glance at the sacred bookshelves, then turns it full upon the candidate. One senses that the moment is at hand. "In what manner, Mr. Robinson," he inquires, "should we regard the Decalogue?" Robinson has never heard of the Decalogue. But to hesitate is to lose. "Master," he rejoins fervently, "with feelings of reverence mingled with awe." "A very proper answer, young man. 'Reverence mingled with awe.'" Then, unmistakably heard if never spoken, "You pass." . . . Would it be too malicious to see in that incident a horrid little epitome of a very great Epoch? —H. P. C.

ABOUT PUNCTUATION

By Dorothy Richardson

ONLY to patient reading will come forth the charm concealed in ancient manuscripts. Deep interest there must be, or sheer necessity, to keep eye and brain at their task of scanning a text that moves along unbroken, save by an occasional full-stop. But the reader who persists finds presently that his task is growing easier. He is winning familiarity with the writer's style, and is able to punctuate unconsciously as he goes. . . It is at this point that he begins to be aware of the charm that has been sacrificed by the systematic separation of phrases. He finds himself *listening*. Reading through the ear as well as through the eye. And while in any way of reading the ear plays its part, unless it is most cunningly attacked it co-operates, in our modern way, scarcely at all. It is left behind. For as light is swifter than sound so is the eye swifter than the ear. But in the slow, attentive reading demanded by unpunctuated texts, the faculty of hearing has its chance, is enhanced until the text *speaks* itself. And it is of this enhancement that the strange lost charm is born. Quite modest matter, read thus, can arouse and fuse the faculties of mind and heart.

Only the rarest of modern prose can thus arouse and affect. Only now and again, to-day, is there any strict and vital relationship between the reader and what he reads. Most of our reading is a superficial swift gathering, as we loll on the borderland between inertia and attention, of the matter of a text. An easy-going collaboration, with the reader's share reduced to the

minimum. So much the better, it may be said. Few books, ancient or modern, are worth a whole self. Very few can call us forth to yield all we are and suffer change. Yet it is not to be denied that the machinery of punctuation and type, while lifting burdens from reader and writer alike and perfectly serving the purposes of current exchange, have also, on the whole, devitalized the act of reading; have tended to make it less organic, more mechanical.

There is no discourtesy, since punctuation has come to be regarded as invariable, in calling it part of the machinery of book production. An invisible part. For so long as it conforms to rule punctuation is invisible. After the school years it is invisible; its use, for most people, as unconscious as the act of breathing. Most of us were taught punctuation exactly as we were taught rule of three. Even if we were given some sense of the time-value of the stop and its subdivisions, the thing that came first and last, the fun of the game, was the invariability of the rules. And so charming is convention, so exhilarating a deliberate conformity to tradition, that it is easy to forget that the sole aim of law is liberty; in this case, liberty to express.

It is not very long since an English gentleman's punctuation was as romantic as his spelling. The formal law was strictly observed only by scholars. Not until lately have infringements, by the ordinary, been regarded as signs of ill-breeding. And in high places there have always been those who have honoured the rules in the breach, without rebuke. Sterne, for example, joyously broke them all, and it has been accounted unto him for righteousness. Beside him stands Rabelais, wielding form as Pantaloon wields his bladder. Were they perhaps castigated for their liberties by the forgotten orthodox of the period? Or is it that the stickler for stereotyped punctuation makes his first appearance in our own time? Why, in either

case, have Mr. Wells's experiments, never going further than a reinforcement of the full-stop and a free use of the dash, been dragged into the market-place and lynched, while the wholesale depredations of Sterne and Rabelais are merely affectionately hugged? Is it because their rows and rows of dots, their stars, and their paragraphs built of a single word are so very often a libidinous digging of the reader's ribs? Because their stars wink? It is noteworthy that so long as his dots were laughter Mr. Wells was not called over the coals for mannerism. There was no trouble until those signs were used to italicize an idea or drive home a point; until they became pauses for reflection, by the reader. From that time onwards there have been, amongst his opponents, those who take refuge in attack on his method. Scorn of the dot and the dash has come forward to play its part in the business of answering Mr. Wells. Sterne and Rabelais and the earlier Wells, genially aware of the reader and with nothing to fear from him, offer open hospitality on their pages, space, while their wit detonates, for the responsive beat of the reader's own consciousness. The later Wells, usually the prey of dismay, anger or despair, handles the resources of the printed page almost exclusively as missiles, aimed full at the intelligence alone.

Of the value of punctuation and, particularly, of its value as pace-maker for the reader's creative consciousness, no one has had a keener sense than Mr. Henry James. No one has more sternly, or more cunningly, secured the collaboration of the reader. Along his prose not even the most casual can succeed in going at top-speed. Short of the casting off of burdens, the deep breath, the headlong plunge, the sustained steady swimming, James gives nothing at all. To complete renunciation he offers the recreative repose that is the [illegible] of open-eyed concentration. As aesthetic [illegible], with its peculiar joys and edifications, the prose

of James keeps its power, even for those in utmost revolt against his vision, indefinitely. It is a spiritual Swedish Drill. Gently, painlessly, without shock or weariness, as he carries us unhasting, unresting, over his vast tracts of statement, we learn to stretch attention to the utmost. And to the utmost James tested, suspending from the one his wide loops, and from the other his deep-hung garlands of expression, the strength of the comma and the semi-colon. He never broke a rule. With him, punctuation, neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding directly from its original source in life, stands exactly where it was at its first discovery. His text, for one familiar with it, might be reduced, without increase of the attention it demands, to the state of the unpunctuated scripts of old time. So rich and splendid is the fabric of sound he weaves upon the appointed loom, that his prose, chanted to his punctuation, in an unknown tongue, would serve as well as a mass—in D minor.

Yet even James, finding within bonds all the freedom he desired, did not quite escape the police. Down upon almost his last written words came the iron hand of Mr. Crosland, sternly, albeit most respectfully, recommending a strait-jacket in the shape of full-stops to be borrowed—from Mr. Bart Kennedy. Whose stops are shouts. A pleasant jest. Relieving no doubt a long felt desire for the presence in Mr. James of a little ginger. But Crosland is austere. Sternly, with no intervals for laughter, he drags us headlong, breathless, belaboured, from jest to jest with never a smile or pause. It is his essential compactness that makes him a so masterly sonneteer. His sonnets gleam, now like metalled ships, now like jewels. Prose, in his sense, might be written like a sonnet. First the form, a well-balanced distribution of stops for each paragraph, and then the text. An interesting experiment.

As interesting as that now on trial in a prose that is a conscious protest against everything that has been done to date by the hand of talent at work upon inspiration. But the dadaists, in so far as they are paying to law the loud tribute of anarchy, are the counterparts of the strictly orthodox.

Meanwhile, for those who stand between purists and rebels, the rules of punctuation are neither sacred, nor execrable, nor quite absolute. No waving of the tablets of the law has been able to arrest organic adaptation. The test of irregularities is their effectiveness. Verbless phrases flanked by full-stops, the use of *and* at the beginning of a sentence, and kindred effective irregularities, are safe servants, for good, in the cause of the written word. And always there has been a certain variability in the use of the comma. As the shortest breath of punctuation it is allowed, without controversy, to wander a little.

Yet the importance of the comma cannot be exaggerated. It is the angel, or the devil, amongst the stops. In prose, everything turns upon its use. Misplaced, it destroys sense more readily than either of its fellows. For while their wanderings are heavy-footed, either at once obvious, or easily traceable, the comma plays its pranks unobtrusively. Used discreetly, it clears meaning and sets both tone and pace. And it possesses a charm denied to other stops. Innocence, punctuating at the bidding of a prompting from within, has the comma for its darling. Spontaneous commas are as delightful in their way as spontaneous spelling; as delightful as the sharp breath drawn by a singing child in the middle of a word.

Experiment with the comma, as distinct from recourse to its recognised variability, is to be found, since the stereotyping of the rules, only here and there and takes one form: its exclusion from sequences of adjectives. This exclusion suggests an awareness of

the power of the comma as a holder-up, a desire to allow adjectives to converge, in the mind of the reader, as swiftly as possible upon their object. But one would expect to find, together with such awareness, discrimination. And, so far as I know, the exclusion of the comma when it is practised at all, is unvarying; the possibilities are missed as surely here, as they are in conformity to the letter of the law.

The use of the comma, whether between phrases or in sequences of adjectives, is best regulated by the consideration of its time-value. If, for example, we read :—

> "Tom went singing at the top of his voice up the stairs at a run that ended suddenly on the landing in a collision with the sweep,"

we are brought sensibly nearer to sharing the incident than if we read :—

> "Tom went, singing at the top of his voice, up the stairs, at a run that ended, suddenly, on the landing, in a collision with the sweep."

Conversely, if we read :—

> "Tom stupid with fatigue fearing the worst staggered without word or sign of greeting into the room,"

we are further off than in reading :—

> "Tom, stupid with fatigue, fearing the worst, staggered, without word or sign of greeting, into the room."

Even more obvious is the time-value of the comma in sequences of adjectives :—

> "Suave low-toned question-begging excuses"

bears the same meaning as :—

> "Suave, low-toned, question-begging excuses."

But the second is preferable.

> "Huge soft bright pink roses."

may be written :—

" Huge, soft, bright, pink roses."

But the first wins.

It is a good plan, in the handling of phrases, to beware of pauses when appealing mainly to the eye, and to cherish them when appealing to reflection. With sequences of single words, and particularly of adjectives, when the values are concrete, reinforcing each other, accumulating without modification or contradiction upon a single object of sight, the comma is an obstruction. When the values are abstract, qualifying each other and appealing to reflection, or to vision, or to both vision and reflection at once, the comma is essential. If there is a margin of uncertainty, any possibility of ambiguity or misapprehension, it is best, no matter what is sacrificed of elasticity or of swiftness, to load up with commas. Or the reader may pay tax. And it is dangerous in these days of hurried readings to ask for the re-scanning even of a single phrase.

But there is woe in store, unless he be a prince of proof-readers, for the writer who varies his punctuation. The kindly hands that regulate his spelling will regulate also his use of stops ; and, since hands are human, they will regulate irregularly. The result, when the author has altered the alterations, also irregularly, sometimes reading punctuation on to the page when it is not there—is chaos.

A New Science.—Hitherto science has been mainly the subjugation of the external world. I dream sometimes of a science which shall be cultivated as physical science is now, but shall have for its objects our private peace and happiness ; for example, the harnessing and guidance of the imagination. At present we fight naked and are no better armed than our ancestors of 2,000 years ago.—(*Mark Rutherford.*)

THE ANCIENT SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY

By Frederick Carter

THE ancient science of astrology is in a ridiculous condition to-day. Its practitioners, by their credulous belief in a worthless prognostic, and by native stupidity enlivened occasionally by a touch of the knave, have at last attained to a marvellous stultification of everything that was once of value. Degeneration set in long ago. Claudius Ptolemy was sufficiently absurd, but his work had a living context of belief and rule, and this served to keep his book alive, to preserve it in a certain environment of knowledge.

Practically the whole body of the antique lore of the stars has passed through the crucible of Moslem Arab thought, on its way to our age. It is a lore that could not long remain away from the great dry plains of Arabia and the Near East, and live. Man needed clarity and space, for his direct communion with the sky. And even among the Arabs, astrology became a matter of book-knowledge : they wrote it down, and the western world came later on, to read. The heavens on paper have killed for us the heavens that walk their meaning across the night.

The sky no longer wheels gloriously before the eyes of the contemplative astrologer ; the modern gentleman looks up the matter in tables and refers for information to his authorities. And such authorities ! Their name is Legion, though they commonly adopt the *nom de plume* of a mighty angel.

Nevertheless, embalmed by the careful stupidity of

repetition, there lies in astrology the body of an old great scheme of thought. And although judicial astrology is worthless, its texts are of first importance, for they preserve an enduring monument of certain co-related images which contain the very principles of ancient thought. The Chaldeans and Egyptians did not think in the way we think ; their system, therefore, was not elaborated from the pre-eminent faculty of reason. We in our day admit no serious appeal against the rational understanding unless, perhaps, when we are in the doctor's hands.

A purely rational system struck the squirming remains of philosophy stone dead in the nineteenth century. But the victor had already been in triumphant possession of the field for a long, long time. The reasonable men had been busy in other and more productive fields than the barren acre of metaphysics. The elaboration of machines and the intensive study of mechanical laws had led up to the conquest of mechanical power, and dominion over life and thought. Man forgot the true purpose of his mastery and drove every day more wildly along the line of the rational assumptions that had hallucinated him, developing ever more intricately the mechanisms that were his gods. He interposed machine after machine between himself and the objects of his old interest, he recorded wire-drawn observations, and he abstracted continually ; he withdrew from his fullness of knowledge at the core of life, and, seeking to sharpen his powers, departed from their real source and lost feeling.

To approach Astrology from the purely modern point of view is a waste of time. In its present form the old science is dominated by the calculations and other fantasies of the birth horoscope, and whatever it retains of the old wisdom has become the vehicle for mere superstition. Ancient thought did not live by abstract [illegible]. Things to the true pagan were intimately related to [illegible]

experience within, lively, sensual, neither requiring nor tolerating undue reliance upon calculations. They thought in images of the warm senses. The image is a thing that to-day, from lack of coherent associations, requires a withering translation to be intelligible.

And so, as the old way of feeling has gone more and more, our words themselves have lost their concrete sensual reality. So far indeed that we no longer find it possible really and truly to *imagine*. When we speak of " a man," we mean something which only exists, to put it briefly, in our own consciousness. We do not know the man substantially exists until he bumps into us. The ancients did not think as we do of " a man " : they felt a substantial image : they wrote a hieroglyph. Their word represented not an idea alone, but a sensual reaction very definitely sensed each time the word was uttered : such words were powerful and alive.

Our words are dead shells, empty of sensual content, and only Art, by the stress of powerful rhythm and the energy of association can occasionally put the blood of life into them.

Taking the way of image thinking, thoughtfully sensual, not hampered by excess of rational intellect, with its prejudices, its means, and its modes, the ancients tried to understand man in their own manner. They did not abstract him as we do, they could only project a great image of him. This image they saw in the greatest of mirrors that the sensuous living mind could conceive—the heavens. There they saw, *reflected from their own souls*, a great figure, the Cosmic Man, and therein fused their conception of Time and Space.

The Cosmic Man is defined and outlined by the stars. He changes as the days change and as the seasons, but the spring of being in him is eternal. His qualities—courage, &c.—are never abstracted into ideas, they throb and pulse in their native constellations. Courage

is a Lion. The Lion is other things besides courage, but the Lion is that which is courageous, bold and masterful in man. Between abstract courage and that which is courageous and masterful in man lies the difference.

The heavens then are a big, living, flashing, *changing* image of man who changes. But ideas are abstract, fixed, and changeless, they belong to categories and formal orders. It is impossible ideally to fix a symbol in its native power, drawing energy for its fuller understanding from the very process of apprehension, whether in its maker who conceives it or in another who considers it. Hence the symbol must *not* be fixed in rational meaning, whoever reads it must throw in his own experience. Philosophy has never escaped the fundamental image, but it can and has achieved a rational vengeance, petrifying it as "idea."

When the myth—which is simply an extension of the symbol into relation with other significant images—when the myth falls into the hands of the scientist, he provides ideal categories and determinants. He fails in understanding because the image, the symbol, is embarrassing to him. It confuses him, he seeks for logical explanations and depends upon the breaking reed of philology. These myth-explainers fail to do more than allocate, under certain headings, collections of stories and cult practices, an admirable pastime for pedant and plodder. Naturally they do not desire to offer meanings which will in the least degree react upon the life of their readers, and as a consequence they fail to reach the essential scheme that would provide the authoritative meanings. But still they dabble in the great stream of the most profound ancient thought, the terms of which, even in to-day's abstracted life, recur continually with powerful emphasis and in differing ways; ways usually of distortion and malformation.

The heavens, then, were alive. They moved with

the masterful assurance that man in his own vast arrogance felt within himself. He was not, the star seer, a creeping, stinking aboriginal, but a knower of earth and sky. His kinship with the predominant beasts was not acknowledged by him, it was his glory of mastery, and he set them among the constellations of the Perfect Man, Lord of Cosmos.

The central line, as it were a backbone from head to foot of this greater man, was the Ecliptic of the twelve Zodiacal Signs. The Ram, Aries, is his head; the Bull, Taurus, his neck; The Twins, Gemini, are his shoulders and arms; The Crab, Cancer, is the breast; The Lion, Leo, the heart and sides; Virgo, the Virgin, is the belly, The Balance, Libra, is the lower belly, hips; The Scorpion is the genital parts; The Archer, Sagittarius, the thighs; The Goat-Fish, Capricorn, the knees, The Waterpourer, Aquarius, the lower leg, shins; The Fishes, Pisces, the feet.

These twelve constellations form the path in which the visibly changeful powers amongst the stars move as they are regarded from the earth. But the great sweep of the stars swinging uniformly around the North Pole is far too inevitable and certain in order, to offer a true exposition of man's life as it is lived. That is the great background living and moving in perfection, the visible origin of perfect life. But in the pathway of the twelve great signs moves the qualifying complex of the planets, the seven inferiors who possess an intermediary lordship over men. They provide the possibilities of the changeable and they represent the seven great sensual centre of the ancient scheme. They are the Gods of Times.

These are the familiar seven planetary gods, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury and Moon. That they are seven and not more in astrology is so because, in the first place, they are those which are directly visible to the unaided eye; and again, because the

psychological system from which they are reduced is heptadic, consistently dependent for its basis of understanding upon seven centres of power within and the correspondent heptads in the natural world without.

These things were not derived one from the other; the knowledge that there were seven powers above and seven within, grew in the self-same manner at the self-same time. The problem of one life in the heavens attained solution conformably with that of the life within. And all this was developed from movements of the planets, particularly of the sun, which is regarded also as a planet, occasion the years and furthermore the astrological cycles of life.

The retrogression of the sun is a slight movement of only one degree in the life of a man. Each seventy-two years the great central planet slips back a three-hundred-and-sixtieth part of the whole circle of the starry horizon. That is, every Easter, at dawn on the vernal equinox, the sun rises a hair's-breadth further back in the particular constellation that stands over the east at that hour. Before the time of Jesus, the sun rose for many hundreds of years, at dawn on the vernal equinox, out of the sign of Aries. Aries is the sign of the Ram, or, in our day, the Lamb. And the sun was said, and is still said, to rise at Easter in the first sign of Aries, the sign of the Lamb.

But about the time of the coming of Jesus, the time of the rise of Christianity, the slow retrogression of the sun had carried the sun gradually backwards out of the sign of Aries, till at Easter dawn he rose in the sign of Pisces, the Fishes. Aries was no longer the first sign. For our era, Pisces, the Fishes, the sign of Jesus the Fish-symbolized, has been the first sign, still is the first sign. Yet astronomers and astrologers alike persist in talking of the First Sign of Aries, as if this First Sign were the fixed, unchangeable X of astrology.

And now, after two thousand years, the sun has edged

across the starry group of Pisces, and is about to depart from this sign also. Soon, it may be within a hundred years' time, the sun will arise in the constellation following Pisces, which is Aquarius, the water-bearer, the legs of the Cosmic Man, as Aries is the head and Pisces the feet. When at Easter dawn the sun comes up in the sign of Aquarius, then Aquarius is the first sign of the vital year, first sign in the House of Life.

The retrogression of the sun, the wheeling back of the signs of the zodiac, when we imagine ourselves in the stars looking back at earth, is no more than the swinging of the axis of the earth. It is as if the north pole of our earth, like a pencil point, were tracing a slow, slow circle on the sky. It takes our strange earth some twenty-six, or so, thousand years to trace its circle through the stars. At the present moment, the pencil point of our north pole is poised over the Little Bear, very near the star Polaris. But the point of the pole is invisibly but inevitably moving backwards, and moving round in a circle. It traces a line from constellation to constellation. One after the other of the great starry groups that we see at night wheeling round our pole-star must, in their turn, become the group of the pole, containing the pole-star of our earth. At the opposite side of the inner circle of pole-stars, opposite to our present Polaris, lies the great star Vega. And Vega herself must have been the pole-star, Vega Polaris, long long ago, about thirteen thousand years ago.

So the cycle of the Great Year of the stars shifts round, and with it shifts the fate of mankind. Nobody wishes to say that the rising of the sun in the first sign of Pisces instead of Aries *makes* the great change in human destiny. But it *marks* it. The slow reverse rolling of the heavens in the cycle of the Great Year is the rolling of Time and Destiny. And as the sun left the sign of Aries, Time and the destiny of Man changed vitally. Now the sun moves towards the Water-pourer,

out of the sign of the Fishes, and Destiny is moving a great change in the soul of all mankind.

This is how the true astrologer chooses to read the heavens. Not that the stars *make* fate. But as the mysterious Lord of cosmic law slowly moves the heavens, the life of men moves too. As, in the Great Year of the Lord of the Stars, the sun departs from the sign of the Fishes, and the Pole slowly points away from Polaris, towards another star, so there rises in the breast and belly of man new powers, new feelings, new knowing, and the old power passes away, the old feelings die down and decay, the old knowledge falls to pieces.

That the change in the heavens concurs with the change in man is an old, old belief. The mystery that moves one moves all. It is perhaps easier to prove it than to disprove.

All that the astrologer does, watching the change of the heavens, is to read into these the changes in his own breast and belly, the changes in his own subconscious, his own soul, and get a glimpse of his own destiny by projecting himself upon the subtle stars. Whoever wheels the sky, it is not man who does it. It is something far greater than man. And from this something far greater than man we can catch a hint of our own coming destiny, watching with clairvoyant eyes the movement of all movements.

But, for some mysterious reason, astrology in the beginning of the Christian era made a dead stop at the sign of Aries; Aries, the head of the Cosmic Man. Our spring, our Easter, our resurrection and re-birth is in Aries, the sign of the head.

This is a strange arrest. Because, all the while, in the cycle of the Greater Life we long ago passed away from Aries, the first sign, into Pisces, the last sign, the sign of the feet. While we make the arrest in the head, our Greater Life has been stealing away to the unconscious feet. Now, as the sun is moving to depart

from Pisces into Aquarius, the Greater Life is rising, like sap, to the thighs of the Cosmic Man : to the heroic thighs of the Titans, the red-earth giants of a new beginning in Time. The thighs where man is still tree-like, with divided roots.

This happens in the Greater Year. In the lesser years of our life we are still in the first sign of Aries, still arrested in the head. But it is no good. The Greater Year wheels on. The last sign becomes the first, the transfer is accomplished, leaving us bombinating in vacuo, before we fall.

In the Greater Year Man grows from the feet upwards to the head, like a tree, as the sun moves from sign to sign. Also, at the close of the Greater Year, power falls to earth again, as the sun in one small era goes down to Pisces from Aries. In the days of the Slain Lamb the transfer is made. It is a sort of collapse. But it is only the falling of the ripe nuts out of the dead tree.

And so it is. The soul of man long, long ago built up, in the skies, the absolute image of itself, changeful, changeless, the *same* and the *other*. The starry figures and their myths man figured out for this one purpose, of supreme self-knowing. In the sky of day he saw his singleness and mastery, as the sun, in the sky of night the complex of mysterious variants within.

The One Word.—I have a strange fancy—that there is one word which I was sent into the world to say. At times I can dimly make it out, but I cannot speak it. Nevertheless it serves to make all other speech seem beside the mark and futile.—(*Mark Rutherford.*)

The One Religion.—There never has been but one religion, nor has it ever been absent from the world. It commenced to call itself Christian in apostolic times.—(*St. Augustine.*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

New Lights on Saint Athanasius.—In the year 305 A.D. a quarrel broke out among the Christians whom the Great Persecution had brought into the prison at Alexandria. Not all Christians had shown an equal constancy at the prospect of exile or death; many had yielded to the oppressor, sacrificed to the state deities, and been, for their apostasy, expelled from the community of the faithful. But persecutions never lasted indefinitely, and this one, too, was bound to end some time; already, it seems, there were signs of a slackening in its intensity. Many of the weaker brethren were asking to be readmitted to the Christian body. What was to be done about it? On this point there was a difference of opinion among the Christian prisoners. The more lenient view was taken by Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, the sterner by Meletius, Bishop of Lycopolis, who ranked second to him among the Egyptian Bishops. No deep principle was involved; it was a matter of degree only; but it was debated with all the acerbity which the disciples of the religion of love had imported into theological controversy. Neither side would give way; and at last "when Peter," says Epiphanius, "saw that the party of Meletius, moved beyond measure by godly zeal, opposed his clement proposal, he spread out a cloak to form a curtain in the middle of the prison and proclaimed by the mouth of a deacon: 'Let those of my opinion come over to me, those of Meletius's to him.'"

So the dispute ended in a schism, which subsequent proceedings on the part of Meletius accentuated. Meletius and many others were banished to Palestine, but continued even there to worship separately; Peter

was martyred in 311, but his death did not close the rift. The Council of Nicaea, summoned in 325 to deal with the Arian controversy, discussed, as an appendix to its main proceedings, the Meletian schism, and arrived at a compromise which, like most compromises, satisfied neither party. Meletius did, indeed, make a formal submission to Alexander, the Bishop of Alexandria, in 327, but dying soon afterwards he ordained as his succesor a certain John Archaph, and thus reopened the schism. He was quickly followed to the grave by Alexander, whose successor, the young and very vigorous Athanasius, had a short way with dissenters. The harried Meletians sent an embassy to lay their case before the Emperor ; but the envoys were refused an audience, and after drifting disconsolately about Constantinople and Nicomedia for some time they concluded an alliance with the Arian faction, then under the able leadership of Eusebius of Nicomedia. This alliance proved very deadly, leading to the first exile of Athanasius after the Synod of Tyre in 335 ; and thenceforth we find Arians and Meletians in close association. The Meletian sect can be traced in Egypt as late as the eighth century ; but only in the fourth had it more than provincial importance.

Our knowledge of church history in the fourth century depends mainly, though not quite exclusively, upon Catholic sources, and it is therefore matter for gratification that the scanty evidence from the other side has just been supplemented by some new documents. These are a group of ten papyri recently acquired by the British Museum. They formed part of the papers of a certain Paiêous, a leading member of a Meletian community at Hathor in the Upper Cynopolite nome. These letters (for all but one are letters), despite their Byzantine fluffiness, which veils a little meaning in a monstrous jumble of words, are of exceptional interest for the light they throw on the life of a Christian com-

munity in the reign of Constantine the Great. But it is by virtue of two only of the papyri that the collection boasts its special importance. One of these, the only contract in the series, fixes at last the disputed date of the Synod of Caesarea, to which Athanasius was cited to answer charges of murder and sacrilege, but which he refused to attend on the doubtless justified ground that the court was not impartial; the other and more interesting, a long letter from an Alexandrian Meletian, gives a vivid picture of the sufferings to which the sectaries were exposed at the hands of Athanasius and his adherents.

It is the eve of the Synod of Tyre, to which, after the breakdown of that at Caesarea, Constantine summoned Athanasius. The Bishop, urgently cited to face his judges and uncertain whether to obey the call, is endeavouring to make a clearance of the ground at Alexandria before his departure; and we hear of Bishops and others imprisoned or driven into exile, and of at least one cleric scourged. Athanasius believed in the wisdom of "getting his blow in first." But it was not only the official persecution of Athanasius that the Meletians had to face; there were unofficial amenities also. Much of the letter is occupied with an account of a fracas at Nicopolis, the suburb of Alexandria, and in the military camp which adjoined it. Isaac, Meletian Bishop of Nicopolis, had arranged to dine at the camp with a certain Heraiscus, but the Athanasians, hearing of this, broke into the camp—in a drunken state, according to the writer, but his standard of intoxication may, like Wordsworth's, have been low—with the intention of lynching the diners. Some Meletian soldiers hid these in the military store-houses, and the baffled Athanasians wreaked their wrath on such Meletians as they could find in the neighbourhood. In an unfortunately mutilated passage we seem to hear of yet more sensational proceedings. The charge of sacrilege which

Athanasius had to answer at Tyre was brought not against the Bishop himself but against a presbyter of his named Macarius, who was taken to Tyre in chains. Now in this passage there appears to be a reference to the arrest of Macarius, and the writer states that three agents of Athanasius had left Egypt with the intention of "carrying him off," that is, apparently, of rescuing him from justice, but that they were seized by "Apa John," who is probably John Archaph. Since the arrest of Macarius had been ordered by Constantine himself it will be seen that Athanasius or his agents did not lack daring.

The new letter places the proceedings at Tyre in a new light. It is, of course, like Athanasius's own narrative, a partisan statement, but it shows, what was suspected before, that there was more justification for the attack on Athanasius than the Catholic tradition allows to appear, and it may rank among the most precious documents of fourth-century ecclesiastical history. It and the remaining Meletian letters, with some other important papyri recently acquired by the British Museum, are being edited in a special volume, *Jews and Christians in Egypt*, which should appear very shortly.—H. I. BELL.

THE WOMAN OF PARIS.—Most films are the work not of any one person, but of a corporation. *A* invents a plot: *B* writes the scenario: *C* directs the acting, chooses the sets. The actors themselves frequently have no clear idea of what they are supposed to be doing. When the string of photographs is assembled, pruned, along comes *D* to add the subtitles. The first merit of Chaplin's film, *The Woman of Paris*, is that it *is* the work of one man and the expression of a single individual's unromantic but generous view of humanity.

It is the story of Marie St. Clair, who, separated from her young man on the eve of marriage by her

own wounded vanity consequent on parental interference, becomes the mistress of Pierre Revel, a rich bachelor. She meets her fiancé again, hovers undecidedly between him and the more prosperous Pierre : her jealous sweetheart shoots himself. Then Marie adopts a life of severe simplicity and service. I do not pretend that this unassuming plot has much value, but the telling of it in picture-phrases which suggest the whole nature of the characters, the resourceful development of minute situations, and the indications of atmosphere are masterly. There is hardly an inch of unnecessary explanation. For instance, the familiar scene of a train coming into the station is replaced by bewitching photography of the lights from carriage-windows gliding over the waiting-room walls and over Marie's tense figure. Pierre's relation to Marie is made quite clear, without statement, by the way he goes into her bedroom and helps himself to a clean handkerchief. And each incident of action is based on a *convincing* revelation of its psychological cause. Chaplin really understands the eloquence of the moving-picture, and he is the one American producer who does not underrate the intelligence of his audience.

The author-producer has also rendered a service to cinematography in relegating two of its meaningless stock-types to the dustbin. So often screen-characters are the mere personification of an attribute : they are labelled *thief, sailor, jealous husband*, and when they are neither thieving, hitching up their slacks, nor out-husbanding Othello, they do nothing, have no existence apart from their "humour." In *The Woman of Paris* away go the dreary villainess of the underworld and the shallow roué. We have instead a Marie who does not gulp champagne and is not a bit depraved. She is just an impulsive, unlucky girl with an unformed character. And Pierre, inimitably acted by Adolphe

Menjou, although the wretch is positively intimate with a girl he has no intention of marrying, is a magnificent creature—competent, elegant, easy-going, exactly what he chooses to be—Byron's " man of this world." Such a departure from traditional characterization has earned Chaplin the title of cynic, though there is little cynicism in the piece and much tenderness and candour. The last scene is peculiarly effective. Pierre, motoring through the country, passes Marie riding home in a farm-cart. Neither sees the other. The cart rumbles on, the motor disappears down the road.

There are details which arouse criticism, particularly the little children with jammy faces just before the ending: they do not belong to work of this type at all. Then, the two angry fathers in the first scenes are too much alike. And Chaplin's comment on champagne-truffles in a long sub-title is altogether irrelevant. But ten such weaknesses would be forgiven him for the sake of Marie's masseuse, who kneads her mistress briskly and listens to her conversation with an indescribable expression of detached disapproval: or the well-meaning mother, who offers her heart-broken son a candy.

If a poor film is one which merely distracts the sight, and a good film one which also intrigues the imagination, as I believe, then this, while brilliant rather than profound, is a notable one. When Chaplin has completed the new comedy in the snows which he is making, I wish very much he would produce another drama, and act in it himself, not as Charlie of the hat and stick, but in a straight part which he would create for himself. —IRIS BARRY.

THE APOCALYPSE.—The Apocalypse is a strange and mysterious book. One therefore welcomes any serious work upon it. Now Dr. John Oman (*The Book of Revelation*, Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.

net) has undertaken the rearrangement of the sections into an intelligible order. The clue to the order lies in the idea that the theme is the conflict between true and false religion, false religion being established upon the Beast of world empire. Behind the great outward happenings of the world lie the greater, but more mysterious happenings of the divine ordination. The Apocalypse unfolds in symbols the dual event of the crashing-down of world-empire and world-civilization, and the triumph of men in the way of God.

Doctor Oman's rearrangement and his exposition give one a good deal of satisfaction. The main drift we can surely accept. John's passionate and mystic hatred of the civilization of his day, a hatred so intense only because he knew that the living realities of men's being were displaced by it, is something to which the soul answers now again. His fierce, new usage of the symbols of the four Prophets of the Old Testament gives one a feeling of relief, of release into passionate actuality, after the tight pettiness of modern intellect.

Yet we cannot agree that Dr. Oman's explanation of the Apocalypse is exhaustive. No explanation of symbols is final. Symbols are not intellectual quantities, they are not to be exhausted by the intellect.

And an Apocalypse has, must have, is intended to have various levels or layers or strata of meaning. The fall of World Rule and World Empire before the Word of God is certainly one stratum. And perhaps it would be easier to leave it at that. Only it is not satisfying.

Why should Doctor Oman oppose the view that, besides the drama of the fall of World Rule and the triumph of the Word, there is another drama, or rather several other concurrent dramas? We gladly accept Dr. Oman's interpretation of the two Women and the Beasts. But why should he appear so unwilling to accept any astrological reference? Why should not the symbols have an astrological meaning, and the drama

be also a drama of the cosmic man, in terms of the stars?

As a matter of fact, old symbols have many meanings, and we only define one meaning in order to leave another undefined. So with the meaning of the Book of Revelation. Hence the inexhaustibility of its attraction. —L. H. DAVIDSON.

THE AMERICAN REVOLT.—The keynote of a great many American novels at the moment is dissatisfaction. *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, *Where the Blue Begins*, and other best sellers whose tone is one of irony, have been best sellers partly because they have fallen into an age of intellectual discontent. *The Plastic Age*, a new novel by Mr. Percy Marks, applies the same technique of irony to college life. It has the ingredients for popularity, and, as a sketch, it is painfully applicable to undergraduate existence in the States. It helps to swell the ranks of the rebellious, of those who refuse to accept the society into which the 100 per cent. American settles complacently. There are many voices who dislike the Zeniths of America much as Jonah disliked Nineveh, much as Carlyle disliked the rich. The call is not so loud. It is a confused murmur, rather than a clarion, but it is growing in intensity. There is, however, one great handicap. One feels the truth of Clutton-Brock's words about Carlyle: "He had no notion of a civilization to take the place of that which he wished to destroy, nor of a peace of mind to succeed the complacent torpor against which he raged." The American school of self-examination, the writers whom many Americans condemn as hypercritical, seems likewise to be lacking on the constructive side. Without a more effective platform, the revolt is likely to degenerate into idle denunciations, not unmixed with bitterness.—FRANK MORLEY.

The Amateur in the Theatre.—The flattering attention given by the Press to the production by the Leeds Art Theatre of "The Great World Theatre," the mystery play by Hugo von Hofmannstal, which previously had been given only by Reinhardt in Austria, has given a picturesque advertisement to the work of those small groups of Yorkshire enthusiasts who, in lieu of a professional theatre of worthy standards, have made one of their own. That there were men and women sufficiently interested in drama to produce a mystery play at all, and then that they should have found a church to perform it in, seems to have excited onlookers outside to wonder. Yet . . . it is rather a pity that it was Hofmannstal's play that should have been the occasion of their discovery. As an adventure undertaken in good faith, as a disinterested experiment, the enterprise was praiseworthy enough; but the play let us down.

The Great World Theatre bears all the signs of being the work of a man weary to his soul. It begins with a great spurt. It has poetry. It has passion. It mounts in interest until the Beggar, in a revelation, discovers that unless we are born again, we are but puppets in this play which is God's. Then the passion goes out of the play. After this most important discovery the Beggar is seen no more until he enters to plead for the kiss of death. What did Hofmannstal mean by rebirth? He does not tell us. He does not give us anything from which we might even make a guess. This was the matter in which we were most vitally interested. It was the point at which all the meaning and significance of the play should have welled out to command the deepest of our intuitions, to command a sympathy with one who had struggled for and found a way of life. But the Beggar just disappeared. He reappeared only to meet Death gladly and to join in a procession of Souls to appear before God for judgment. God looked down

merely like a Bishop, and the Last Judgment as described to us by Hofmannstal, would not do credit to the imagination of the studios of Los Angeles.

Earlier, the Beggar had prompted comparisons with Piers Plowman; but Piers Plowman had a vision of a Christ and the Beggar had none. The Beggar found the world bad. He took up the axe to clear it of its undergrowths and find God; but he did not clear the world for he had found no Messiah—nor even found the need for one. He learned to renounce the world, not to redeem it. The Beggar, after all, was only a tired Nihilist, and his last appearance at the Great Judgment, when God and His Angel, mark approval and disapproval, and award prizes for being good, was a sentimental débâcle.

The production of *The Great World Theatre* then illustrates the northern amateur movement only in its readiness to make experiments. There are three groups of these Amateur companies. There is the Leeds Art Theatre (which has, however, acquired a tinge of professionalism during the last season), the Thespians at Huddersfield, and the Industrial Theatre at Hunslet. The three between them put on more plays during the winter than any dozen West End theatres during the whole year. Perhaps the most remarkable is the Industrial Theatre. It began as a branch of welfare work at the perambulator works of Messrs. Simpson Fawcett. Mr. James R. Gregson, a Yorkshire dramatist, one of the founders of the Huddersfield group, is its director. It is supported by weekly subscriptions of threepence or fourpence a week by the workpeople. Permanent premises have been secured, and last season, with some financial assistance from the firm, one show a week was put on either by the workpeople themselves (coached by Mr. Gregson), or by the Leeds Art Theatre or the Huddersfield group. Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and Shelley's *The Cenci* were the more remarkable of the productions

of the winter. The cast of *Peer Gynt* was composed of workpeople—except that Mr. Gregson played the title rôle and that the Leeds Symphony Orchestra played Grieg's music. But for *The Cenci* more experienced players from the Leeds Art Theatre were employed. *The Cenci* still remains about the most remarkable thing in the theatre of the north.

It cannot be said that the acting of the Hunslet workpeople is very good; but it does sometimes bring surprising thrills. The players are raw. Their work, therefore, does not mean a shooting off of a series of practised effects; and as one watches them, one is suddenly aware that their crudities have become illuminated by a passion deeply and simply felt. They are their own stage hands, their own electricians, and as dozens of these workpeople busy themselves with Shakespeare or Ibsen—and it should be known that they are slum dwellers who have been abandoned by the trade unions are difficult to organize, by the Churches as impossible to touch except by the shock tactics of the Salvation Army—they do, for the first time since they left school, find in that work a conscious attitude towards life. Drama has become for them an expression of faith.

The Huddersfield group, who, like the Leeds Art Theatre, are composed of more experienced players, are able to give performances at least as good as most touring professional companies and they are, like the Industrial Theatre, a self-supporting organization with their own electricians, their own stage hands, and their own producers—all of them unpaid. They are the oldest of the three groups, and since they began their work four years ago they have produced four new plays since accepted by London managers, as well as several plays which had short runs in town and were never taken out on tour. It is unnecessary to apologise for the quality of these productions; but the ultimate import-

ance of their work is not measured by the ability with which the plays are performed. These amateurs have made a theatre of their own which reanimates all that is significant in the old phrase "play house." To these people the theatre is no longer a place you enter to get out of the wet or a diversion from the home or the club, but the most natural of means of social expression and that most thrilling of things, a co-operative quest for a way of life. And where else does the theatre mean that?

All the criticisms upon the state of the theatre I have seen have omitted this one point: that all important social activities deteriorate when they become professionalised; they tend to lose purity and freshness of motive; conventions encrust themselves and there enters, if not corruption, a contentment with "safety" and a distrust of experiment. Professionalism has become an admitted reproach in sport; the sanitary influence is the amateur. This has been the grave weakness of our theatre—that it has been too thoroughly professionalised, and that the amateur has had small influence upon it. "Amateur theatricals" (a very different thing from the amateur little theatre) has indeed meant only a copy of the professional box of tricks; and until the amateur has the status in the theatre that he has at the Marylebone Cricket Club the theatre will continue its present unexciting and unadventurous paths.—SIDNEY H. CROWTHER.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

By The Journeyman

ENCOURAGING souls, our scientists! Now and then one of them will stop work on whatever mystery he is unravelling to impress on us the important truth that the modern world is mainly the growth of notions out of laboratories. We recall Widnes, the Eiffel Tower, phosgene, the broadcasting programme for the day, the submarine, and the aspect of the Ypres salient, and thank him for his reminder. Then another of them, judging that our gratitude may be a trifle mildewed, the modern atmosphere being somewhat damp and sad, emerges to admonish us with the remark that the scientist is not responsible for the use we make of his discoveries, and that if some dubious character touches off the explosive which the chemist so generously evolved for our benefit, then that is entirely our funeral. We had an idea that it looked like our stately progress to the cemetery, a doubt which prevented us from assuring him that though we felt rather cold we did not blame him in the least.

Now Sir Oliver Lodge, who wishes us to realize the extreme peril in which humanity is placed since it has discovered so many methods of destroying itself, appears at a conference of Christian ministers, who had met to debate the current value of the Word, to assure them and us that, as a fact, humanity has hardly a chance. Mankind is heading straight to self-destruction; and, in effect, the cathedral will be blown to vacuity and the serene blue by the College of Science. So it looks as

if we shall have to postpone that holiday. We have been altogether too ingenious; our morals have not kept pace with our ingenuity. We do not and perhaps cannot control our instinct for destruction. Our refreshment at the Tree of Knowledge disclosed, as it were, that prussic acid could be extracted from the pips, and that this distillation of virtue would serve to convince definitely any ignorant brother of our superior attainment if he were fool enough to challenge them. It used to be said that Dean Swift was a misanthrope. But is there anything Swift charged against us which Sir Oliver did not assure the pastors was a rot inherent in their flocks?

And by the look of it Sir Oliver is right. Our late brother in arms the Frenchman tells us with pride that now he has two guns on his coast which can bombard any British city within ninety miles; the cities which once sent recruits for his succour. He is most polite about it. He means no harm. But his mind works that way. I remember, too, reading an official document from India which explained why a gallant British airman had bombed and killed some Indian children coming out of school; and there again no harm had been intended. No. It is impossible, I gathered from the official apology to distinguish bibs and tuckers at a great height. The hero simply thought he had observed an assembly. People had no right to meet together there, so he dropped a bomb to send them home. It was merely the airman's ill-luck. Yet it is pertinent to ask: What sort of home life, what sort of education, what sort of religious teaching, would accord the mind of a youth with the act of dropping a bomb or a shell into a body of fellow creatures merely because he was told to do it? We will pass over the fact that the English boy dropped that bomb; we will pass over it because, far worse than the effect of a boy's destruc-

tive act on a crowd of younger children, is the mind of a community which would give a youngster such a task, the means to perform it, and the conscience which would be untroubled by the consequences of his act of duty.

I recall a school anniversary, and a brigadier as the principal admonisher of youth on that occasion. He advised the boys to take no notice of the League of Nations; man was a fighting animal; war was a splendid training of our best qualities; prepare for the next war; all this peace nonsense was eye-wash. He was a truculent but jolly fellow, that soldier, and clearly he had no doubt he was fitted to adorn the virgin minds of children; as, indeed, the applause assured him he was, though he had demonstrated that he had no more than the culture and instincts of a Bashi-Bazouk. But let us pose that problem on the same level of intelligence, though from another angle. Let us suppose the governors of that school had invited a pretty lady to address the boys, and that she assured them of the joys of concupiscence, for man was a lecherous animal, and that they ought to prepare for riotous nights because all this talk of honour and a pure mind was just eye-wash? What would the parents have thought of that? Yet such an outrage would have been no worse than the brigadier's.

In the House of Commons recently a Minister, when discussing our defences, declared that safety lay in a different world atmosphere. Thereupon a shocked member rose and remarked in astonishment: "Well, if we have to depend on the Sermon on the Mount, then all I can say is, 'God help us.'" You see? He turned to Thor instinctively when he was in fear. The God of the Beatitudes is an alien God, and though it is our custom to confess Him, actually we should never dream of trusting to Him in a crisis. He is not a powerful God.

He does not fight. His counsels are strange and the only thing to do with them is to give them our own meaning; otherwise they are nonsense. We no more believe at the back of our minds that the counsels of Jesus have any potency than that the Jabberwock of Nigeria can produce rain. A popular Sunday newspaper, following this very debate, published a photograph of a building destroyed by a German bomb, when many people perished. The picture was headed ironically: "How the Labour Party would protect London —with a Bible!" Ironically, too, several sayings of Jesus were quoted beside the picture.

The war's demonstration of the violence of modern weapons, their range and their power, and the fact that they will be used on civilians as well as soldiers, has scatter-minded us with fear; and all we can see as an escape is more of the means to the horror which has frightened us. It is this which accounts for the French being in the Ruhr, their long-range guns on the coast, and their thousands of fighting planes. They are not a courageous people; they are in a terrible funk and are trying to brazen it out. Our own base at Singapore if it is completed will have the same mental derangement as its origin. We are afraid of Japan, helped to that gibbering aspect by many trembling whispers, and quite disregardful of the outstanding fact that with a naval base at Singapore in being we shall have declared war (which, of course, we do not want) upon Japan, and that the only uncertainty about it will be the date of the acute phase; a phase which will include, it is as well to point out now, a certain rising of the coloured races in the East against the traditional but illusory governance there by Europeans. I imagine the editor of the Sunday newspaper which mocked the Beatitudes as a means to life himself knows pretty well that the search for security in this world is a waste of

time, and that if there is any expression of a human trait at all which is most likely to prove disarming, it is that of goodwill. He knows it, but his proprietors do not, or else they think their readers do not ; and so it is judged to be much safer, for the purposes of circulation, to deny their God than to talk common sense. Yet that editor is very well aware that if we had an air-squadron in every parish we should not attain to security. We might just as well put taboo signs and fetishes on our doors. He knows the French war-squadrons could come over just the same, and could bomb London disastrously. All we could manage would be a similar dose for Paris. A London tradesman viewing the wreck of his business and the bodies of his wife and children in the charred rubbish, could obtain comfort from the fact that some French children would look much the same pretty picture that very night. The children, in truth, will have the place of honour in the next war ; the cradles and perambulators will be in the front line, for the instant and continuous aim of the enemy will be at the seat of government and the centres for the distribution of supplies. But these facts, which every intelligent publicist knows quite well are at the back of all our solemn military displays and our discussions of defence, are seldom revealed, for if they were then the vast interests vested in maintaining the fears and suspicions of man and in exciting his hatred, might collapse, and many admirals, generals, chemists, metallurgists, naval architects, engineers, steel and iron works, club houses, schools, tutors, professors, research stations, gun-founders, aeroplane factories, motor-engine works, ship and dockyards and garrison towns, and so on, might lose the reason for their existence ; and the Christians who have put their money, hoping for profitable returns, in sacrificial altars for the young and the supply of fuel for the belly of Moloch, would lose it. It becomes necessary, there-

fore, to shut the mouth of Jesus; for there is a growing suspicion that he talked not safe mysticism but disturbing sanity, and that often enough his counsel is startling only because we are so far from reason and common sense.

Do you ever read dramatic criticism—I mean the criticism of the drama which is common in the contemporary Press? It is queer stuff. It makes you wonder what dramatic critics were, before they were that. A pleasing speculation; to be indulged only in private with some blithe and fanciful friends. As a rule what these critics write does not matter except to the advertising managers. It is true they have hardly anything to write about; though when they have to do Barrie, which may happen several times a week, you can see the love-light in their een as bright as arc-lamps, and April smiling through their tears as though the man at the electric switch in the wings had just fitted a superior saffron lens. For they know at least, we may presume, what stuff to give 'em.

But when they have to do Shaw you would think some nice little boys had just spotted a foreigner going down the street. Anything will do to chuck at him; absolutely anything lying about in the road. And they are so merry and bright about it. They do enjoy themselves. You can tell that from their *éclat* and the sudden unanimous noise. "One for his highbrow, Billy!" And how satisfactory a scene it is for us to watch, isn't it? It makes us feel so proud of our neighbourhood and its spontaneous recognition of what is strange and distinguished there. We never fail to note the honour done to us by such visits. The fortunate incidence in our own street and in our own day of what can happen only once or twice in a century to any neighbourhood is luck we instantly salute. No, we

never fail. Did you read the Press notices of "Back to Methuselah"? Anything lying about in the road! What is it to these urchins that it was Shaw who told us, as long ago as the end of 1914, that victory would face us with the dilemma of either Hanging the Kaiser or Confessing our Sins? Was there another intelligence in England which could have foreseen that? And who has made of English prose the brightest and most deadly sword against folly since Swift? Again that vain and foolish man Bernard Shaw. Incidentally it is not only a weapon which is rarely challenged without bringing ignominy on the challenger (if he is big enough to be noticed), but it is one which Shaw's little critics cannot even lift when they want to inspect it. It happens in fact that we have a writer and thinker who is recognised abroad as one of the world's great figures, but from our vicious glee you could suppose that Shaw was Hunnable in a funny hat who wanted to be a real Member of Parliament. Yet perhaps it would never do for the Press to favour us with what is noble and of good report. That might give us a distaste for the thin, copious, and so easily replenished swill-tub.

MULTUM IN PARVO

The Ugliness of Women.—I have been troubled about it for many years, and never having met an explanation, I have been driven to find one for myself. It is an explanation which, I fear, will not find favour with the clever people who read the Adelphi. That is why I turn to the Adelphi—in the hope of provoking a better explanation.

My trouble is this: ever since I awoke to sex-consciousness, and began to fall in love, I have had moments when the most beautiful woman I knew appeared ugly and repellent to me. After a long experience, I have been driven to the conclusion that there exists a moment when every beautiful face, even the faces I have not yet seen, will wear this awful look in my eyes. But why?

This momentary ugliness of a beautiful woman is not to be confused with what we term the "plainness" of a woman in her plain moments, or with the honest ugliness of others; it is a spiritual sign. And, curiously enough, I have not had the painful experience with elderly women.

The explanation to which I have been driven is this: I believe that in every woman born there is a seed of terrible, unmentionable evil; evil such as man—a simple creature for all his passions and lusts—could never dream of in the most horrible of nightmares, could never conceive in imagination. No doubt the evil growth is derived from Eve, who certainly did or thought something wicked beyond words.

It is the expression, then, of this inherited evil that I have seen in the faces of beautiful young women. I believe, too, that the Holy Ghost fights against it and as often as not wins, and then the evil seed is destroyed. That is why I have not seen that particular ugliness in older women; for even when the Holy Ghost loses, it

is very seldom that the evil seed grows to full strength and so disfigures the face that this ugliness can be discerned even for a moment through the network veil which the years put before the face of woman. Yet when I meet a really beautiful old woman, I know for a certainty that the Holy Ghost has won. In the young woman, unless she is beautiful, one is not likely to catch the momentary ugliness, for the evil is so subtle in expression that only a beautiful face can transmit it.—*J. H. R.*

The Problem of Antipathy.—Can anyone explain psychologically or otherwise the unaccountable distaste which an absolute stranger may evince for one's ego?

We met—my stranger and I—at bridge, and nothing untoward happened regarding the game. But her antipathy synchronized with the cutting of the cards, and was plainly perceptible as we parted on the doorstep. My offended dignity precluded any effort towards the gaining of greater favour—though *her* personality was not offensive to mine, and a kindlier reception would have been welcomed and responded to by me.

But not even momentarily did the atmosphere of cold dislike lighten. Intelligent interest demands a reason for the sub-conscious hate—for hate watered down by breeding and self-control it undoubtedly was. But, why, and wherefore? Was it repayment of injury inflicted by me in a previous existence? Was it the clashing of our auras? Or was it only that dolefully dull Dr. Fell?

Are the psycho-analysts too busy—the theosophists too aloof—the spiritualists too absorbed to explain? For I *should* like to know if other ordinarily nice kind of women—not too confident but confident enough—are subjected to this well-bred but rather disconcerting antipathy?—*E. W. R.*

RITUAL AND SENTIMENT.—Sentiment cannot easily retire into itself in pure thought; it cannot live and feed on itself for very long. In wandering, thought is easily displaced by other matters. So that the man who deliberately sets himself the task of thinking continuously of a lover or dead friend has an impossible task. He is inevitably drawn to some form of ritual for the expression and outflow of the sentiment. Some act which requires less concentration, and which at an easy level fulfils his obligations to sentiment, which changes a morbid feeling into a grateful task and employment. Such as pilgrimages to graves, standing bareheaded and similar freaks of a lover's fancy. The same phenomena can be observed in religion. A man cannot deliberately make up his mind to think of the goodness of God for an hour, but he can perform some ritual act of admiration, whether it be the offering of a sacrifice or merely saying amen to a set prayer.—(*T. E. Hulme, "Speculations."*)

RHYTHM AND DRAMA.—The success of a playwright in the creation of atmosphere and the representation of life, is dependent almost entirely upon the art of dialogue. The art of dialogue is a question wholly of rhythm. Dialogue without rhythm is dialogue without soul. Words are the expression of what we think and of what we feel. Our minds, like our hearts, have their rhythms. Language is the pulse by which this rhythm is revealed. Sometimes it is rapid and violent, at other times majestic and slow. To sense this interior rhythm is to possess the secret of art.

We react to nature with varying rhythms. There is no landscape, nor colour, nor glint, nor rock, nor flower, which does not accelerate or retard the beating of the heart as it attracts the eye, and which does not sing in its own way an *andante* or an *allegro* or a laughing *scherzo* as we pass. There is no emotion of

which we are capable which does not struggle for expression through the music of words. How important it is, then, to catch these words, which are the exact expression of what we think and feel, and which could not be other than what they are! Rhythm is so important that it is sufficient of itself to impart national or even local character to any work. To say that music is French or Spanish or Italian, is to sense the rhythm of the country in the rhythm of the music. In books of provincial or purely local scope, the prosodic rhythm is more vital than the vocabulary, or than the peculiar idioms of the neighbourhood, and easily distinguishes an Aragonese from an Andalusian in Spain, or, a native of Córdoba in Argentina from a citizen of Buenos Aires, though both employ identical words. A book might be written in the words, idioms, and proverbs peculiar to a locality, embodying all its most characteristic linguistic idiosyncrasies, and yet fail to suggest the locality for the reason that the language would appear unreal. On the other hand, an exact impression of reality may be conveyed exclusively through the rhythm, without the aid of any of the words or idioms most distinctive of the locale. Without a perfect appreciation of the music of words—to be without which is to be without emotional sense—it is as impossible to be a dramatist as it is impossible to be a poet. And it is impossible to be a dramatist without being a poet.—(*Jacinto Benavente.*)

Degrees of Certainty.—My certainty that I am a man is before my certainty that there is a God. My certainty that there is a God is greater than my certainty that He requireth love and holiness of His creature. My certainty of this is greater than my certainty of the life of reward and punishment hereafter. My certainy of that is greater than my certainty of the endless duration of it, and of the immortality of

individual souls. My certainty of the Deity is greater than my certainty of the Christian faith. My certainty of the Christian faith in its essentials is greater than my certainty of the perfection and infallibility of all the Holy Scriptures. My certainty of that is greater than my certainty of the meaning of many particular texts, and so of the truth of many particular doctrines or the canonicalness of some certain books.—(*Richard Baxter.*)

The Crimes of the Onion.—Ibn Haukal, a merchant of Bagdad, spent thirty years travelling through many Mohammedan countries during the tenth century, and in the course of his wanderings he visited Palermo, at that time ruled by the Saracens, the marvels of which he duly describes. But the Palermitans (said Ibn Haukal) have one monstrous vice—their abuse of the onion and their bad habit of eating it raw to excess. There is not a person among them, of whatever rank, who does not eat raw onions in his house daily, both morning and evening. It is this that has ruined their intelligence, affected their brains and degraded their senses and disordered their faculties and crushed their spirits and spoiled their complexions, and so altogether changed their characters that everything or almost everything seems to them quite different from what it really is. And to think that I, who knew not Ibn Haukal, have always been inclined to cherish the onion as a healthy, nutritious food—its frying fragrance rises to my nostrils at this moment—especially comforting and heating in cold weather.
—*L. C.-M.*

Style.—" Why, sir, I think every man whatever has a peculiar style, which may be discerned by nice examination and comparison with others: but a man must write a good deal to make his style obviously discernible."—(*Johnson.*)

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THE FACTS.—What are the facts? Not those in Homer, Shakespeare, or even in the Bible. The facts for most of us are a dark street, crowds, hurry, commonplaceness, loneliness, and, worse than all, a terrible doubt which can hardly be named as to the meaning and purpose of the world.—(*Mark Rutherford.*)

JOURNALESE.—In order that our readers may exercise their powers of discrimination, we propose from time to time to offer for their criticism a passage of current journalese. To the author of the best criticism a book to the value of half-a-guinea, which must be chosen by him from our list of books, will be given. Criticisms, which need not be purely "literary," should be written on one side of a post-card only and sent in to this office by the 10th of the month in which the extract is published. Here, then, is the first specimen for analysis :—

> Universities ought to be the reservoirs of a system of intellectual irrigation for the whole nation. They ought to be the seed plots of creative ideas. They ought to be the crucibles in which are brought together the two forces that in combination form the most powerful of all explosives —Youth and Ideas. They ought to be the means of placing the potent weapon of disciplined knowledge in the hands of those whose abilities make them the natural leaders of a progressive society. And this means that they ought to be among the most vital and powerful political factors in the life of the community.

We also invite our readers to send us specimens of journalese which they may discover. A prize of a half-guinea book to be chosen from our list will be given to the sender of the specimen which we consider most remarkable.

PROBLEM NO. 11.—HOW TO WIN THE BLIND BALLOT.—There is now being held a Blind [illegible] which costs 2s. 6d. to enter. You are given a [illegible]

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¶ *For publication March 28th.*

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Author of "The Qualified Adventurer," &c. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. JEPSON'S readers expect incident, charm, and humour—all of which ingredients are present in this romantic tale of a young man's adventures in London and the North Sea in pursuit of the golden eyes whose owner he found lying outside his front door.

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Author of "Brewster's Millions," &c. 7s. 6d. net.

ON the day that Oliver October Barter was born a gipsy told his fortune. She predicted for him all the good things of life—love, wealth, and power. What else she predicted furnished the framework for one of the most dramatic plots of all Mr. McCutcheon's long list of popular novels. The plot is clever, the story is full of humour, suspense, action, and mystery.

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The shortest route is $\sqrt{725}$ feet, *i.e.*, a little under 27 feet, and is obtained by the spider travelling diagonally.

BOOKS TO READ

Icarus or the Future of Science. By Bertrand Russell. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

In this essay Mr. Russell develops with his usual skill the sceptical argument against enthusiastic belief in a millennium automatically produced by science. "Science enables the holders of power to realize their purposes more fully than they could otherwise do. If their purposes are good, this is a gain; if they are evil it is a loss."

Life: An Introduction to the Study of Biology. By Sir A. E. Shipley. (Cambridge University Press.) 6s. net.

This is a gem of a book: what most of us ignoramuses are always wanting and never get: written in a charmingly lucid and conversational style, with heaps of pictures. Let other eminent professors go and do likewise—if they can.

Bankers and Credit. By Hartley Withers. (Nash & Grayson.) 6s. net.

Mr. Withers is not only one of our soundest economists; he is also one of the most readable. The combination is rare. Those who desire to understand something of the financial problems of to-day cannot do better than read this book. Mr. Withers argues for the Cunliffe policy, that is, a return to the pre-war gold standard as the basis of currency: and his criticism of our own war-time finance is stimulating.

A Critical Examination of Psycho-Analysis. By A. Wohlgemuth, D.Sc. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

This trenchant criticism of psycho-analysis is timely. It shows how unfounded is the contention that the Freudian hypothesis is scientifically proven, whatever may be its uses as an instrument of psycho-therapy.

The Irresistible Movement of Democracy. By John Simpson Penman. (Macmillan.) 21s. net.

Mr. Penman traces with an impressive thoroughness the three-fold democratic movement, in the United States from the Stamp Act, in France from the meeting of the States General, in England from the Radical Reformers of [illegible]. Democracy, naturally, is taken in its sense of a form of government, which is not the same thing as a spirit of government. Mr. Penman writes clearly, and he has a good sense of arrangement.

The Best Poems of 1923. Selected and with an Introduction by Thomas Moult. (Jonathan Cape.) 6s. net.

Not many of them will be remembered in [illegible]. But if anthologies must be, this is one of the most meritorious in intention, for it aims at rescuing poetry from the automatic oblivion of periodical publication. What we chiefly admire in the book, however, is not the poems but the remarkable beauty of the printing and production.

Dog and Duck. A London Calendar et Caetera. By Arthur Machen. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

A collection of literary essays on all manner of things. They are attractive and very readable. Mr. Machen is at his best in this kind (which is not wholly congenial to him) when he turns literary antiquarian; his knowledge of London and Dickens is enviable.

Bel-Ami. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Marjorie Laurie. (Werner Laurie.) 7s. 6d. net.

Complaint was recently made that there were no decent translations of de Maupassant in English; they could only be procured at "[illegible]" and were of the literary quality one expects from such places. This first volume of a new translation will remedy the defect: it is a good piece of work, well printed and well bound.

Theocritus, Bion and Moschus. Translated into English Verse by J. H. Hallard, M.A. Broadway Translations. (Routledge.) 7s. 6d. net.

We doubt whether this verse translation by itself will bring the English reader closer to the essential charm of the Greek idyllists than Andrew Lang's prose. Probably the translator would have done better to use a [illegible] rhymed couplet. But with Lang and Mr. Hallard together the reader who has no Greek might do well.

BOOKS TO READ

Journal of Marie Lenéru. Translated by W. A. Bradley. With an Introduction by François de Curel and a Reminiscence by Marie Duclaux. (Macmillan.) [illegible]s. 6d. net.

This journal of a gifted Frenchwoman, who was stone-deaf from childhood and died in 1918 at the age of forty-three, belongs to the same order as the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. The later Marie's purely intellectual power was, however, greater; but it is doubtful whether this increase of spiritual profundity will compensate with the general public for a decrease of the general human interest. However, it is a remarkable document, though the translation is not as good as it might be.

Byron: The Last Journey, April, 1823–April, 1824. By Harold Nicolson. (Constable.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Nicolson, by his volumes on Verlaine and Tennyson, has already proved that he has a real and rare talent for what we may call "creative biography." He grows from strength to strength. This account of Byron's Grecian journey is admirably conceived and told. Mr. Nicolson has insight and understanding, and he is not afraid of regarding a heroic action as heroic. An excellent book.

Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie. With Forty-Two Additional Letters from her Father. Selected and edited by her Daughter Hester Ritchie. (Murray.) 15s. net.

This volume of letters not only displays the character of a rare and delightful woman, but gives a valuable picture of cultivated society in England during the high Victorian era. Lady Ritchie's intimate and vivid descriptions of the famous figures—they are *all* there—are very attractive.

W. H. Hudson: A Portrait. By Morley Roberts. (Nash & Grayson.) 16s. net.

Mr. Morley Roberts' portrait of the gifted writer whose friend he was is built up of innumerable touches; but the final effect is solid. The effect which Mr. Roberts chiefly conveys is that of Hudson's remoteness and isolation, and perhaps to complete a true vision of Hudson's essential substance we need a volume of his letters such as Mr. Garnett has lately published and Mr. Roberts himself promises.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

BYRON IN ENGLAND. His Fame and After-Fame. By Samuel C. Chew. (Murray.) 25s. net.

Enormous labour must have gone to Professor Chew's elaborate account of the fluctuating literary fortunes of Byron during his life and after death; but its interest for the general reader is desultory.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by W. P. Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl van Doren. (Cambridge University Press.) 12s. net.

This abridgement of the big four-volume work might have been abridged in format with advantage. In other respects it is an admirable historical summary of American Literature. Inevitably it is something of a text-book: but if it were used in conjunction, say, with Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Studies in Classic American Literature," the combination should be stimulating.

NOTABLE NOVELS

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The Adelphi

VOL. 1. NO. 12. MAY, 1924

THE TWO JOANS

By John Middleton Murry

I HAVE been to see Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan* three times within a week, and after the third it seems to me that I know no more what to say of it than I knew after the first. It is deeply moving and it moves deep, very deep. Therefore one has nothing to say about it, or everything. All that one has thought or felt or dreamed or believed concerning the problem and the meaning of human life is stirred into wakefulness by it. To criticize it a whole creed, to expound it a whole philosophy is necessary.

Is that to say it is a great work of art? I do not know, and do not greatly care. But it is to say that it has the essential of a very great work of art, and that it is, beyond all odds, the finest play that has been produced upon the English stage within my memory. I have two standards of reference in judging drama: one is a performance of *Othello*, the other a performance of *The Cherry Orchard*. *Saint Joan* moved me, differently indeed, but not less than they. What can I do but declare my opinion that *Saint Joan* in essence belongs to the same order as they? I could concoct a niggling criticism of it, I could say that this joke seemed to me rather cheap, and that embellishment a little out of harmony: but how trivial and unprofitable! And how false to my immediate experience, which is that

for three nights I have been held spell-bound and on the brink of tears throughout three hours and more!

At first, thinking it over, I said to myself: Ah, but Shaw could not help it. He has triumphed in spite of himself. He had but to tell the story of Joan of Arc to rend our hearts with pity and terror. It is the eternal story of the Crucifixion: there is no difference. Christ's "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and Joan's "My voices have deceived me," were the cries of the same heart stricken by the same wound. "Then all the disciples forsook him and fled": the very King of France whom she had crowned and the princes of the Church who had blessed her were silent during the six long months of her solitary trial. There is but one real difference: it is this. Christ had no one to call upon in the hour of his defeat: the Maid had Christ. More than six times at the stake she called upon his name, and the captain of the lonely ones received her into his bosom. The story had but to be told. Who could resist it?

I was very stupid. I should have asked rather: Who could tell it? As if I did not know that these miracles are not the work of every Tom, Dick and Harry who supplies the ravenous machine of the London theatre with something to go on with. As if I were not old enough to have learned that the feeling: Ah, with such a story one could do anything, is the surest sign that the work which arouses it is a great one. As if I did not know that the story of Joan of Arc had lain there ready for the handling this hundred years, that good men and true like Charles Péguy have tried their hands upon it and failed, and that even Anatole France's famous book is but a suave and careful repository of facts compared to Bernard Shaw's revivification of the thing that was. Let us be honest: the true relation between the *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* and *Saint Joan* is much more like the relation between North's

Plutarch's Life of Antony and Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* than it is to the relation between the work of a master and the work of a pupil, as our learned critics insinuate. The *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* is a work of history : *Saint Joan* is a creation.

I am not criticizing Anatole France, and I know it is an exaggeration to compare North's Plutarch (which, for all its splendour of language is a childish thing) with the French master's subtle essay in historical criticism. Bernard Shaw owes infinitely more to Anatole France than ever Shakespeare owed to Plutarch. Nevertheless, Shaw's work of re-creation, his re-shaping of the more complex and reluctant material of the life of Joan of Arc is, I believe, quite strictly comparable to Shakespeare's re-creation of Antony or Coriolanus. These things have a trick of looking simple—when they are done. But if the people who make these easy criticisms would spend a month or two in the vain effort to work the like miracle upon the like material—there are plenty of Plutarch's Lives left for our modern Shakespeares to transmute—they might be a little more forthcoming in their praise of those who accomplish it. There have not been many of them : so few indeed that we can be bold with safety and call the one playwright we have who *can* work the miracle by his right name : a dramatic genius.

When we have something to praise, let us praise it. One would have thought from the criticisms of *Saint Joan* which came my way that Mr. Shaw had done quite well—unexpectedly well, indeed—in that he had followed in the footsteps of the master and not utterly misbehaved himself. That was the suggestion I drew from the dramatic critic of the *Times* : the others I read were less readable and rather more superior.* I saw the play, and began to wonder whether they had really read

* I except absolutely Mr. Desmond McCarthy's excellent article in *The New Statesman* of April 5th.

the *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* of which they talked so much. After all, critics are hard-worked: they have to bluff occasionally. Anatole France makes a superior stick to beat Bernard Shaw with; and the superior public is just as gullible as any other—rather more so, in fact, for the inferior public generally does like what it says it likes, while the superior public spends half its time saying it likes what it doesn't like and hasn't read. "Not so good as Anatole France." "Nothing like so subtle, *of course*." I have heard it already, and I shall hear it many times again.

Bunkum! Shaw's *Saint Joan* is better than Anatole France's, and more subtle, and more true. Why, if Shakespeare had created a Chaplain de Stogumber out of the bare word that the Earl of Warwick's chaplain abused the Bishop of Beauvais for accepting Joan's recantation—and it is the kind of thing Shakespeare used to do in his so different way—we should be breathless with admiration. So, for a change, let us be breathless here and now and not wait for our great-great-grandchildren to be breathless on our behalf. And as for subtlety, *Saint Joan* is triumphant. To have presented through a dozen different visions the fundamental truth of Joan's tragedy: to have shown how the principalities and powers of this world must inevitably be arrayed against one who makes the overwhelming claim which she made with the candour of utter simplicity and all the force of invincible faith—the claim to hear the voice of God: to have shown how the wise of this world must inevitably reject one whose wisdom is of another: to have shown how the Maid must be cast aside by the noble as a revolutionary, by the prelate as a heretic, by the English patriot as a witch, by the soldier as a charm whose potency is departed with her capture, by her own "unpretending" king as an edged tool too dangerous for common use: to have shown that men, just because

they are men, must forsake such a one, and that she can be truly followed only as she followed her "dear captain Christ," with the same faith to the same end : to have made this tragic truth so plain that he who runs may read, to drive it home into the hearts and minds of the hundreds who fill the New Theatre every night—needs more than extraordinary subtlety : it needs genius besides.

But more important still, I believe that *Saint Joan* is truer than the *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.* Anatole France's creed is not adequate to his theme. He is a rationalist through and through. For him Joan is a charming, naïve, innocent peasant girl who dreams dreams, a pathetic and deluded visionary who distorts the secret promptings of her heart into the voices of God and his angels : in a word, she is mad. The attitude is a safe one ; perhaps it is the only safe one. It is certainly the attitude the world has acted upon, and will act upon again, far less charitably than Anatole France. But it is not the attitude that men have lived by, and will continue to live by. The memory of Joan of Arc, and her greater Captain whom she followed, feeds an incessant hunger in the hearts of men : if they cannot act by such examples, neither can they live without them. What men cannot live without is as real as that by which they act. Life is not all action : if it were, the world would be the monkey-house it sometimes seems to be. We know better than that : though what we know better and how we know it would be hard to say. But dreams and desires and voices we cannot catch and Pisgah-sights of lands we cannot enter are part of this knowledge which lifts us out of the beasts that perish. And our knowledge of Joan and her tragedy belongs to it also. It is to us truly a tragedy, like the Crucifixion, like *Othello,* like *The Cherry Orchard* ; it is to us an evidence that life contains within it that which transcends all mortal limitation—something beyond the

knowing of our minds, but not beyond the reaches of our souls. The story of Joan moves us to the depths, not because it is patriotic, but because it is heroic, not because she perished for a delusion, but because she suffered for a truth. And a creed which has no place for Joan's truth is inadequate to what she was; it sinks beneath the level of her history.

Anatole France set out, urbane and humane, to destroy the legend of Joan. There was plenty to destroy in it: for she had been made the saint of a church instead of a hero of humanity. There is no private property in such a one as she. Her truth and the meaning of her tragedy belongs to all the world. The Church burned her, the Church has canonized her, the Church has neither part nor lot in her save in so far as it is an assemblage of men whose title to her inspiration is simply that they are men. To destroy the legend of the Church was one thing: to destroy the legend of humanity another. Anatole France did both. It was not his fault: those who know his work know he is a Catholic at heart. He cannot step out of the tradition into which he was born, a tradition which says: There is an immutable order of human things which man must know. In that immutable order things are true or false: there are no half-lights, there is no reality beyond the knowable. For a mind of this tradition the issue is simple, just as it was simple for Voltaire. The Church is true or the Church is false: Joan is among the saints, or Joan is among the mad. The Catholic tradition has no place for the isolated soul. That is why it is a great tradition: it is based on the generality of human experience, which is indeed that there is no place for the isolated soul this side the grave.

But there is another tradition. It is that religion itself is an affair of the isolated soul, and that a man's relation to God or to reality is the truer the less it is mediated by institutions, or organized into creeds. It

is the Protestant tradition. In this tradition Joan of Arc and the founder of her religion have their high place; to this tradition Mr. Shaw himself belongs. Therefore he understands the Maid as Anatole France cannot understand her. For him she is not mad: she is one of those who have had a glimpse of what is beyond this mortal world. She is one of those who move men's hearts not by exciting their credulity (as Anatole France would have it) but by kindling the spark of the divine in them. "When she talks like that," says Shaw's Captain La Hire in Reims Cathedral, "I could follow her through the flames of hell." Anatole France's La Hire would have had no such moments of aberration—or inspiration. And here is the real difference between the two Joans: Shaw's Joan disturbs and inspires men by what she is, Anatole France's Joan moves them by what in their folly they imagine her to be. In *Saint Joan* it is men's secret wisdom that hearkens to her: in the *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* it is their invincible puerility that is amazed.

Which is the truer? For me there is no doubt; "j'ai pris mon assiette." When I read again Joan's veritable words in the narrative of Anatole France a strange unease takes hold of me. In this setting they are discordant: their strength and beauty, their swift vitality is a deadly solvent of the framework in which they are vainly held. The woman who spoke them cannot be kept in the place assigned to her, for she is manifestly a saint—but a saint not of a Church, but of humanity. That there have been such I verily believe, and that there will be again. The secret, the spiritual flame which animates mankind is lit from their achievements: the greatest poets, the greatest painters, the greatest musicians belong to the same succession, for they also, even though they are not required to cast away their lives for them, have their voices which whisper an immortal truth to them and which they obey.

Bernard Shaw has risen to the height of his high argument. For my own part I could wish that the Epilogue were away. Here is his defence of it.

> "The Epilogue" (he writes in the programme) "is obviously not a representation of an actual scene, or even of a recorded dream: but it is none the less historical. Without it the play would be only a sensational tale of a girl who was burnt, leaving the spectators plunged in horror, despairing of humanity. The true tale of Saint Joan is a tale with a glorious ending; and any play that did not make this clear would be an insult to her memory."

This is not true; and it is unjust to the play which he has written. *Saint Joan* is a tale with a glorious ending without the Epilogue, and it is Bernard Shaw's own art which has convinced us that it is so. To use the old, old phrase, we are purged by pity and terror—because we know the nature of the victim and that her death is inevitable. And it is the playwright who has made us aware of what she is and why her martyrdom must be. The glorious ending is there, as it is in all true tragedy. But tragedy is tragedy. To soften the impact of it is a mistake. The Epilogue does not give the drama a glorious ending: it takes away from the glory of the ending which it has.

It would be ungracious—even though such praise seems almost irrelevant—not to praise the remarkable performance of the play. It is magnificently acted through and through. If it is, in the nature of things, a personal triumph for Miss Sybil Thorndike, it is an impersonal triumph for Mr. Casson, who not only made of the Chaplain de Stogumber a minor creation but produced the whole. Warwick (Lyall Swete), the Dauphin (Ernest Thesiger), the Bishop of Beauvais (Eugene Leahy), the Bastard of Orleans (Robert Horton) stick in the memory as pieces of acting. But the general excellence is such that I feel this may be only because they are most prominent in the play.

LIBERTY

By Giovanni Verga

[NOTE.—Until recently only the gentlefolks wore hats in Italy. The men-peasants wore the old Phrygian stocking-caps, the women went bare-headed or, for church, had a scarf or a shawl. The hat was a sign of class distinction.

This story is based on an actual incident in the revolution in Sicily.]

THEY unfurled a three-coloured handkerchief from the church-tower, they rang the bells in a frenzy, and they began to shout in the village square, "Hurray for liberty!"

Like the sea in a storm. The crowd foamed and swayed in front of the club of the *gentry*, and outside the Town Hall, and on the steps of the church, a sea of white stocking-caps, axes and sickles glittering. Then they burst into the little street.

"Your turn first, baron! You, who have had folks cudgelled by your estate-keepers!"

At the head of all the people a witch, with her old hair sticking up, armed with nothing but her nails. "Your turn, priest of the devil! for you've sucked the soul out of us!" "Your turn now, rich glutton, you're not going to escape, no matter how fat you are with the blood of the poor!" "Your turn, police-sergeant! you who never took the law on anybody except poor folks who'd got nothing!" "Your turn, wood-keepers, who sold your own flesh and your neighbour's flesh for tenpence a day!"

And blood smoked and went drunk. Sickles, hands, rags, stones, everything red with blood! The *gentry! The hat-folks!* Kill them all! Kill them all! Down with the *hat-folks!*

Don Antonio was slipping home by the short cuts. The first blow made him fall with his bleeding face against the causeway. "Why? Why are you killing me?" "You as well, the devil can have you!" A lame brat picked up the filthy hat and spat inside it. "Down with the hats! Hurray for Liberty!—You, take that!" Then for his reverence who used to preach hell for anybody who stole a bit of bread. He was just coming back from saying Mass, with the consecrated Host inside his fat belly. "Don't kill me, I am in mortal sin!" Neighbour Lucia being the mortal sin; neighbour Lucia whose father had sold her to the priest when she was fourteen years old, at the time of the famine winter, and she had ever since been filling the streets and the Ring with hungry brats. If such dog's-meat had been worth anything that day they'd have been able to stuff themselves with it, as they hacked it to pieces with their hatchets in the doorways of the houses and on the cobble-stones of the street. Like the wolf when he falls famished on a flock of sheep, and never thinks of filling his belly, but just slaughters right and left with rage.—My Lady's son, who had run to see what was happening,—the apothecary, while he was locking up shop as fast as he could—Don Paolo, who was coming home from the vineyard riding on his ass, with his lean saddle-bags behind him. And he was wearing into the bargain a little old cap that his daughter had embroidered for him long ago, before the vines had taken the disease. His wife saw him fall in front of the street-door, as she and her five children were waiting for him and for the handful of stuff for the soup which he had got in his saddle-bags. "Paolo! Paolo!" The first fellow caught him in the shoulder with a hatchet-cut. Another was on him with a sickle, and disembowelled him as he was reaching with his bleeding arm for the knocker.

But the worst was when the lawyer's son, a lad of

eleven, blond as gold, fell, no one knows how, overthrown in the crowd. His father had raised himself two or three times before he dragged himself aside into the filth, to die, calling to him: "Neddu! Neddu!" Neddu fled in terror, mouth and eyes wide open, unable to make a sound. They knocked him down; he also raised himself on one knee, like his father; the torrent passed over him; somebody put his great boot on the boy's cheek and smashed it in; nevertheless the lad still begged for mercy with his hands. He didn't want to die, no, not in the way he had seen his father killed; it broke his heart!—The wood-cutter, out of pity, gave him a great blow with the axe, using both hands, as if he had had to fell a fifty-year-old oak-tree—and he trembled like a leaf. Somebody shouted: "Bah, he'd have been another lawyer!"

No matter! Now they had their hands red with such blood, they'd got to spill the rest of it. All of 'em! All the *hats!* It was no longer hunger, beatings, swindling which made their anger boil up again. It was innocent blood. The women most ferocious of all, waving their fleshless arms, squealing in falsetto, with rage, the tender flesh showing under the rags of their clothing. "You who came praying to the good God in a silk frock!" "You who thought yourself contaminated if you knelt beside poor folks! Take that! Take that!" In the houses, on the staircases, inside the alcoves, a tearing of silk and of fine linen. Oh the ear-rings upon bleeding faces, oh the golden rings upon hands that tried to ward off the hatchet-strokes!

The baroness had had the great door barricaded: beams, wagons, full casks piled against it, and the estate-keepers firing from the windows to sell their lives dear. The crowd bowed its head to the gun-fire, because it had no weapons to respond with. Because in those days it was death-penalty for having fire-arms in your possession. Hurray for Liberty! And they

burst in the great doors. Then into the courtyard, up the steps, dislodging the wounded. They left the estate-keepers for the time. They would settle them later. First they wanted the flesh of the baroness, flesh made of partridges and good wine. She ran from room to room with her baby at her breast, all dishevelled—and the rooms were many. The crowd was heard howling along the twistings of the passages, advancing like a river in flood. The oldest son, sixteen years of age, also with fair white flesh still, was pushing the door with his trembling hands, crying: "Mamà! Mamà!" At the first rush they sent the door down on top of him. He clung to the legs which trod him down. He cried no more. His mother had taken refuge on the balcony, clasping her baby close, shutting its mouth with her hand so that it should not cry, mad. The other son wanted to defend her with his body, glaring, as if he had a hundred hands, clutching all those axes by the blades. They separated them in a flash. One man seized her by the hair, another by her hips, another by her dress, lifting her above the balcony rail. The charcoal-man tore the infant baby from her arms. The other brother saw nothing but red and black. They trampled him down, they ground his bones with iron-shod heels; he had set his teeth in a hand which was squeezing his throat, and he never left go. Hatchets couldn't strike in the heap, they hovered flashing in the air.

And in that mad carnival of the month of July, above all the drunken howling of the fasting crowd, the bell of God kept on ringing frantically, until evening, with no mid-day, no *Ave Maria*, like in the land of the Turks. Then they began to disband, tired with the slaughter, quietly, slinkingly, everyone fleeing from his companion. Before nightfall all doors were shut, in fear, and in every house the lamp was burning. Along the little streets no sound was heard save that of the [illegible]

dogs, which went prying in the corners, then a dry gnawing of bones, in the bright moonlight which washed over everything, and showed the wide-open big doors and the open windows of the deserted houses.

Day broke: a Sunday with nobody in the square, and no Mass ringing. The sexton had burrowed into his hiding hole; there were no more priests. The first-comers that began to gather on the sacred threshold looked one another in the face suspiciously; each one thinking of what his neighbour must have on his conscience. Then, when they were a fair number, they began to murmur: "We can't be without Mass, and on a Sunday, like dogs!" The club of the *gentry* was barricaded up, and they didn't know where to go to get their master's orders for the week. From the church tower still dangled the tricolour handkerchief, flaccid, in the yellow heat of July. And as the shade diminished slowly outside the church-front, the crowd clustered all in one corner. Between two miserable houses of the square, at the bottom of a narrow street that sloped steeply downwards, you could see the fields yellowish on the plain, and the dark woods on the slopes of Etna. Now they were going to share up those fields and woods among themselves. Each one was calculating to himself, on his fingers, how much he should get for his share, and was looking askance at his neighbours. Liberty meant that everybody should have his share—that Nino Bestia and that Ramurazzo would have liked to make out that they must carry on the bossy tricks of the *hats!* If there was no surveyor to measure the land, and no lawyer to put it on to paper, everybody would be going at it tooth and nail! And if you booze your share at the public-house, then afterwards we've got to start sharing all over again—thief here and thief there. Now that there was Liberty, anybody who wanted to eat enough for two ran the risk of getting it like those

there *gentry!* The wood-cutter brandished his fist in the air as if he still grasped the axe.

The next day they heard that the general was coming to deal out justice, which news made folks tremble. They saw the red shirts of their own soldiers climbing slowly up the ravine towards the village; if you had rolled down rocks you could have squashed them all. But nobody stirred. The women screamed and tore their hair. And the dark-faced men with long beards only sat on the top of the hill, with their hands between their thighs, watching those tired boys come up, bent beneath their rusty rifles, and that little general on his great black horse, in front of them all, alone.

The general made them carry straw into the church, and put his boys to sleep like a father. In the morning, before dawn, if they weren't up at the sound of the bugle, he rode into the church on his horse, swearing like a Turk. That was the man! And on the spot he ordered five or six of them to be shot. Pippo, the dwarf, Pizzannello, the first ones they laid hold of. The wood-cutter, while they were making him kneel against the cemetery wall, wept like a child because of certain words his mother had said to him, and because of the cry she had uttered when they tore him from her arms. From afar off, in the remotest alleys of the village, as you sat behind your closed door, you could hear those gun-shots firing one after the other, like cannon-crackers at holiday time.

And then came the real judges, gentlemen in spectacles perched upon mules, done up with the journey, complaining still of their fatigue, while they were examining the accused in the refectory of the monastery, sitting on one side on their seats, and saying 'Aha! every time they changed the side. A trial that would never come to an end. They took the guilty over away to the city, on foot, chained two by two, between two files of soldiers with cocked muskets. Their women

followed them, running down the long country roads, across the fallow land, through the cactus thickets and the vineyards and the golden-coloured wheat, tired out, limping, calling out their names every time the road made a bend and they could see the faces of the prisoners. At the city they shut them up in the great prison that was high and vast as a monastery, all pierced with iron-barred windows; and if the women wished to see their men, it was only on Mondays, in presence of the warders, behind an iron grating. And the poor fellows got yellower and yellower in that everlasting shadow, never seeing the sun. Every Monday they were more taciturn, and they hardly answered, they complained even less. Other days, if the women roved in the square round the prison, the sentinels threatened them with their guns. And then, never knowing what to do, where to find work in the town, nor how to earn their bread. The bed in the stables cost a penny; the white bread they swallowed in a gulp did not fill their stomachs; and if they crouched down in the doorway of a church to pass the night there, the police arrested them. One by one they went back home, first the wives, then the mothers. One good-looking lass lost herself in the town and was never heard of again. All the others belonging to the village had come back to do the same as they had done before. The *gentry* couldn't work their lands with their own hands, and the poor folks couldn't live without the *gentry*. So they made peace. The apothecary's orphan son stole Neli Pirru's wife, and it seemed to him a proper thing to do, to revenge himself on the one who had killed his father. And when the woman had qualms now and then, and was afraid that her husband when he came out of prison would cut her face, the apothecary's son replied, "Don't be afraid; he won't come out." Nowadays nobody thought of them; unless it was some mother, some old father, when their eyes wandered towards the

plain where the city lay, or on Sundays when they saw the others talking over their affairs quietly with the *gentry*, in front of the club, with their caps in their hands; and they convinced themselves that rags must suffer in a wind.

The case lasted three years, no less! Three years of prison without ever seeing the sun. So that the accused seemed like so many dead men out of the tomb, every time they were conducted, fettered, to the court. Whoever could manage it had come down from the village, witnesses, relatives, people full of curiosity, like a holiday, to see their fellow-villagers, after such a long time, crowded together in the chicken-coop of the prisoner's dock—and real chickens you became, inside there! and Neli Pirru had to see the apothecary's lad face to face, the fellow who had become his relation by treachery! They made them stand up one by one. "What is your name?" And each one answered for himself, name and surname, and what he had done. The lawyers fenced away with their speeches, in wide, loose sleeves, getting beside themselves, foaming at the mouth, suddenly wiping themselves calm with a white pocket-handkerchief, and snuffing up a pinch of snuff. The judges dozed behind the lenses of their spectacles, which froze your heart. Facing were seated twelve *gentry* in a row, tired, bored, yawning, scratching their beards or gabbling among themselves. For sure they were telling one another what a marvellous escape it had been for them that they weren't gentry of that village up there, when the folks had been making liberty. And those poor wretches opposite tried to read their faces. Then they went away to confabulate together, and the accused men waited, white-faced, with their eyes fixed on the closed door. As they came in again, their foreman, the one who spoke with his hand on his stomach, was almost as pale as the prisoners, and he said, "On my honour and on my conscience ——"

LIBERTY

The charcoal-man, while they were putting the handcuffs on him again, stammered: "Where are you taking me to? To the galleys? Oh, why? I never got so much as half a yard of land! If they'd told me what liberty was like ——!"

(*Translated by D. H. Lawrence.*)

Michael Angelo on Painting.—"Flemish painting, madam," said Michael Angelo, "will generally please any devout person more than that of Italy. The latter will never bring a tear to the eye, while the Flemish will make many a one flow; and this result is due not to the force or merit of the painting, but simply to the sensibility of the devout. Flemish painting will always seem beautiful to women, especially to the very old or very young, also to monks and nuns, and some noble spirits which are deaf to true harmony. . . . It is only to works executed in Italy that the name of true painting can be given, and that is why good painting is called Italian. Good painting is in itself noble and religious. Nothing elevates a good man's spirit, and carries it farther on towards devotion, than the difficulty of reaching that state of perfection nearest to God which unites us to Him. Now good painting is an imitation of His perfection, the shading of His pencil, a music in fine, a melody; and it is only a refined intellect which can appreciate the difficulty of this. That is why good painting is so rare, and why so few men can get near to or produce it. . . . It is a fact that if Albrecht Dürer, a man of fine and delicate touch, or Francesco d'Ollanda, wanted to deceive me, and were to try and counterfeit or imitate a work so as to make it appear from Italy—well! he might produce a good, indifferent, or bad work, but I give you my word that I should very soon tell that it was not painted in Italy or by an Italian."

JUSTICE

AN IMPARTIAL COMMENT

By J. D. Beresford

STEPHEN FAWCETT sat with his head in his hands staring down at the varnished surface of the table upon which his elbows were resting. It reminded him of the book-board in the seat of the church he used to attend as a boy. The colour was the same, gamboge yellow with a brown, regular grain—and the smell. It had been the characteristic smell of the church—newly varnished pine; a clean, arid smell, not unpleasant in itself but associated in his mind with stiff, Sunday clothes and a period of hushed constraint. One had to be good; to sit very still and be good. After the service had begun, he had always forgotten the smell; it reminded him only of that period of distasteful confinement and unoccupied waiting.

Drake, the chemist, was speaking, tediously reviewing certain aspects of the evidence; but adding nothing to their understanding of the case. He was merely exhibiting his own powers of memory. He liked to show how closely he had attended to all the evidence and how accurately he was able to report it. He was speaking just as he spoke at committees, without any feeling other than pride in his own ability. If he were asked directly for his opinion he probably would not be able to answer. He did not care whether she were sent to penal servitude for twenty years, nor even if they hanged her.

Would they hang her? Whatever the verdict, there

would certainly be a strong recommendation to mercy. He would see to that. . . . The chief difference was that as he was sitting at the head of the table, the grain ran lengthwise away from him. On the book-board it had run across.

Drake had finished and old Thompson was dwelling on the Judge's summing-up, probably the only thing he had understood. He was an old fool, but conscientious and almost painfully anxious to do the right thing. He had tried to do the right thing all his life, the respectable, honest thing that everyone would approve. Thompson believed in majorities, vox populi, and so on; and he trusted, now, entirely to the Judge. He wanted to bring in a verdict that the Judge would approve. That was all he cared for, to please the Judge.

And then Cresswell, flippant, talking of her good looks, and of giving her the benefit of the doubt. He evidently wanted to settle the thing off-hand and get back to his horses. It was a serious matter for Cresswell to lose five days. People with ailing horses wanted them attended to quickly, and if Cresswell himself wasn't there, someone else would get the job. He was for letting her off, now; probably because of her good looks. But if the majority were in favour of a verdict of guilty, he would vote with them, in order to get back as quickly as possible to his practice.

She had turned and looked him full in the eyes just before they left the box. Her face had been set and hard, but he had known that she was pleading with him to do what he could for her. She trusted him because he had always been straight. If he had not, he might have been in the witness-box, instead of that fellow Jerningham who had perjured himself so eagerly that nobody had believed him.

Leek's comments were negligible. He would work himself up into an agony in his perfectly sincere desire

to return a just verdict, but he had no intellectual judgment. His writing was like that; a passionate plea for some vague ideal of righteousness which he could not define.

But one had to be good. The best way was to fix your attention on something. He remembered that "island"—he had always called it an island in his mind—where the grain splayed out each side and made a shape like a bobbin. He had had adventures on that island, and it had kept him good, not only when they were waiting for the service to begin, but also during the sermon.

Field and Sturton-Brown were wasting time over a hair-splitting argument on a minor point of the evidence; getting warm over it; as if they were debating some nice intricacy of the Tariff Reform problem. Both able men, each in his own way, but too concerned about details. And old Mosendew, with his hands clasped over his stomach, just listening. He would not say anything; and he would vote with the majority. No doubt he wished his wife were there to advise him.

To be "good," yes; but now it was not going to be a question of just keeping still. He had to make his own decision; not upon the case, for he knew, had known for certain since the third day of the trial that she had given her husband that extra arsenic which Dr. Bailey had so positively asserted that he must have had. Bailey had had his reputation to defend, and they all guessed that in his own mind he was not quite so cocksure as he had pretended to be. But he, Stephen Fawcett, was certain because he had suddenly solved, for himself, the problem of where she had obtained the arsenic, a feat that had been beyond the powers of the prosecuting counsel who knew nothing about that old parson step-brother of hers with his hobby for ornithology. No mention had been made of her visit to him, [illegible] days before her husband died; probably no one [illegible] [illegible]

himself knew—or remembered. He had not remembered either until the third day of the trial, and then it had come to him in a flash. What ought he to have done? Made a communication to the judge, retired from the jury, and offered himself as a witness at the new trial? And what ought he to do now? Very well to say be "good." In what did "goodness" consist? For him? Now?

Mrs. Swettenham, at least, was talking common sense. Too much in the political-platform manner perhaps, but her insistence on the necessity of giving the prisoner the benefit of the doubt was really the crux of the whole affair. There was a doubt; no question about that; in the minds of counsel and of the judge. As Mrs. Swettenham was saying, the judge's summing-up had been a model of impartiality. No sex-jealousy about her; a nice clean-minded woman, but what would she have said if she had known what he knew?

How far did one's responsibility reach; and to whom or what was one responsible; one's own conscience, the public weal; God? If they let her off, who would be the worse? Jerningham, perhaps, eventually. If he married her, he might go the same way as number one. No denying that she was that sort of woman; handsome, passionate, unrestrained—just the sort to poison her husband. Why in the name of everything hadn't she gone off with Jerningham, instead? Two answers to that; both good ones. She wanted to keep her respectability. Wonderful what an influence that was with women! And she wanted; *they* wanted the money. How many people were doing penal servitude at this moment because they had wanted respectability and money?

Dear old Jervis was all for letting her off, of course. He'd have said the same things if her guilt had been proved up to the hilt. Tolstoyan! Tolstoyans ought not to serve on juries. Nobody took any notice of

them. And that instance of the woman taken in adultery was not happily chosen, in this case. They had not been able to prove that Jerningham was her lover already, only that he wanted to be.

It certainly seemed as if, knowing what he did, he ought to use all his influence to bring in a verdict of guilty; not by telling them what he knew—that was out of the question—but by persuading his fellow-jurymen. He could do that. He felt within himself the certainty that he could do that. They did not care enough to oppose him. He would get them all probably, except Mrs. Swettenham and old Jervis.

Miss Whitehead was nervous and anxious, but she obviously wanted to oppose Mrs. Swettenham. Miss Whitehead's people were a conservative lot. No trouble about her.

After all, there was something fine in this ideal of Justice. If this woman had killed her husband, she ought to be punished. How could society defend itself otherwise? Society stood for a high moral efficiency. It was based on a rigid code of ethics, which it was one's duty to uphold. Not that there had been much talk of any abstract ethical standard in the jury-room. The fact was that they had been too self-conscious, all of them, and too afraid—afraid of not doing the Right thing.

It wasn't often that you came up against these tremendous uncertainties in ordinary life. You generally knew, more or less, what was the right thing to do, the thing sanctified by tradition, the thing public opinion and the Church would approve. Well, for him, that was fairly obvious. He was convinced of her guilt, and the public opinion and the Church would be on his side, if he succeeded, as he could, in persuading his jury to bring in a verdict of Guilty—with, of course, a strong recommendation to mercy. But for the rest of [illegible] [illegible]

there was no such satisfying certainty. They didn't know what they *ought* to do; most of them.

Elliott! He had almost forgotten him. He'd been waiting till they had all had their say. Just like him. And now this denunciation; as if he were preaching in his own chapel. She was a vile and wicked woman, was she? Only fit for the flames of hell! They had a duty before them that they couldn't shirk. They were responsible to God who had laid this charge upon them to punish the greatest of all sins. Not a word as to the evidence; as to whether or not she had committed the sin. As a matter of fact, Elliott wasn't thinking of murder. He was one of those crazy creatures who was mad about "purity." Mad. People like that were not sane. He must be almost frothing at the mouth, now. Wild; ready to tear himself to pieces if he could but get that poor woman hanged. He'd get real pleasure from seeing her hanged. He would like to stand and gloat on her physical pains; he would like to see her pulled to pieces with red-hot irons. You could hear it in his voice; see it no doubt, if you looked up, in his eyes, in the twitching of his hands. Justice? Good God; Elliott didn't want justice; he wanted Revenge. Revenge on women like that unfortunate in the dock; all the passionate, beautiful women that he tried to loathe in the name of righteousness.

But, good Heavens, Elliott made you see things in a new light! He did make you see the beauties of charity, of tenderness, of forgiveness, of a God of infinite patience and mercy; the sort of God who would know how that poor creature had been tempted; the sort who would smile sweetly and compassionately and give her another chance. Perhaps, there was something to be said for old Jervis's point of view. In any case . . .

For the first time since he had sat down at the head of that table, Stephen Fawcett lifted his head from his

hands and looked round at the men and women who had been closeted with him there now for just over an hour. He had a strange sense, as he did so, of seeing them suddenly dwindle and harden, or was it as if they were trying to hide themselves?

He stood up, slowly, with an effect of almost reluctant deliberation; and then with his head once more downcast; and his eyes following again that running grain of the table which would for evermore remain to him as a symbol of something vast and sacred beyond all understanding, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have listened with the greatest interest and attention to all that you have said; and I congratulate myself on having had the honour to act as foreman to a jury every member of which has displayed insight, understanding, and, may I say, generosity. And the point that your patient discussion has made even more clear to me than the hearing of the case in Court, is that none of us, with the possible exception of Mr. Elliott, is in any way convinced that the prisoner has been guilty either of murder or adultery. Nor do I believe that we should come to any certainty on either of these points if we stayed here for a week. In these circumstances, we cannot, I submit, return a verdict of guilty. To do so would violate the cause of justice we have sworn to advance, and would lay upon our consciences, the terrible sense of having condemned a fellow creature to death without any sureness as to why we had done it. There remain, then, two alternatives. If we disagree, we shall, I take it, be sent back by the Judge to reconsider the case, and it may be that we shall have to spend many more hours, here, before we are discharged and the case set down again for a new trial. On the other hand, can we find it in our minds to return a plain verdict of Not Guilty? For myself, I will be quite plain with you, I should have no hesitation in returning such a verdict. We are all,

with the possible exception of Mr. Elliott, agreed that there is no positive evidence strong enough to convict the prisoner; and, if I may say so without appearing unduly to influence you, I have a strong feeling that, well, that Christ, I say it in all reverence, would be on our side. However, I leave that to each of you to decide for yourselves, and I leave you to vote as to whether we shall decide to force upon the Court, by sheer patient effort, our inability to agree; or return a verdict of Not Guilty."

They were all very tired. And they all had businesses of their own or engrossing occupations of some kind.

They returned a verdict of Not Guilty with only one dissentient.

The Judge, without other comment, exempted them from further jury-service for a term of five years.

THE FIRST HOUR

By A. Y. M.

Now ceasing from your lamentation, turn,
  Ye daughters of the Gods, and sing for joy:
See how again the mountain summits burn
  With altars of earth's fire, and now destroy
The silent threat of space. Oh tender night,
  Pale with the breath of stars, oh hills and spires
That haunt the meadow-mist, oh moon most bright,
  Most magical of all, these are the fires
That, cleansing the dark altars of our faith
  From their entombèd sleep, fantastic burn:
And where one mourner lingered like a wraith,
  Now hither the slow festivals return.

MORE EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By Katherine Mansfield

Alors, je pars.

It is astonishing how violently a big branch shakes when a silly little bird has left it. I expect the bird knows it and feels immensely arrogant. The way he went on, my dear, when I said I was going to leave him. He was quite desperate. But now the branch is quiet again. Not a bud has fallen, not a twig has snapped. It stands up in the bright air, steady and firm, and thanks the Lord it has got its evenings to itself again.

Living Alone.

Even if I should by some awful chance find a hair upon my bread and honey—at any rate it is my own hair.

Love and Mushrooms.

If only one could tell true love from false love as one can tell mushrooms from toadstools. With mushrooms it is so simple—you salt them well, put them aside and have patience. But with love, you have no sooner alighted on anything that bears even the remotest resemblance to it than you are perfectly certain it is not only a genuine specimen, but perhaps *the* only genuine mushroom ungathered. It takes a dreadful number of toadstools to make you realise life is not one long mushroom.

MORE EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

Morning Children.

Children, children!

Oh no! Not yet. Oh, it can't be time. Go away. I won't. Oh, why must I?

Children! Children!

They are being called by the cold servant girls.

But they simply can't get up. They simply must have one more little sleep—the best sleep of all—the warm, soft, darling little rabbit of a sleep. . . Just let me hug it one minute more before it bounds away.

Soft little girls rolled up in rounds, just their bunch of curls showing over the sheet top; little long pale boys stretching out their slender feet; other little boys lying on their bellies pressing their heads into the pillow; tiny little fellows with fresh cut hair sprouting from a tuft; little girls on their backs, their fists clenched, the bedclothes anyhow, one foot dangling; girls with pig tails or rings of white paper snails instead of hair. . . .

And now there is the sound of plunging water and all those youthful warm bodies, the tender exposed boy children, and the firm compact little girls, lie down in the bath tubs and ruffle their shoulders, scattering the bright drops as birds love to do with their wings. . . .

Squeech! Squeech! Tchee! Quee! Little boys with plastered hair, clean collars and brand new boots squeak from the nursery to the lobby, to the cupboard under the stairs where the school kits are hung. Furious young voices cry: "Who's *stolen* my ink eraser that was in the well of my pencil-box?"

They hiss through their teeth at the stolid servant girls carrying the porridge pots: "You've been at this! Thief! Spy!!"

Acceptance.

For a long time she said she did not want to change anything in him, and she meant it. Yet she hated things in him and wished they were otherwise. Then

she said she did not want to change anything in him and she meant it. And the dark things that she had hated she now regarded with indifference. Then again she said she did not want to change anything in him. But now she loved him so that even the dark things she loved, too. She wished them there; she was not indifferent. Still they were dark and strange but she loved them. And it was for this they had been waiting. They changed. They shed their darkness—the curse was lifted and they shone forth as Royal Princes once more, as creatures of light.

The Rivers of China.

She sat on the end of the box ottoman buttoning her boots. Her short fine springy hair stood out round her head. She wore a little linen camisole and a pair of short frilled knickers.

"Curse these buttons," she said, tugging at them. And then suddenly she sat up and dug the handle of the button hook into the box ottoman.

"Oh dear," she said, "I do wish I hadn't married. I wish I'd been an explorer." And then she said dreamily, "The Rivers of China, for instance. . . ."

"But what do you know about the Rivers of China, darling?" I said. For Mother knew no geography whatever; she knew less than a child of ten.

"Nothing," she agreed. "But I can *feel* the kind of hat I should wear." She was silent a moment. Then she said, "If Father hadn't died I should have travelled and then ten to one I shouldn't have married." And she looked at me dreamily—looked through me, rather.

Snow Mountains.

Have you noticed how very *smug* those mountains look that are covered with snow all the year round? They seem to expect me to be so full of admiring awe. It never seems to enter their silly tops to wonder

whether it isn't rather dull to be so for ever and ever above suspicion.

A Cultivated Mind.

Such a cultivated mind doesn't really attract me. I admire it, I appreciate all "les soins et les peines" that have gone to produce it—but it leaves me cold. After all, the adventure is over. There is now nothing to do but to trim and to lop and to keep back—all faintly depressing labours. No, no, the mind I love must still have wild places, a tangled orchard where dark damsons drop in the heavy grass, an overgrown little wood, the chance of a snake or two (real snakes), a pool that nobody's fathomed the depth of—and paths threaded with those little flowers planted by the mind. It must also have *real* hiding-places, not artificial ones—not gazebos and mazes. And I have never yet met the cultivated mind that has not had its shrubbery. I loathe and detest shrubberies.

Doctor Johnson.

When I read Doctor Johnson I feel like a little girl sitting at the same table. My eyes grow round. I don't only listen; I take him in *immensely*.

The Fiddle.

Let me remember when I write about that fiddle how it runs up lightly and swings down sorrowful; how it *searches*——

The Stranger.

"You merely find yourself in the old position of trying to change me. And I refuse to be changed. I won't change. If I don't feel these things—I don't feel them, and there's an end of it."

For a moment he stood there, cold, frigid, grasping the door-handle, staring not at her but over her head.

He looked like a stranger who had opened her door by accident, and felt it necessary for some reason or other to explain the accident before he closed it again and went out of her life for ever.

Weak Tea.

. . . " I have just partaken of that saddest of things—a cup of *weak* tea. Oh, why must it be weak? How much more than pathetic it is to hear someone say as she puts it down before you: " I am afraid it is rather *weak*." One feels such a brute to take advantage of it until it is a little stronger. I grasp the cup; it seems to quiver—to breathe—" Coward!" I confess, I can never hear a person at a tea-party say (in that timid whisper, you know, as though they were shamefully conscious) " *Very* weak for me, please," without wanting to burst into tears. Not that I like desperately strong tea. No, let it be a moderate strength—tea that just rings the bell. Very strong tea does seem to give you your penny back—in the teapot, by the taste of it.

Fred.

Now and again Fred talked in his sleep. But even then you could say he was quiet. . . . She would wake up and hear him say suddenly: " It wants a couple of screws," or " Try the other blade," but never more than that.

The Hungry Gull.

In the white lace, the spreading veil and the pearls she looked like a gull. But a quick hungry gull with an absolutely insatiable appetite for bread. " Come feed me! Feed me!" said that quick glare. It was as though all her vitality, her cries, her movements, her wheelings depended upon the person on the bridge who carried the loaf.

MORE EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

Champagne.

But the champagne was no good at all. She turned the glass in her fingers. But there was something positively malicious in the way the little bubbles hurled themselves to the rim, danced, broke. . . . They seemed to be jeering at her.

A Serious Book.

"No, no," said Miss P., "that really isn't fair. I love serious books. Why I don't know when I've enjoyed a book as much as—as——Dear me! How silly! It's on the tip of my tongue—Darwin's . . . one moment—it's coming—Darwin's *Decline and Fall.* . . . No, no, that wasn't the one. That's not right now. Tchuh! Tchuh! you know how it is—I can see it quite plainly and yet . . . I've got it! Darwin's *Descent of Man! Was* that the one—though? Do you know *now* I'm not certain? I feel it was, and yet it's unfamiliar. This is most extraordinary. And yet I enjoyed it so much. There was a ship. Ah! *that's* brought it back. Of course, of course! *That* was the one. Darwin's *Voyage of the Bugle!*"

A Star Danced. . . .

"La mère de Lao-Tse a conçu son fils rien qu'en regardant filer une étoile."

The Fly.

Oh! the times when she had walked upside down on the ceiling, run up glittering panes, floated on a lake of light, flashed through a shining beam!

And God looked upon the fly fallen into the jug of milk and saw that it was good. And the smallest Cherubim and Seraphim of all, who delight in misfortune, struck their silver harps and shrilled: "How is the fly fallen, fallen!"

RELIGION AND CHRISTIANITY: A REPLY

By The Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D.

BOTH the religious and the literary public are in considerable debt to Mr. Murry for having published in the January number of THE ADELPHI his article on "Religion and Christianity." He has broken through that tradition of reserve on religious matters on which we English sometimes pride ourselves, but which, as a matter of fact, constitutes a very serious deprivation to our knowledge and understanding of religious matters. It is a momentous thing when a man becomes sure of God, and it is a great service to his fellows both to confess it and to tell them how he has become sure. But while Mr. Murry has been frank about his own religious certainty, the position which he has gained has led him to a somewhat astonished discovery, namely, that ordinary Christians do not share his assurance, but build their faith on a quite different basis; and he sees in this the cause of so much of the inefficiency of the Church and the lack of practical power in the faith of so many ordinary believers. Following on from that discovery, he comes to the conclusion that the orthodox Christian faith has gravely misinterpreted Christ, indeed, has completely transformed His message and meaning, and that the Christian Church is founded not on a positive and personal experience of God, but actually in order to supply its lack.

Mr. Murry has very courteously asked me to criticise his article from the general Christian and Catholic point

of view. I am not sure that I am competent to do so, and it is an unwelcome task to criticize a religious experience which has obviously brought to the writer such strength and peace; and not one word shall be said that casts any doubt upon its reality or power. It is only in so far as this experience is turned into a criticism of the orthodox Christian attitude towards faith and its assurance that I should dare to say anything. But there one must be as frank as Mr. Murry himself has been, because great issues are involved for other believers, however different their experience or the basis on which their faith rests.

Mr. Murry's discovery of the difference between his own experience and that of other professedly religious people was made through conversations that he has had with Roman Catholics and Anglicans. He has evidently been telling them how and why he believes in God and explaining that with him it is not belief so much as knowledge, for he declares he is as sure of God as he is of the existence of the outside world. But just because he is so sure of God, he wonders how anyone else can believe in the dogmas of the Christian Church. An eminent Roman Catholic, with whom Mr. Murry raised this question, replied that there was no difficulty in believing in the dogmas of the Church if once you believed in the existence of God; it was that which was the difficulty; and when Mr. Murry replied, "But I *know* that God exists," his Roman Catholic friend answered: "You're lucky." At once the whole situation was revealed to him and the difference between believing dogmas about God and knowing God immediately for oneself was made clear. He says, "I find it inevitable to believe in the existence of God and impossible for that very reason to believe in dogma." Dogmas would never be needed at all, indeed they would appear irrelevant, if one really knew God; therefore he concludes that ecclesiastical dogma rests on an

entirely different basis from personal faith. Moreover, another thing immediately became clear to him, namely, that Catholics make so much of the Church because they are afraid of standing alone; they are not personally sure about the fundamental thing, namely, God, and therefore they club together in the hope that this uncertainty will be compensated for by the faith that can be gained from fellowship and that rests on authority. Mr. Murry thinks that the man who believes in God does not need a Church; if you find God as a self-discovered certainty you are willing to stand absolutely alone.

It is obvious that Mr. Murry has not quite understood the Catholic position. I should like to have overheard that eminent Catholic saying, "You're lucky," for I should have needed to catch the tone of his voice to know whether he was crediting Mr. Murry with a genuine mystical experience, or whether he was questioning whether Mr. Murry really knew God as certainly as he thought. It was probably the combination of an assurance of God as a reality as certain as the existence of the external world, together with a complete perplexity concerning the need of dogmas and of a Church which probably prompted this somewhat ambiguous, not to say rather flippant, remark; but concerning the inner meaning of that conversation we shall probably have to remain in the dark; although I think if Mr. Murry could persuade the eminent Roman Catholic to give *his* interpretation of the conversation, he would do us all a great service. But in default of that, it would perhaps be worth while for the readers of Mr. Murry's article to give some thought to the general Catholic philosophy concerning belief, faith, and knowledge. It can be stated roughly somewhat as follows: belief that God exists can be gained from the data delivered by the intellect considering the phenomena of the [illegible] world. If anyone thinks about these things and [illegible]

the question how the world came to be his intellect will lead him to the conclusion that there must be a God. That conclusion will never be in the nature of an absolute demonstration ; such a thing is in the circumstances impossible ; but the certainty of God's existence will put that man under grave moral responsibility unless he goes on to seek for faith, which is a gift of illumination bestowed as a reward for a sincere acceptance of the position to which one's thought has led, and this will be a humble petition for that which shall bring assurance. This faith, when given, brings an assurance not only that God is, but of what He is, what His attitude towards man is, what He is willing to do for man, and so ultimately, step by step, to an acceptance of the whole Christian system, including the dogmas embraced by the Creeds and the authority claimed by the Church. These dogmas and the Church's authority are not claimed to be rationally deducible from the fundamental fact of the existence of God : such doctrines as the Incarnation and the Trinity are based on what is called Revelation, that is statements made by such persons as prophets, apostles, and pre-eminently by Christ, which are delivered by them with the conscious claim that they are speaking in the name of God, and are invested with a peculiar solemnity which brings to the mind a feeling of inspiration, or authority, or an immediate response. But although they could never have been discovered by Reason working unaided, they are now seen to be not incompatible with Reason. Moreover, when carefully considered, they alone give a basis to Reason itself, to its universality, to its power and its trustworthiness.

But in addition to this gift of faith there may come to the soul, through the practice of prayer, gradually, or by some sudden illumination, a sense of God which seems to be immediate, overwhelming and brings an assurance the soul cannot possibly doubt ; this is believed

to be a foretaste of the final condition of the soul, only perfectly attained in the other world, when God will be directly apprehended by the soul as clearly and gloriously as the sun is seen by the eyes. It is not denied that this mystical consciousness of God comes to people in many different ways and may be found apart from the Church and its Sacraments, and, indeed, outside Christianity altogether. But it would also be held that while this gave a great assurance, it would often be lacking in two important particulars; first it would be bound to be rather inarticulate; if a man were asked what God felt like, or who was this God of whom he was so sure, he would be unable to say; he would only know *that* God was, but he might not be able to say *what* He was. Secondly, it is just conceivable that under the pressure of the crude facts of life, the suggestions of scepticism and the perhaps temporary cessation of this assurance, a man might wonder if after all the experience was true, and to make up for these deficiencies he would have to turn to Reason, to ecclesiastical dogma and to the experience of the saints to confirm and establish his assurance.

Now Mr. Murry's certainty about God is obviously of this mystical type, and has both these defects. It is at least remarkable that never once in his whole article does he tell us what he means by God. He does [illegible] need to, he knows what he means; but does [illegible] else know what he means? How can he assure [illegible] else that it is not just a feeling of his ideal self, or the cosmic consciousness, or the unity of all life, or any other vague thing which has been identified with God? It may be that Mr. Murry will yet one day look back upon this undoubted experience and doubt whether it was real, and he will then want to turn to something else for help.

It is not perhaps surprising that in a vague [illegible] conversation these matters were not all made [illegible]

Mr. Murry might have been aware that terms were being bandied about which need a somewhat careful definition; for instance, knowledge is a very ambiguous word, and may mean either an immediate consciousness of a thing, as, for instance, when we say that we know of the existence of anything; or, it might mean knowledge of a person sufficient to recognize that person, or perhaps such an intimate knowledge that we might even presume to say that we knew how he would act in a given circumstance; or, knowledge might stand for a scientific demonstration; the complete explanation and analysis of some existing thing. A line of Tennyson's ought to have come to his mind, and would have been sufficient to put him on his guard:

> We have but faith, we cannot know,
> For knowledge is of things we see;

which quite rightly implies that our knowledge of God is not the same thing as the demonstrated knowledge of science; though it might also be claimed that faith brings a much higher assurance of things that cannot be seen than science can ever give us of things we do see. Mr. Murry is confusing *certainty* with *knowledge*; for while certainty may be felt by anyone of us beyond the possibility of doubt, this can hardly be called knowledge unless it can be shared by others and can be shown to be true. Now strangely enough he tells us that "God need not be defined, because He does not need to be shared."

Perhaps sufficient has been said to show that the Catholic philosophy has at least got a place for Mr. Murry's certainty, but it would never dream of building everything on that alone. It ought to be remembered also that if anyone is asked suddenly about the nature of his religious faith the immediate answer and the language employed need to be judged very carefully. If I were asked if I was as sure of God as of the outside

to be a foretaste of the final condition of the soul, only perfectly attained in the other world, when God will be directly apprehended by the soul as clearly and gloriously as the sun is seen by the eyes. It is not denied that this mystical consciousness of God comes to people in many different ways and may be found apart from the Church and its Sacraments, and, indeed, outside Christianity altogether. But it would also be held that while this gave a great assurance, it would often be lacking in two important particulars; first it would be bound to be rather inarticulate; if a man were asked what God felt like, or who was this God of whom he was so sure, he would be unable to say; he would only know *that* God was, but he might not be able to say *what* He was. Secondly, it is just conceivable that under the pressure of the crude facts of life, the suggestions of scepticism and the perhaps temporary cessation of this assurance, a man might wonder if after all the experience was true, and to make up for these deficiencies he would have to turn to Reason, to ecclesiastical dogma and to the experience of the saints to confirm and establish his assurance.

Now Mr. Murry's certainty about God is obviously of this mystical type, and has both these defects. It is at least remarkable that never once in his whole article does he tell us what he means by God. He does not need to, he knows what he means; but does anyone else know what he means? How can he assure anyone else that it is not just a feeling of his ideal self, or the cosmic consciousness, or the unity of all life, or any other vague thing which has been identified with God? It may be that Mr. Murry will yet one day look back upon this undoubted experience and doubt whether it was real, and he will then want to turn to something else for help.

It is not perhaps surprising that in a vague theological conversation these matters were not all made clear, but

Mr. Murry might have been aware that terms were being bandied about which need a somewhat careful definition; for instance, knowledge is a very ambiguous word, and may mean either an immediate consciousness of a thing, as, for instance, when we say that we know of the existence of anything; or, it might mean knowledge of a person sufficient to recognize that person, or perhaps such an intimate knowledge that we might even presume to say that we knew how he would act in a given circumstance; or, knowledge might stand for a scientific demonstration; the complete explanation and analysis of some existing thing. A line of Tennyson's ought to have come to his mind, and would have been sufficient to put him on his guard:

> We have but faith, we cannot know,
> For knowledge is of things we see;

which quite rightly implies that our knowledge of God is not the same thing as the demonstrated knowledge of science; though it might also be claimed that faith brings a much higher assurance of things that cannot be seen than science can ever give us of things we do see. Mr. Murry is confusing *certainty* with *knowledge*; for while certainty may be felt by anyone of us beyond the possibility of doubt, this can hardly be called knowledge unless it can be shared by others and can be shown to be true. Now strangely enough he tells us that "God need not be defined, because He does not need to be shared."

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world, I should certainly hesitate; for while I am sure of the outside world I have never met with any proof of its existence; and my assurance of God is so different that I cannot really compare the two things.

But it is serious that on this basis of certainty Mr. Murry should feel it necessary to deny the Divinity of Christ, and to decry the value of the Church; for while his vision of faith may not move any unbeliever nearer to belief, it might move a good many people away from Christ and the Church without any corresponding gain in mystical assurance. Mr. Murry has already most courteously and frankly acknowledged to me that the ascription of fear as the foundation and bond of the Church was a hasty assumption and may be taken to be withdrawn. But something does need to be said to counteract the statement. When I read that Catholics do not claim to know God, and that they join the Church simply to overcome the uncertainties which they dare not face, there leapt into my mind literally scores of names. Did St. Paul know nothing of God when he sought Baptism? Were the hermits of the Thebaid, St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross persons who were afraid to venture out into utter loneliness and desolation of soul in order to become absolutely sure of God? Did Pascal, who was an intellectual sceptic of the most penetrating type, not know it when he wrote of his experience: "Certainy, Certainty, Certainty," and yet did he not seek the fellowship of the Church and join the community of Port Royal? Mr. Murry uses more than once the word "luminous" in order to describe his own state of belief, and the very word recalled some famous words: "I rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." These words were written by a Cardinal of the Roman Church, John Henry Newman!

It is the more astonishing since God has become so [illegible] clear and necessary to Mr. Murry's thought that

[illegible]

the value of Christ to him should consist solely in the fact that He was a man. I hesitate again to criticize Mr. Murry here, because he has entered so closely into the message of Jesus and His call to men to cease to rest upon anything this world can give and to venture all upon God; and yet to adopt this purely humanitarian conception of Christ means to ignore many of Christ's own words and some of the most fundamental things in His own consciousness. Surely Catholic dogma would have been a little help to Mr. Murry here, for it does affirm Christ is truly man, but also that He is God: God and Man. Therefore I simply fail to follow the distinction that if Christ is man we are bound to follow Him, whereas if He is God we cannot. This is a common modern confusion that Christ's work for man was to provide him with a human example: it was rather with an example of Divinity, to which we are actually called. If Christ is not divine He cannot lift us to Divinity, and He then tells us no more than the prophets of Israel or the seers of Paganism, and He does not meet the need of mind or heart. It seems so strange that Christ should be worthless if He is God, when it is God of whom Mr. Murry is so sure and from whom he derives such strength. And it is not perhaps unfounded to suspect that on analysis he would find his idea of God has been derived from Christ, not only as a teacher, but as an actual revealer, and the image of God.

That leads to another question, whether after all Mr. Murry is quite so independent of reasonings as he claims to be. It is difficult to believe that his assurance of God, whether it came gradually or suddenly, had nothing to do with previous intellectual work and that he had not been arguing with himself along rational lines. Can he also be certain that the Church has had nothing to do with it? He has a theory of Christ's meaning on which he must reject as a sheer invention on the part of

the Church a vast amount of the Gospels, but it is still to these Gospels he must appeal to support him ; that is, he has to appeal to the Church's own documents. But would he know anything about Christ's attitude towards God and His message to humanity if there had been no Church to transmit even that knowledge? It is more than unlikely. He seems to have fallen into one of the commonest errors of modern criticism which first assumes an authority which it afterwards denies. Unfortunately Mr. Murry may find sufficient evidence all down the ages of the Church's unfaithfulness to Christ, and he is probably right when he says that you cannot expect a body to move as individuals can ; but it is surely a daring and unwarranted conclusion that this unfaithfulness is due to the fact that Christ has been regarded not as human, but as divine, and that He has been made "the God of a Church instead of the example of a man" in order to evade His obvious demands. It is a tremendous work, of course, to make anyone faithful to Christ, and we may admire and love Christ long before we come to that ; and it is a still greater task to lift any organized body of people to a level of faithfulness ; but we shall certainly not lift them any the sooner by saying that Christ was only human. And Christianity has no practical message for this world unless it can offer some hope that an organization can also be lifted into faithfulness, even though the process may be slow. Why some of us are so concerned about faith in the Church is not because we are afraid, but because if there is no hope of Christ's Body, the Church, at length corresponding to its Divine Head, we can see little hope of the redemption of humanity. And if the Church has utterly failed, then Christ has failed too. But He Himself declared that there would be in the Church examples of failure because of the human and evil elements gathered into it ; but nevertheless, that its failure would never be the final fact about it.

It may be said finally that Mr. Murry's article does nevertheless serve to emphasize the fact that the institutional element in religion is always in danger of the means being made the end; but that does not imply that the mystical element can stand alone or that even God can redeem the world apart from an organization. And it is unbecoming to souls who have climbed as high as mystical assurance to grow contemptuous of the steps by which others must advance. There is something about this type of thought which is not only individualistic and un-Christian, but irreligious; and the judgment which it often passes on people beneath it, or on the Church as a whole, is painfully reminiscent of Pharisaism. No one can dispute that the very existence of the Church, its creeds and its Sacraments are the outcome of mysticism; that they demand mystical vision for their understanding and comprehension; and that it is mystical experience which the whole aims to produce. Again, in Catholic popular theology the humanity of Christ is certainly often overshadowed. But to declare that Christ is God and not man is a heresy: Christ's human experience is a real one and His human life was lived in order to show how we could live in perfect dependence upon God. But despite all the failure that can be blamed against the Church and individual Christians, there is no sort of proof that those who deny Christ's Divinity have followed Him more nearly than those who accept it: the humanitarian conception of Christ may often produce a very upright and philanthropic life, but very rarely does it lead to the heroic sacrifice and self-negation which the Catholic system has always been able to produce. The life to which Christ calls us is a supernatural life; no doubt when this is realized it enables scores of Christians to plead off anything but the most far-off following of Christ; but excuse and evasion are not to be confused with the effects of a real understanding of that utter humility and condescension

which the Incarnation declares to be the very essence of God; for it is this which has converted sinners and created saints. The Incarnation is a necessity if we are going to be certain that our assurance of God is not a mere interior delusion; we must see God also coming to us in an objective historical person; we must have something to answer modern doubt when it suggests that God is after all merely our deified self, or some phantasy of the mind which we have created in order to console ourselves for our own failures. If it be true that sometimes popular Catholicism has overlooked the necessity for leading people from a merely accepted authority to a personal experience, it must be remembered that Catholicism has produced the greatest quantity of mystical experience, while the mysticism outside this system, the existence and value of which Catholicism has never denied, has often lost itself in the deserts of subjectivism and individualism, only to end in doubt and selfishness. The Catholic philosophy of faith has room for Mr. Murry's experience and gives to it a very honoured and valuable place, but it is the only philosophy that provides it with an adequate explanation, saves it from delusion, and can gather together and channel the power of such an experience so that it is available for all mankind and is preserved intact across the centuries.

How to Learn.—It is a great fault when anything is presented to us to twist it into a mere illustration of something we already are, or know. We ought to divest ourselves of ourselves in looking at it; lie passive and bare to it. (*Mark Rutherford.*)

BIRTH

By Helen Thomas

I woke up in the night, and knew that at last my waiting was over. My baby was making ready for his mysterious entrance into life. I held my breath, and waited, for I was not quite sure what it was that had wakened me, and had conveyed to me so surely that my time was come.

It came again, a small, sharp pain. For a little while I lay quite still too moved by its significance to turn and speak to my husband by my side. I must be quiet awhile with my baby, he in the dark mystery of my body, and I in the dark mystery of my soul ; our bond, and the breaking of that bond made manifest by the small, sharp pain that came again.

I felt his shape in my great belly, and closed my eyes in the darkness, that in such double dark I might see him as I had so often seen him thus, turning and trying his strength, and beating against the tender wall of his prison. He did not strive now, but lay quiet and expectant under my wildly beating heart.

My breasts for days had been big with milk, which running out and trickling over my body made me laugh to think of his greediness. For by all that waste of milk I knew he would be a boy and greedy, and I was glad.

Again the sign.

My thoughts wandered happily to the night he was conceived. My husband and I lay together in a little copse. It was a warm, still evening in May, and the stars were very high and very small, and there was no moon. The air was full of the smell of Spring, the

rich, cool, fresh Spring-earth and young foliage and flowers giving up their essence into the air. The birch trees and young oaks and hazels of the copse were full of birds who woke and fluttered a bit and then slept again. We lay upon dog's mercury and last year's beech leaves just shed. And how I knew that night that I had conceived, I cannot explain, but I did know it, and in my different joy now I remembered the joy of that knowledge. I remembered all the months of pregnancy that were now at an end. I had had nothing to disturb the tranquillity of my soul—no bodily distress, no fear, no weariness—happy in a strange solitude that I could share with no one, and was content not to share. I was so glad of my strong, proud body. My pretty breasts and my slim hips I saw losing their shapeliness, but the emotion I felt was one of joy, not fear.

I knew I must keep my body strong and healthy, so that it should not fail my baby in any way. This was the final consummation of my bridal night.

I remembered all the sweet times during those months—my walks with my husband, the sewing times in the evening when he had read to me. I remembered that moment—when I had felt first my baby's life stirring within me. Like a bird caught in the hand he fluttered in my womb, and my heart, filled with joy and wonder and love beating so near him, spoke to him secretly unutterable things. I remembered the times when I had arranged and refolded and busied myself needlessly with my baby's clothes. The cradle was ready with its fleecy little blankets and white eiderdown, and tiny down pillow, the basket too, and the pile of white napkins. I wondered if I had everything he would need.

The sign again.

I woke my husband and told him. He kissed me sleepily, and drew me into the hollow of his arm and we fell asleep till morning.

BIRTH

The morning came, a cold winter morning in January. I woke feeling as I used to when a child on my birthday morning, or on the morning when we were going away to the seaside. Something was going to happen that I had been counting up the days for. What was it? I had forgotten. But my baby had not slept: he was impatient to be out, and the sign was so sharp this time that it made me catch my breath. My husband was in his bath—I got hurried and flustered and called to him to be quick and let me have mine, for the pain now was so sharp, and seemed so impatient that it excited and unnerved me. Everything before had been so slow, so calm; this was a new and unexpected note; I could not at once attune myself to it.

I bathed and dressed as quickly as I could, the pain speeding me with its insistence. My baby called me and I must hurry to him, but how? when? My husband tying his tie at the mirror saw my face reflected in it, and came and held me against him, and when I felt his body tremble my panic fled and I was calm again.

We were living in my mother's house, and I ran downstairs to tell her, and met the old servant who disapproved of the bother of a confinement in the house, so all she said was "Ye'll be worse afore ye be better." But I was not to be frightened out of my calm any more.

My husband had arranged that day—it was Sunday—to go for a long country walk with a friend, and when the friend came I insisted that they should keep to their plan. So they went, sending a telegram to my nurse on the way. In a few hours she arrived, greatly to the surprise of my small brother, to whom my mother refused to tell the reason of the capped and aproned stranger who took no notice of him.

Our room was at the top—a great attic reaching over the whole house, with a large old-fashioned fireplace with hobs at each side on which a copper kettle always

stood, for my husband drank tea at all hours. It had a sloping roof and a dormer window at each end. Half of it was my husband's study and our sitting-room where his books, his fishing rods, his clay pipes and walking sticks were kept, and where he wrote and read all day for his living. The other half was our bedroom with the big bed, the bow-fronted chest of drawers, the low rocking-chair, and the large semi-circular dressing-table with a muslin petticoat round it. On the floor was an old faded carpet, that had once been gay with bunches of impossible flowers. In the study part was a huge arm-chair that had been in my husband's college rooms. On the mantelpiece were the brass candlesticks I had given him for his Oxford rooms, his tobacco jar, and a miniature of his mother as a young and beautiful girl. The pictures in the study were two old silhouettes of Welsh ancestors above the plain oak table which served as a desk, a large photograph of the Venus Accroupi which Richard Jefferies so much admired, and an old rather ribald ballad, with a coloured picture at the top, which we used to sing to a jolly tune, and a funny old painting on glass of Tintern Abbey. In the bedroom part hung a large coloured reproduction of Botticelli's Prima Vera, and his round Virgin and Child, and a watercolour drawing of my father who was dead.

It was to me a most lovable room, and on that day every detail of it imprinted itself on my mind for ever. I was content that it should be the birth room of my first born.

On an oak chest which my husband had made, near to the fireplace, stood the cradle. Round the huge fire on a fireguard I hung a complete set of baby clothes to air. If I had been laying an offering on the altar of my God, I could not have felt a deeper ecstasy than in that simple act. It was humbleness, pride, joy, wonder, tenderness and a seriousness combined into an overwhelming emotion, which lifted my soul nearer [illegible]

than it had ever been before, or ever will again. I cannot recall what I thought, but I believe in that moment I took on my motherhood.

The pain came fiercer and more often now, but I was full of restless energy. I went up and down stairs, and went down to lunch, and read aloud to my little brother who begged me to finish the chapter in *Treasure Island* I had begun the day before. My mother brought tea up to our room, and we had a sort of picnic round the fire, mother and nurse talking of practical matters, but I was lost to all but my own excitement, which not even the pain could subdue. I must be doing, my soul was singing and free, my body must respond however foolishly. The fierceness of the pain stopped me in all I began; I had to hold on to anything stable, and when I looked at my mother's face I saw pity there. But she was a rather hard, silent woman, and could not speak of her feeling to me, and I was glad she could not.

I wanted to be alone with this fierce exultation of pain. My spirit sang in triumph after each paroxysm, but my body was like a dead weight on it. I only knew that my baby and I were struggling for him to be born. He could not go back to his quiet darkness. All was changed. He had begun his perilous journey to life—I must speed him and help him; keep him with all the strength of my body and all the strength of my desire for him, pressed forwards towards the light where his soul waited for him. I did not think this, but dimly perceived it was so.

I cling on to the bed, and feel that the pain is overwhelming me. I must not let it. Nurse comes to hold me. "No, don't touch me; go to the fire; I can smell the baby things scorching." So by trivial ways I try to keep in touch with reality. My few garments are unbearable. I try to undress, but become confused as the waves of pain break over me making consciousness more and more difficult to retain. But I will not

THE WORK OF ALLAN MONKHOUSE

By Edward Garnett

Two of the contemporary creative talents whose works have received least recognition in proportion to their merits are Mr. Charles Marriott and Mr. Allan Monkhouse. Readers we know are gregarious creatures and his record of a dozen subtle novels has apparently left Mr. Marriott, after twenty years, gazing at the public's broad back. Mr. Monkhouse, with an intermittent output divided between novels and plays, has been guilty of no concessions to popular taste. He appears to reside, in spirit, on an island not marked on the popular chart, one only spoken of by the discerning who rejoice in its individual atmosphere and its original features. That Mr. Monkhouse's works should be popular would mean that public taste had grown critical, had learnt to enjoy situations often tragic in their issues, lit by ironical lights, devoid of orthodox comments and sentimental solutions. Mr. Monkhouse's distinction it is to be of the best English tradition in his spiritual fineness, but he is strangely uninsular in his thirst for intellectual integrity. The roots of Mr. Monkhouse's unpopularity, indeed, strike very deep. For hundreds of years the Englishman has been blinking his eyes at the gap between his moral and his sensuous [illegible]. And it is his habit of partitioning off into [illegible] chambers different impulses in instinct and cond[illegible] [illegible] keeping them apart in his consciousness that has [illegible] him so lacking in intellectual single-mindedness. [illegible] double-mindedness and gap between the moral [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

sensuous emphasized by puritanism was bridged over in part by eighteenth-century rationalism. But serious Victorian culture revealed the cleavage extending in new directions. The English middle classes with their practical and moral bias frowned upon frank delineations of life's sensuous features and burked bold dissections of social ideas and beliefs that raised uncomfortable questions. Wit and irony, however searching, were contemned as "light" by the serious Victorian spirit and classics such as Congreve, Swift, and Hogarth were relegated to the top shelf or to the attic. The mid-Victorian did not wish the roots of his creed of optimistic complacency to be critically scrutinized. He negatived the tone of witty candour in which the best eighteenth-century minds had delighted. He feared, indeed, intellectual honesty. It was significant that Meredith, who succeeded best in knitting up the moral and the sensuous instincts in a spiritual philosophy of life, was the least accepted of the great Victorian writers and could long get no hearing. The fissure in the English consciousness was perhaps best publicly manifested by the ignominious state of the Victorian stage. No dramatist of intellectual breadth appeared among the host of playwrights till the early 'nineties. And since, even Mr. Shaw's most brilliant works and Mr. Galsworthy's best pieces have only held the stage for short runs. One is therefore not surprised that Mr. Monkhouse's trenchantly intellectual plays should still be lying in a heap waiting to be staged. For their essential features, their witty intellectual freedom and their sceptical probing, are precisely what a British audience instinctively shuns. Time that discounts sensational and sentimental fashions in stage entertainments will, I believe, disclose the hard metal of Mr. Monkhouse's intellectual drama. I can see years hence, some critical genius suddenly lighting upon *The Hayling Family* and *The Education of Mr. Surrage* and firing the enthusiasm

of some manager of insight; I can imagine the connoisseur of drama watching the performance of these pieces much as collectors now discuss and appraise a fine Japanese colour print. A good deal of Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Galsworthy's drama will then "date," because of the social propaganda infused in the exposition; but Mr. Monkhouse's plays, free from propaganda, rest almost entirely on the dramatic disclosure of people's characteristic behaviour and their relations one with another. What has hitherto restricted the enjoyment of these plays to "the happy few," namely, the searching veracity of the author's sardonic wit, will not then seem to challenge people's love of conformity, but will appeal simply to their aesthetic perceptions, just as to-day we can enjoy Congreve's brilliance of manner, without worrying as did the Victorians over the morals of his characters.

A play which may indeed to-day excite heated debate, since it deals with the War, is Mr. Monkhouse's last, *The Conquering Hero* [1923], a characteristic example of the author's style of dramatic attack, with its ironical, laciniating strokes, and its impartial intensity. Should it prove over-harrowing to the majority it will be because they have not the habit of mental honesty, and still shut their eyes to the gulf between the comfortable patriotism of the "home front" and that of the young men who went, willingly or not, to the sacrifice. Yet the balance is truly held between all the characters, between Christopher and Stephen Rokeby who hang back from the war and their patriotic womenkind, Margaret and Helen who goaded them hysterically into doing their "duty," between Captain Francis Iredale the young soldier and Dakin the footman who enlisted and dear old Colonel Rokeby the professional warrior who remarks innocently to his son, the broken "conquering hero," at the close: "It is a strange thing, isn't it, that I've never had any fighting? It's not for want of trying. I [illegible]

you." Mr. Monkhouse's method of making his characters disclose their feelings and motives with an incisiveness that is rare in life is carried rather far in certain scenes, but the spiritual veracity of the piece perhaps gains by this dramatic heightening of the atmospheric intensity of wartime. The war-play links up three facts generally blinked, that the warring peoples everywhere were encaged in the same trap of necessity, that there were 90 per cent. of pacifists in the trenches to the pacific 10 per cent. on the "home front," and that from the moral dilemma that war creates, there is no escape, but only a choice between evils.

The gap in the Englishman's consciousness between the claims of his moral and his sensuous self leads him to action as an escape from thought. It is Mr. Monkhouse's distinction through the mouths of his leading characters to pursue the truth with such quiet or witty trenchancy that the tissues of the situation, often involving a moral or spiritual dilemma, are shredded out before our eyes. And in this atmosphere of probing veracity the comfortable assumptions of the ordinary man become frayed and holed. To enjoy the drama of human nature struggling with its own inadequacy needs rather more intellectual freedom and a finer aesthetic sense than British audiences can lay claim to. For this reason the most powerful of Mr. Monkhouse's dramas, *The Hayling Family* (*Four Tragedies*, 1913), will appear too remorseless to them, since the struggle here between paternal rapacity, mother love and filial suffering is beaten out to a sardonically tragic ending. Old Hayling is an egoistic and "flighty" financier who bankrupts his firm, ruins his family, serves a sentence for forgery and on coming out of prison seeks to suck his children dry again and so turns their kindly impulses into stony contempt. Psychologically Hayling is a wonderful creation. And to balance him we have his gentle wife

who becomes deranged by the strain of long brooding over her duty to her husband and her children. Impelled by an obsession of religious fanaticism she tries to kill her husband, but he kills her instead, and the play ends with his whimpering appeal to his children to hush up his crime. The last Act should be terrible on the stage. There is no moral. Both the sheep and the goats get boggled hopelessly as the play proceeds, all but Hayling's son, John, who rallies to the murderer's side, sustains him and will not abandon him after his crime. This is the spiritual issue of the piece. But the most appropriate comment seems to be the remark of a character in *Men and Ghosts*, "Truth is hydra-headed." What extorts one's admiration is the unflinching concentration with which Mr. Monkhouse cuts to the bone of his subject, like a masterly surgeon handling the scalpel.

The characters' analytic exposure of one another's motives through the duel of wits on the stage, in stripping away illusions, heightens Mr. Monkhouse's drama. One feels this strongly, for example, in *Mary Broome* (1912), where the character of the attractive "bad lot," Leonard Timbrell, acts like steel on flint, striking sparks of sincerity all round from his bourgeois family, from his indulgent mother, his commonplace brother and sister, his pompous obstinate father and his unsophisticated wife, Mary the housemaid. Leonard has seduced Mary, and he is about to shirk the consequences and disappear when his evasive attitude so scandalises his irate father that the latter insists on his marrying the girl. The situation is one of ironic comedy, Leonard's humorous advertisement of his own worthlessness forcing everybody into paroxysms of indignant virtue, while the candid single-mindedness of Mary appears lovely and refreshing amid these bourgeois people. All these characters, including Leonard's mother and old Mr. Broome the cabman and his wife,

need

reveal themselves in irresistible fashion. In a couple of hours of ironic comedy, the Timbrells yield up all the secrets of the family history. The end is conclusive. Leonard, incurably selfish, stays away with his rich friends when his infant son is dying and writes Mary "a beautiful letter" instead of coming to the funeral. This forces Mary to recognize that her marriage was "all wrong from the beginning." She decides to leave Leonard and go off to Canada with her old lover, George Truefit, the milkman, to whom she can be "a proper wife," and she sticks to this in spite of the scandalized protests of old Mr. Timbrell. In the coolest way, by exposing all the motives and the workings of the minds of this little group of people, Mr. Monkhouse has ripped open most dexterously the stuffing of the bourgeois ideal and contrasted it with the simpler, more direct working-class morality.

Highly polished in style and dialogue is *The Education of Mr. Surrage* (1913) which if not the finest is certainly the wittiest of Mr. Monkhouse's plays. The subject here, the reconciliation of the ethic of the artist in his duty to his art with the ethic of the business world is treated in most original fashion. The hero, Mr. Surrage, an old-fashioned retired business man, with all his wits about him, is painfully "out of the movement" in the eyes of his children,—Rose, Violet and Archie. Wishing to brisk him up and make him see what the young generation is aiming at, they generously give him an opportunity by bringing down to his house in the country three of their "advanced" friends, Vallance the artist, a penniless genius, his former mistress, the charming Mrs. Staines, and Suckling a young writer of unpopular plays. Vallance, hungry, reckless and devoid of principles, save where his art is in question, does a preposterous thing on arrival. He steals eleven pounds from his host's desk and when they are missed he tries to throw suspicion

on Bindloss the butler. But Bindloss has found the eleven pounds in Vallance's pockets, when brushing his clothes, and Vallance on being cornered strikes a defiant attitude. He refuses to give up the stolen money on the ground that he needs it more than his host! His argument is that the only thing that matters to him is his art, and that he "just takes what he wants." He is a genius. He has refused to alter his beautiful design for Lord Stanger's ballroom and having lost a thousand pounds' commission in consequence is now starving for his principles.

Mr. Surrage is much intrigued by the genius and his ideas and he sends away the policeman whom the butler has summoned. He has, in fact, fallen in love with Mrs. Staines on the spot, and is deeply affected by Vallance's incomprehensible attitude to this charming woman. This lady herself thinks it "beautiful" and "romantic" of Mr. Surrage to be so tender and chivalrous, but she declines his offer of marriage and finally leaves the house in the company of her old lover, Vallance. In a delicious scene of comedy Mr. Surrage now tells his children that he is "extraordinarily interested" in all these Bohemian advanced ideas and that he realizes he has been missing all sorts of things in his retirement. The children, nonplussed by their father's high spirits, protest that they have been deceived in Vallance, that they are shocked at his theft, that their father has had "a fortunate escape" from Mrs. Staines and that they cannot permit his peace to be again disturbed. But Mr. Surrage replies that he is going to sell his house and come up to London! Mr. Surrage in fact has been "educated"; but his children are no longer "in the movement"! In the last Act we see Mr. Surrage successfully running Vallance's art on business lines and insisting on putting through Vallance's marriage with Mrs. Staines. It is the business man predominant who brings the piece to an end

by proclaiming, "I mean to understand your pictures as well as I understand you. I'll get to the bottom of them!" The last Act is, perhaps, something of an anti-climax and as a polished intellectual comedy the piece should end with the dropping of the curtain on Act III. Both in form and style the comedy is however a perfect model. The characters are admirably contrasted, the dialogue is delightfully light and witty and the dramatic action is full of surprises. The greatest surprise of all is that this brilliant piece published ten years ago has only been acted a few times in the provinces.

The brilliant wit that animates *The Education of Mr. Surrage* reappears in saturnine form in the novel *Men and Ghosts* (1918), in my judgment the most interesting of all the author's creations. The tragi-comic story of the frustrated passion of Fenn the narrator for Rose Amory, the "saint" of the piece, and of the sinner, Bill Campion's lingering deathbed, closed in by the jealous curtains of Rose's Christian love, is both fortified and diversified by the stream of ironical flashes lighting up the limitations of all the people in the story and life's tragi-comic discordances. The pattern is one of ironical comedy, but the tragic background has a peculiar "lighting" of its own, recalling a scarred rocky hillside seen in tender twilight. The opening chapters are marred a little by a meagreness of line, but the situation soon plunges us into deep water. Fenn, a critical and self-repressed type of man, falls passionately in love with the beautiful "saint" Rose Amory. So also does Bill Campion, his broad-natured, jolly spirited friend, who is frankly "Rabelaisian" in his morals. Fenn, through excess of delicacy, misses his opportunity of sweeping Rose off her feet and then Bill takes up the running. But Bill before this has seduced a village girl, Jessie Bland, who is with child. Complications occur with her old suitor, Reuben Harper, who naturally now refuses to marry

her. Pressed hard, Bill now declares in his serio-burlesque manner that he will atone by marrying the girl. Instead of doing so, through a strange accident in mountain climbing he is turned into a stricken, dying invalid. Bill's parents, worldly people, are summoned to his bedside, and they and Rose, Jessie, Fenn, the doctor and the clergyman all play a hushed inconclusive part in broken scenes of tragi-comedy. These hinge on Bill's desire to legitimatize Rose's position before he dies, and on his parents' conventional objection. The darkening background of death is lit up by deeply sardonic flashes of humour, and the characters' fussy preoccupations with life mingle incongruously with the lengthening tragic shadows. The scene of the ceremony of the dying man's marriage, in the hushed atmosphere of repressed egoisms, is perhaps the finest example of Mr. Monkhouse's richly sombre, piercing humour. And the final scenes tighten his hold on us. Rose's womanly absorption in the dying man's sufferings is now transfigured by her vein of Christian mysticism. As earthly desire fades from the picture, she shuts away Fenn more and more from her thought, and the dying Bill becomes to her an image of Christ hanging on the cross. The book ends with Fenn's imploring appeal to Rose to remember him. As a point of art one wonders whether the book should finish on this note, and raises the question whether Mr. Monkhouse's art does not suffer at times from excess of sincerity. By his scrupulous desire to balance his picture and deal out justice to all his artistic chiaroscuro becomes weakened. His handling shows a pleasing austerity of line, but his honesty to his brief not infrequently leads him to lose breadth of effect in niggling detail. We feel this in *True Love* (1919), a war novel of rare intellectual sincerity based on the standpoint of a young Manchester intellectual, a newspaper man, who finally enlists and is killed in the trenches while his wife, a girl of German [illegible]

dies in childbirth, her strength sapped by the "persecution" of her patriotic neighbours. Looking back from the last magnificent chapter, one feels that the emotional strength of the book would have been doubled if half of the early argumentative chronicle had been cleared away. The same criticism may be made on *Dying Fires* (1912), the chronicle of an unhappy marriage, where the natural emotional force seems pent up and constrained in too rigidly intellectual a channel. In this last-named novel especially the author's imperative instinct for intellectualizing all features and aspects leads to a deficiency of visualization. It is as though the sensuous appeal of life and the sensuous instincts themselves became a little too rarefied in the author's thought so that the mental image loses colour. Thus while we know intimately the spirit, the character, the secret thoughts of his people, we rarely see their faces or hear their voices. In this element of irresponsiveness to sensuous nature, Mr. Monkhouse's art shows a puritanic strain, but in his alacrity in breaking down the barriers by which the Englishman fences off his moral from his sensuous being, and in his faculty for probing into this shifting double-mindedness and exposing to the dry light of the intellect all the strands of impulse and motive, Mr. Monkhouse excels nearly all his contemporaries. It is no doubt this keenly analytic habit of mind joined to an austere taste and a special mastery of irony that still keeps this author's work "caviare to the general." For Mr. Monkhouse is "out" to discover goodness and spiritual beauty and our interest in the moral issue is suddenly electrified by a current of ironical discernment and a dryly artistic appreciation of human frailty. His novel *My Daughter Helen* (1922), is a typical Monkhouse by the fact that while daily life grows sterner and more disconcerting for the characters, beauty persists, and the rarefied atmosphere of acceptance braces them to endure more.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

JOURNALESE.—This review is now attending to the question of bad literary style—otherwise called "journalese." But why in justice it should be called journalese I do not quite see, for the average newspaper in a city of any importance is written quite as well as the average book. I will undertake to find as much bad English in, for example, the recent translation of Lyeskov's defenceless *The Cathedral Folk* as can be found in any ten daily papers on any given day. Here is an example : "'And now, my dear fellow, the schoolmaster, let's you and I have a good chat.'" The "you and I" was probably inserted as an afterthought and the translator forgot to alter the "let's"; but "you and I" is neither a misprint nor a slip of haste—it is deliberate. (Translation not by a heathen but by Isabel F. Hapgood.) However, there are far worse things than bad grammar. And I now beg to offer what I hope is the finest example of "journalese" in the history of the English language :—

"AN APPEAL TO INTELLECT.*

"At long last, after months of listening to woolly futilities in which modern playwrights have sought to tear our emotions up by the roots by hectic wallowing in what are miscalled the realities, an appeal was made to our intellect.

"Each sentence in this sparkling comedy was crisp, polished, and compact as a piston-rod. Listening to these actors rolling the slow, stately periods round their mouths was like biting into a succession of luscious peaches warm from a sunlit wall.

"Again and again we dipped into the cool, sweet well of English undefiled. The effect on us had all the astringency of ammonia. Here was the bracing tonic that we have for so long wanted."

Conceive the spectacle of playwrights in woolliness employing the device of flushed wallowings to tear up the roots of emotions! How would they set about it?

Then the piston-rod, polished and compact; but crisp, —hard and brittle! Engineers would love such a piston-rod. And notice the wonderful lightning transformation of the crisp, polished, and compact sentences into slow, stately periods. See the actors rolling the said periods, now crisp, now stately, round their mouths and thereby producing in the audience the sensation of biting peaches—and peaches warm from a sunlit wall! Next the poet has fallen off the wall into that dear, familiar, excellent cistern—the cool, sweet well of English undefiled. And in another moment we are taking ammonia for its tonic astringency. This piece of dramatic criticism did not appear in the *John O'Groats Advertiser.* It appeared in a London morning paper, on February 8th last. Also, it was an appreciation of Congreve's *Way of the World*, and incidentally it shows the singular influence of Congreve's prose on a certain type of mind. You may say that I am only demonstrating that journalists do write "journalese," and that "authors" would be incapable of such writing. But the criticism was signed "S. P. B. M." Can this S. P. B. M. be Mr. S. P. B. Mais, Master of Arts, who took Honours in the English Literature Finals at Oxford, who was once professor of English at the R.A.F. Cadet College, who habitually lectures on literature, who has composed several novels, and who published *An English Course for Schools?* Well, surely he cannot. And yet if he is not, who is he?—ARNOLD BENNETT.

A NOTE ON MARK RUTHERFORD.—During most of his life Mark Rutherford was a comparatively unknown writer. It was only in his last few years, when he contributed with some regularity to the *Nation*, and an article on his work by Arnold Bennett was published in the *English Review*, that he became known outside a very limited circle. Eleven years after his death the

first complete edition of his works is now being published, while some of the later and more fragmentary writings, entitled *Pages from a Journal, More Pages from a Journal*, and *Last Pages from a Journal*, have recently been issued by the Oxford University Press.

Although I do not wish to predict for Rutherford a success in any way approaching the boom which has recently made the name of his contemporary, Samuel Butler, known to even the remotest suburbs, it is, I think, reasonably certain that he will be much more widely read than he is to-day. I mention Samuel Butler because the same cause which made his contemporaries neglect and their children applaud him, is likely to operate in Rutherford's case; each was in his own way in advance of his time, and the generation which was shocked, when it was not indifferent, to the schoolboy irreverences of Butler, was equally at a loss to understand the austerities, the restraints, and the drab colourings of Mark Rutherford.

The great nineteenth-century novelists put a rein on their intellects and gave a head to their emotions; Mark Rutherford on the whole reversed the process. Emotionally restrained, he is intellectually without restraint; the Victorians might well have said, "Nothing is sacred to him." To nineteenth-century eyes he must, indeed, have seemed realistic to the point of sordidness and unemotional to the verge of callousness; he was impersonal too, "unfeeling" they would have said, and appeared not to care whether his characters fared well or ill. He does not go out of his way to harry them like Mr. Hardy, but he is even less prone to pet them like a good Victorian. When his characters fail we feel that they are thwarted without malignity, but when they succeed we feel equally that they are prospered without design.

But Rutherford's chief affinity with the twentieth century lies in his preoccupation with ideas. By this I do

not mean that his novels are vehicles for propaganda, but that he has a restless and all-absorbing interest in the Universe, in the place of the individual within it, and in the relation of the individual to society, which he finds it impossible to keep out of his works. Rutherford was, above all things, a doubter, and it is the feeling that he is, so to speak, intellectually exploring his way that makes his books so stimulating. His intellectual interests mainly centre upon that break up of religious orthodoxy with its waning of faith, its growing refusal to accept, and its growing disposition to question, which characterized the latter part of the nineteenth century. His characters have doubts like George Eliot's—sometimes it almost seems as if their chief *raison d'être* is to express their doubts—and struggle with them manfully, but their doubts are more advanced than hers by twenty years. Rutherford had been brought up in a little drab corner of Nonconformist England. That England has now vanished, surviving only in the memories of a few grey-haired men and women, and it is its gradual submergence beneath the waves of scepticism and indifference that is Rutherford's chief theme.

But there is no coherence in his treatment of it. Rutherford was not a thinker; he was an artist. He had the artist's premonition of what was coming, of the shallow scepticism and glibness of thought, of the complacent materialism, the loss of beauty and gain in "progress" which marked the industrialism of the early twentieth century, but he had no remedy to offer. At no time does his thought approach in coherence and consistency the philosophic level. Even his scepticism is not consistent; Christ's teaching seemed to him always to carry with it the impression of the supernatural and the divine, to be the true expression of that "heavenly law to which everything strives."

And it is as the work of an artist expressing in his

clear and beautiful prose the intensity of his feelings about life, that Rutherford's writings will continue to be read when his ideas have lost their significance. There is a quality about his prose difficult to suggest, impossible to define, which lends to his simplest description an extraordinary distinction. It has a coolness about it like spring water, a luminous clearness which suggests the silver and pearly grey of earliest dawn; there are no high colourings, nothing of the later reds and golds, but what there is glows with a subdued light, which is the reflection of the man's intense, his almost frightening, earnestness. It is this earnestness which gives to his style its stark simplicity. There is a complete disdain for fine writing, a dislike not merely of rhetorical tricks, but even of such aids to expression as metaphors and similes which most writers feel they may legitimately adopt, there is an economy in the use of adjectives, which once again reminds us of Shaw and suggests a spirit too eager to convey its peculiar consciousness of the significance of the times and the changing story of man's life, to avail itself of resources which are merely literary.

Like all good writers Rutherford did not cultivate good writing as an end in itself; he cared for what he had to say, not for the way in which he said it, and his style goes just as far in point of effectiveness and beauty of expression, as the momentousness of his own convictions carries him. And in the last resort, it is in the intensity of his feelings about the Universe and of the strongly held convictions in which they issued, that the secret of his power as an artist is to be found.—C. E. M. JOAD.

THE INTELLECT OF ISAAC NEWTON.—(From a letter.) *My little History of Mathematics* winds up with Newton, and I have been simply fascinated by the man. He probably, almost certainly, did not possess the

extreme type of abstract imagination that Einstein possesses; but his intellect, in its cold powerful mastery, has never, I think, been equalled. In reading his solutions one is struck by an inexplicable severity and formidableness. Yet there is nothing of the Beethoven titan about him. He is like some immensely large, powerful, *lean* creature. Those immense swift strides, with a kind of noiseless, shattering force!—You see I am getting lyrical. But I've been steeped in the man's work for the last fortnight. And do you know that his *average* working-time was eighteen to nineteen hours a day, at his desk? Fully two-thirds of this was spent on mysticism, alchemy, chemistry and theology. But he lived to 85! He took no exercise, had no recreations, hardly ever entertained friends, and never bothered to exploit his genius even to gain scientific prestige, to say nothing of social.—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

THE PARTING OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE: A FOOTNOTE.—In suggesting that the force of attraction holding together Wordsworth and Coleridge turned, just because it was living, to a force of repulsion, that neither could accept less than the other's discipleship, and, finally, that the ultimate failure of each rests on the lack of the other's support in an effort to maintain beliefs too high and too deep to be maintained alone, Mr. Murry has, I feel, brought to light the form shaping the course of their lives, the substance behind the shadow that lies across their graves and darkens the flowers blossoming there; *immortelles*, the work that was their bid for companionship.

The overshadowing of these flowers, the melancholy that besets these two poor dear men in their ultimate solitude, is a spectacle unendurable unless one reflects that things are never so bad with us as we think, never nearly so bad as we say. That it is easier to approach and to figure forth despair than to reach it. Words-

worth never, for all his plaints, came within sight of it. Coleridge did. Yet his plight is less pathetic than the other's. For he knew where to find the Kingdom of Heaven. Had lived within it. And falling, knew that he fell. For him, too, there was always at hand the gentle asylum of the damaged mind, mild madness. Wordsworth never got beyond illumination, ecstatic melting into the beauty of things seen. And into all these shallow things he poured his deep imaginings; never purged and shaped his being with thought, and was left yearning backwards towards the bliss of childhood. In vain. Ensconced in resignation, he saw about him a world emptied of the glory of the dream. His memories remained merely memories.

But while accepting, to the full, Mr. Murry's reading of the story, I cannot be perfectly sure that the rupture between Wordsworth and Coleridge was inevitable; cannot escape the belief that these two, who proved too small for unsupported effort, might have become, and grown in becoming, not one the disciple of the other, but each the other's disciple; if they had been left alone. But they were not left alone. There was no chance for this marriage to arrange itself. It was never one to one, but always two to one. There was always *Dorothy*. . . .

It was, I think, Mr. Hewlett, who sighed with envy at the mere thought of this maiden as a companion for sylvan ramblings. For the maiden, however, there was no forest-lover but William. And, for William, hers, no doubt was, up to a point, inspiring company. It is even possible, as many have averred, that she it was who made him see. At the least, if we accept to the full his retrospect of his early intensity of vision, it is clear that she, the stronger, grasped, shared, presently outdid and finally stereotyped it; keeping his nose to the grindstone of raptures. Small wonder that the two together were too much for Coleridge.

A sample story of his sufferings is written between the lines of the record of a tour in a cart, a series of carts, I cannot remember, but anyhow there was a cart, and close quarters, through Ireland in spring or summer. What Ireland in her verdure can be, there is much poetry to try to tell us. To Dorothy it must have been pure delirium. And stillness was not in her. It is not difficult to imagine and perhaps not very difficult, since she knew not what she did, to forgive her incessant response, her dynamic, pitiless ardours. Prompted by her, Wordsworth, no doubt, chanted too. Together, they made poor Coleridge ill. Finally, so ill that he had to be dropped; at an inn, to rest.

But it was not bodily rest that Coleridge needed. The moment he escaped from that cart he was cured. His deep-flowing strength, that had ceased from him beneath the rays of a soul worn for ever on the sleeve, returned most sweetly and the broken man, alone, went swiftly and lustily down through Ireland, to the puzzlement of his friends, on foot.—DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

DESDEMONA'S HANDKERCHIEF.—Perhaps this note will prove to be a confession of shocking ignorance.

The other night I went to see a performance of *Othello* by the New Shakespeare Company. It was not a very good performance: the best thing about it was the real beauty of the staging. But not once did Othello's lines sound like the plenary poetry they are. When Matheson Lang played Othello, with Arthur Bourchier as Iago, four years ago, I was rapt away from first to last by the pure magnificence of Othello's speech. And yet, on this occasion, perhaps because of this stripping away of the poetry (and—to be fair—perhaps also because of some fine acting by Desdemona) one astonishingly dramatic moment was revealed to me that I had not noticed before, either in reading or seeing

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the play. It was in Act III., Sc. 4—the handkerchief scene, and the climax of it:

> OTH. Away! [*Exit.*
> EMIL. Is not this man jealous?
> DES. I ne'er saw this before.
> Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief.
> I am unhappy in the loss of it.

Suddenly, for the first time, there was revealed to me the extraordinary but simple subtlety of those words of Desdemona that I had known by heart for years. Whether it was that the actress spoke the one word: "Sure there's some *wonder* in that handkerchief" with exactly the right intonation, or whether I had been simply deaf and blind before, I do not know. But the meaning of the word—the terribly dramatic meaning of it there in that place—sped for the first time straight like an arrow to my heart. And this simple thing needs a great deal of explaining. The secret is in the word—*wonder*. Othello has told her,

> That handkerchief
> Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
> She was a charmer, and could almost read
> The thoughts of people: she told her while she kept it
> 'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
> Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
> Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
> Should hold her loathed . . .
> 'Tis true, there's magic in the web of it:
> A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
> The sun to course two hundred compasses,
> In her prophetic fury sewed the work;
> The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
> And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
> Conserve of maidens' hearts.

And for a moment Desdemona, true to her almost childish character of listening round-eyed to her husband's marvellous tales, is terribly impressed and almost frightened. "Then would to God that I had never seen it!" Then, like a child, she recovers her-

self. After all it *is* only a fairy tale; it is a trick to put her from her suit. And like a child she puts it altogether from her mind. Cassio becomes the burden of her song. Then, like a flash of lightning, comes Othello's blow, his "Away!", and he is gone.

By what she sees in that flash Desdemona is terrified, and her big eyes are rounded again in horror. There *is* magic in the web of it: the spell of the Sibyl, the prophecy of the Egyptian is being fulfilled on her.

> *Sure* there's some *wonder* in this handkerchief:
> I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

And the sudden childish despairing bewildered sense of Desdemona that a witchcraft is working against her love and she is caught by some blind and evil force that is manifested, almost materialized, in the lost handkerchief, is utterly overwhelming. The whole tragedy of Desdemona, of what she is and how she is caught, is given in a single simple sentence, of which anyone can make havoc in reading or speaking. That is Shakespeare's genius: there never was one like it.

As always with Shakespeare, when I have realized the full content of one of his bottomless dramatic phrases, it seems impossible that I should have been blind to its unmistakable meaning before. But I certainly was blind: I did not see—and no acting revealed to me—the vital connection between the crucial sentence, "Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief," and the previous: "I ne'er saw this before." I did not see that it was Othello's strange act, and not his words about the Egyptian, which were to Desdemona the awful proof of "the wonder in the handkerchief."

And because the true meaning of the words came to me with the shock of revelation, I take the risk of exposing my own stupidity, in the hope that there may be others who are as blind as I was to the magic power of the line.—J. M. MURRY.

Mr. Wells's People.—Mr. Wells's blithe disregard of the canons, in spite of our warnings and admonitions, is really shocking. There is a woman novelist, whose name is familiar, but of whose works we remember nothing, who concedes of *The Dream* that Mr. Wells "can never avoid being *readable*." The poor man toils after boredom in vain, it would seem. That critic, like others, is so bothered about the "machinery" that she can hardly spare a glance for what comes out of it. Yet, in this novel, there are at least four characters who are as indelible as any of Dickens's, and about another half-dozen who do little more than walk into the scene but whom we shall remember at once if we meet them ten years hence. How many members are there now of the wonderful brotherhood? To them are added Mrs. Matilda Good, who kept a lodging-house in Pimlico. Till Mr. Wells mentioned her we had not observed her closely. Now we cannot forget her, with her "breadth and variety of contour like scenery rather than a human being," her black dress with "outbreaks of gold lace," her face which had the "same landscape unanatomical quality as her body." Her shrewd and not unkindly comments compel us to wait upon her word expectantly and with the laughter ready. To her gift of swift character-drawing we owe it that there is a houseful of lodgers, each individual and clear, whom we know intimately. There is Martha Smith, the worried mother with her unamiable view of the behaviour of the other pilgrims on their journey. You understand her son's petulance at her edicts, but when her harassed days are ended Mr. Wells makes you comprehend a deeper thing: "She was ready, if necessary, to pass all her children through the fires of that Moloch, if by so doing their souls might be saved. She did it the more bitterly because she was doing it against the deeper undeveloped things in her own nature." In this, and

throughout this work, we find not quite a new, but a more marked quality in Mr. Wells. In bringing home conviction of sin to a casual, aimless, distracted world, he has not often done so with a caressing smile. The twinkle in his eye looked a little cruel. But in *The Dream* there is no mirthful ferocity; he forces us to hate the sin and to love the sinner.

With a heightened sense of character, in which scorn of the ugly things men do is sublimated by a noble charity, there is also a greater richness in the presentation of the scene. London streets—and particularly, to single out one instance, a great railway station—are pictured with a startling veracity of line and atmosphere. ... Creaking machinery? I don't know; except this, that to create one living thing is a proud accomplishment. That is art, surely. Mr. Wells, every few months or so, gaily and with ease, creates a dozen. That is wizardry. The archæologist of the fortieth century, if he discover *The Dream* under the ruins of London, will need but to transcribe. Mr. Wells has done the rest for him. He will learn all about us—or nearly all.—PHILIP TOMLINSON.

THE FOREST.—Mr. Galsworthy in giving us an interpretation of history has written an interesting rather than moving play. He has before now generally placed himself on the side of the minority. In *The Forest* (St. Martin's Theatre) his subject seemingly forced him to give the majority right, to call strength virtue.

Adrian Bastaple and his late Victorian business associates in London are each industriously furthering his own ends. Some of them are hypocrites and some of them are rogues. And in Africa? Englishman, Belgian, and Arab are all struggling to acquire or to retain. A handful of white men and their black bearers are driven brutally through the forest by the fierce spirit of Strood, the man of action. But Strood is being

driven by the financier Bastaple. And Bastaple himself, though he does not know it, is a servant of Empire, which is grinding through Africa. Bastaple and Strood are the heroes of the piece. In the end, serving themselves so whole-heartedly, they were only gratifying a majority will—the need of a growing race for new possessions. I am not at all convinced that Mr. Galsworthy meant to say, but he does say: Rogues and murderers, this world is yours! Your virtue is to do evil magnificently, to act, to burn brightly even if you burn down Carthage and Rome and London too. History is written so.

So far the dramatist must be congratulated on his courage and his impartiality. He is not, however, wholly impartial. He does certainly give the tragedy in the forest its right value. But he allows himself to be forced by convention sometimes to make his English explorers a little prettier than they need be.

The interest of the play is very scattered. This was perhaps inevitable if we were to get a panoramic view of the period 1895-8. But the second and third acts, set in Africa, certainly contain too many characters, too many petty conflicts of personalities to be dramatically effective. The incidents of the stolen letter on which all the action hangs seem unresourceful and confusing. And why was James Collie forced in to play the double part of comic relief and author's stalking-horse? The traditional Scot with his "whusky" is as proper to low humour as the Irishman and his pig: but he and his wise saws had no business in a thoughtful play like this. My last objection is that the meeting between Strood and Samenda is scamped, ineffective, and melodramatic, and that Mr. Galsworthy lost an opportunity of staging a clash between two representatives of different civilizations that would have afforded the climax which is, somehow, in spite of all the incident, lacking.—

IRIS BARRY.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

By The Journeyman

SOME critics of the last "Dream" of Mr. Wells have seen in it only the jocose gloom of a pessimist; they are amused to find Mr. Wells cast to such a depth by a contemplation of modern society. Of course, they assure us, the world certainly looks a trifle queer; but it always did, for by the test of any enlightened intelligence the spectacle of humanity and its affairs is as mirthful as that of Fabre's instinctive caterpillars following their leader round the rim of a flower-pot till they died, instead of walking down and away from it. Why worry? And then other critics have been surprised that Mr. Wells should have been dreaming to so little purpose; what he dreams, we are told, is merely what anyone could see with his eyes open. In fact, the critics of the English scene Mr. Wells illuminates with such dramatic contrasts—as though at night a city familiar but unseen were momentarily revealed by vivid and soundless lightnings—cast one into more unrelieved despair than anything the lightnings discover. Imagine Jeremiah, stern and anxious, faced by the dwellers on the edge of doom with the frolicsome inquiry, "Well, what of it?"; or the peevish complaint, "Tell us something we don't know!" The cultured folk who when warned glance casually into the pit on the edge of which the hind legs of their chairs are placed, and who then remark while settling themselves cosily for another whisky and soda that it would do nobody any good to fall down *there*, are the kind of people who would drive a prophet back to his God to complain that he had been sent on a fool's errand.

For the time, too, mankind does give the impression that this planet has entered some sightless deep in space where it is under the pull of a dark and malignant star. If man had designed to destroy his communities his considered plan could be hardly more effective than his present playful sabotage of the things he has made. Every journalist knows how, some years before the war, the news of the day began to be feverish. Trouble at length was epidemic, from Japan to Ulster. An armed rebellion began here against the Crown, upon which a worse thing happened than if the Archbishop of Canterbury had gone over to the Rationalist Press Association; British Army officers declared their right to mutiny when they agreed with the enemy. Journalists who were watching these symptoms of a severe inflammation of the common mind, increasing daily in virulence, were knocked down on their way to the office by crowds that were hunting women through the streets to an uproar of breaking glass. Events on the Continent and in America were just as flushed and ecstatic. Imperialists everywhere were declaring with applauded fervour that the only way to peace was through an unlimited extension of armaments. The editorial of a newspaper office became exhausting with the evidence that mankind was again loose from its moorings, and in one of those phases of excited restlessness which once caused migrations and crusades. Marmots, we know, suffer similarly at times. The fit takes them, and they begin a march to the sea. All life is subject to these impulses, like the tides to the moon. Then the Germans entered Belgium.

Well, now they have gone again. And we should be grateful if mankind would take a bromide. But the French are in the Ruhr, and strikes are jolting down every brick of reconstruction as it gets into position. Too rapid a measure in moon-rhythm presently exhausts even sympathetic interest in the phenomena of lunar

influence. Even a slight recognition by our fellows that their quite sincere movements, the consequence of deep and earnest convictions, are but taking them, like spell-bound marmots, towards a steep place, would be welcomed now by those observers who, like Mr. Wells, have a fancy that we are in the thrall of circumstances which seem to be disrupting our Western communities as surely as the extending glaciers destroyed Palæolithic man's achievements.

It is possible that industrialism itself is a disease of life. Perhaps the need for man to suppress his better nature if he is not to perish in the competition of the workshops where the repetition of trivial acts is required at high speed, and the association of noise and squalor in the areas where he must rest from his labour, has made him what we find him to-day. Naturally he is resentful, excitable, occasionally even desperate, and brutally indifferent to the appeals of reclused and gentle souls who think their merits deserve a nice and constant supply of dividends from their stake in the country. What does he care when they have to give up an under-gardener, or can't find a 'bus, because of his unseemly conduct? And it is unseemly. His morals are bad as those of the Manchester School. All very well to talk scientifically of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, and to translate the game of Beggar my Neighbour into the jargon of a science; but certainly we never meant the labourer to deduce from the political economists that his strength and skill were commodities which he could sell at any price he could force us to pay. He is even forming powerful trusts to give his commodities a false scarcity value, as though they were good cotton or tobacco. Then, too, when the children of the shoemaker are running about bare-footed because their father is out of work, or the brick-layer's family is sleeping in a cellar because the laying of bricks is unprofitable, these men ignorantly refuse to

believe that the Liberal who murmurs Over Production sympathetically is anything but a fool.

There seems no escape. Mr. Bevin and Mr. Bromley talk to us in the terms and with the accents of Lord Devonport and Lord Weir. They are all going to have what they want in this world; if it is not given quietly they will take it. Lenin or Mussolini; we may choose, it is true, the tune to which we should like violence to be done to us—the Battle Hymn of the Republic with implacable Mr. Bromley flourishing a red flag, or Land of Hope and Glory, with Mr. Churchill looking on, haughty and pensive while fondling a lion cub. There certainly is no escape, for we ought to recognise that the present challenge of labour is but the return wave, like the Labour Government itself, following the period of repression and subjection begun by the Government of 1918. The return wave might have been calculated to the month when the crest will be at its highest, if we knew as much about ourselves as we know of some forms of bacteria.

I cannot help feeling that the recent gathering of strange people who call themselves Copec, at Birmingham, may be of happier augury than the usual congress of missionaries. Their full title, I am told, is the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship; but you could not expect even a Christian to say all that. We have almost forgotten to expect anything from the Church. My own brightest recollection of a ministration to immortal souls in a consecrated temple is as old as a special service during the war, when a bishop refreshed me in St. Paul's with what seemed a lustration dipped from the crystal fount of the *Daily Mail*. The truth is the hungry sheep have been getting out of the habit of looking up, for they have learned they do not get refreshed. The scrannel pipes long ago began to lose their attraction. Lean and flashy songs to-day do not occasion comfort to any but the oldest sheep; and

the lambs have, sad to say, wandered off dancing to the measures of various tabors, some of which have been questionable and more attuned to the nature of goats.

The years of the war were disastrous to all our institutions; these—even Parliament itself—have begun to look as mean and shabby as Victorian stucco in grey easterly weather. They are of the past. To our latest shattering experiences, and our new hopes and doubts, they are chill and alien, and as unexhilarating as the prospect of Westbourne Grove. If that is home, then we feel that the farthest emigration to something different could not be too far. It ought not to surprise us that our more intelligent youngsters have an unhappy tendency to become Bolsheviks and iconoclasts. They know perfectly well that, when it suited us to do so, we set aside as impediments to our desires every venerable national tradition of justice, honour, and righteousness which, before the war, the young were warned they must never question. They saw us even change gods, sending the Beatitudes up to the lumber room, and dragging out for the new family worship an object of so vicious and shocking an aspect that young people of a gentle and civilised nature may be forgiven if they feel now that their elders gave themselves away. Yet, though their acceptance of the England of the traditions is now withheld, and their faith and trust in what the tower of the Parish Church commemorates is given grudgingly, if at all, yet they do not seem able to find a new faith; nothing to flush and quicken their neutrality into a positive and joyous conviction.

It was a padre of a kind unfamiliar to me who introduced me to Copec, and certainly not because he had any hope of adding this lost lamb to his flock. He was unfamiliar because, with heartfelt gratitude, he declared to me privately that we are living in great days, more potential days than those of the Renaissance, and that he was glad to be alive in such a time. He congratu-

lated me on this same felicity, which he assured me I shared with him. I should have wondered what to make of this sort of talk, only it happens that just one other man has said the same to me; and he, significantly enough, is a mathematician who has come to salvation by way of Einstein and Beethoven. So I can easily vouch for my padre's thoroughly eupeptic sanity, though so joyous a conviction of the great days in which we live might have cast a doubt on it. This padre, however, was in France in August, 1914, with an ambulance, and came home only after the last of the burials; though that, now I look at it, might be thought enough to turn the mind of any man, if once he gave himself to pondering on the strangeness of a world in which the chief duty of a shepherd was to bury his sheep. He, I say, left me a mass of printed reports—the sort of things a journalist glances at forlornly once, but glances at no more before dropping them into the basket—relating to such matters as War and Peace, Sex, the State, the Individual, Property, Art, the Church in its relation to Christ and in its relation to Society, and so on. The reports were the work of various commissions, appointed to the task some years ago by a fraternity of men and women who are members of Churches as distantly sundered as the Catholic and the Unitarian.

The first surprise of these reports was their quiet and amiable manner, a touch of sadness which was manifestly a sign of disillusionment, and a candour which did not hesitate, before all the maiden aunts, when referring to grim relics in the family cupboard; all of which innocently bestowed on the English of the documents that Style which is so elusive when it is cultivated. That is to say, it was a pleasure to read those reports. True, a general average statement, which can receive the signatures of Catholics and Unitarians, does not read like Sorel, Tolstoy, or G. B. S. Nevertheless,

the full manifesto of Copec would not have been possible twenty years ago; or, had it miraculously happened, the comfortable Sunday congregations of this country would have thought it was as ominous as the rolling up of the heavens as a scroll. I searched the newspapers for some indication that this gathering at Birmingham was seen in its extraordinary significance. It was not there, of course. There was, it seems, a slight ripple of newspaper interest when an eminent Churchman assured his hearers (at Birmingham!) that he would demand the protection of the disciples of Jesus when, in the next war, soldiers and sailors might mutiny against the iniquity of secular commands. Yet no doubt the Roman newspapers of their day gave only a two-line paragraph to the fact that a fool of a young girl had chosen a Jewish God and the lions in preference to Diana. When the invisible rays penetrate wood they are unseen, naturally; therefore I was disappointed in our Press. What is more, I hear that the Conference resolved, among other things, that Christians can take no part in war. Decisions like this, made in congress by communicants of all denominations, must have dynamic and unreported effects in many obscure homes and hamlets, like the casual words once dropped in Jerusalem's byways. These are the little things which are greater than governments and powers. Even ministers, bishops, and diplomatists will need to be cautious in future when they really know (they will know some time or other) that there are obdurate souls in the community, considerable in numbers but unpolled, who have decided that their intuitions of God's will are above the laws and the State.

MULTUM IN PARVO

JUST LIKE THE FRENCH.—"*That's just like the French.*" My neighbour's remark sent me back to the days when I foot-slogged it along the pavé roads, and over the barren wastes of Northern France. Every now and then we left the line for a short rest in some squalid village, and the attitude of the inhabitants had a great deal to do with our comfort. In one particular billet we were unlucky, meeting an old woman who insisted that but for the British the war would have been over long ago. What is more, she lived up to her belief and in a hundred and one ways contrived to make things awkward for us. Matters came to a head when she took the handle off the pump. Unshaved and without our usual hot drink of tea, we made a sorry show on parade, and only a recital of the facts saved us from the wrath to come. The services of a gendarme were required before the pump-handle was restored, and we were enabled to wash.

In the same village was another old lady. She lived in the little house which we had commandeered for the Company Stores, and during the weeks we spent in that neighbourhood it was an increasing delight to talk with her. There were stories of grandsons at Verdun, and now and then we would persuade her to relate her experiences in the bitter days of 1870.

It fell to my lot to "guard" the stores between the hours of 4 and 6 a.m. The weather was cold, and the wind would sweep through the village street cutting one to the bone, great-coat notwithstanding. Every morning, without fail, the old lady appeared at the door about ten minutes to six, bringing with her a bowl of hot coffee. There never was a drink like that one, and as long as I live I shall not forget the old lady of the Rue d'Arras.

Burke was right—you cannot indict a nation.—W. W.

Sympathy.—In thinking and feeling, in perceiving and expressing, I—twenty-seven—have just realized it is oppressively difficult to avoid exaggeration, even with the utmost intelligent sincerity. Indeed, the greater the sincerity, the greater the difficulty. The more intelligently conscious I become, or the more omniscient I grow, the less venturesome my expression. To express is to limit, and to limit seems rash since I feel how infinite is the gloom, the unknown dark, surrounding my little circle of light, which is sometimes bright, often very dim—which is where I stand, which moves with me, and never, never floods wide to illumine the universe.

Evidently the utmost I can do is to approximate reality, truth. When I feel that I have approximated closely, even then there is doubt, doubt as to the relativity of the approximation to truth . . . which is here, there, until I express it, when it is not.

Consequently how lonely is my soul, all souls. How astounding that with millions in the world they rarely meet. What a moment when our opposite approximations attain the same latitude and longitude—miracle of miracles—and meet swiftly point to point. Then we have it, the atom of truth, between the points; it bursts bright, the gloom is illumined, and all is clear. What a moment! And it is only a moment.

And is it for this that I live? What a forlorn hope! To watch, wait and crave the happening of this moment, to crave its prolongation for life, for eternity.

I can understand now why Heaven had to be invented.—J. J. McC.

Journalese.—Our prize for the best criticism of the passage given last month goes to the following :—

> "If the elaboration of a single idea requires five sentences, the writer at least 'ought to be' able to devise alternative models for his sentences, and a variety of points of attack 'ought to be' found. The lack of spontaneity

in the choice of metaphor is not the worst fault, for the risk of placing 'explosives' in 'crucibles' is scarcely greater in science than in literature. In the use of adjectives—always a test of mentality—no appreciation of word values is to be noted, with the superlatives and repetitions rob the paragraph of the crispness and vigour that economy in speech alone can give."

On the whole the specimens submitted were not very "rich." The following from *The Star* of March 31st is, however, remarkable enough.

> "Situate as Lammas Lands are, in the centre of a hunting district, there are always plenty of club members at the race meetings, while the locals are allowed in the centre at a nominal fee, and in cases, for nothing.
>
> "Thus, with a good crowd from town the opening afternoon proved most successful. During the morning there appeared possibilities of snow, but later the temperature had an upward tendency."

Criticisms, which should be written on one side of a post-card, should reach this office by May 10th. The senders of the pieces printed above are asked to choose their books.

The Essence of Art.—In all works of art the finite should represent the infinite, but to attempt to represent the infinite without a most concrete finite is absurd. (*Mark Rutherford.*)

Problem No. 12: A labourer is working at the corner of a ploughed field 200 yards long and 120 yards broad. There is an inn at the opposite corner. One minute before closing time he realizes that he is thirsty; he can run at 10 miles per hour along the grass at the side of the field and at 8 miles per hour across the furrows. Can he obtain the drink?

Answer to Problem No. 11: £1,362,160,800.

CONSTABLE BOOKS

GOD'S STEP-CHILDREN

A Novel of South Africa by SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

In a note about this book contributed to Constable's Monthly List Mrs. Millin says:—

"'GOD'S STEP-CHILDREN' is the name I have given to the coloured people of South Africa—those millions of dark-skinned aboriginals, those whole nations of half-castes, on whom the Divine Hand seems to rest so heavily.

"My book is, of course, not romantic—that is, not romantic in the sense that it describes an Africa of imagination. South Africa is real to me. I have lived in it all my life. I find its reality infinitely more exciting than its unreality.

"I have tried to pass on the meaning this reality has for me."

Constable's Monthly List containing further facts relative to Mrs. Millin's work will be sent free on application.

GONE NATIVE

A Story of the South Seas by "ASTERISK"

Author of "Isles of Illusion."

The author of *Isles of Illusion* has written a novel. The many who admired his extraordinary series of letters written from the South Seas to a friend in England will have a memory of a personality as bitterly dissatisfied with itself as with life, of a mind as keenly critical of its own failings as of those of humanity in general.

***Gone Native* is the story of an Englishman in a South Sea island, who gradually lapses from a white man's standard of living, and becomes as the native girl with whom he lives.**

AND

William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols
By S. FOSTER DAMON. *Illustrated.* 42s. net.

Tendencies in Modern English Drama
By A. E. MORGAN. 10s. 6d. net.

Religious Life in Ancient Egypt
By Sir FLINDERS PETRIE. 6s. net.

Christopher Marlowe: A Play
By ERNEST MILTON. With a prologue by Walter de la Mare. Cr. 4to. about 15s. net

CONSTABLE - ORANGE ST. W.C.2

BOOKS TO READ

SOCIAL CREDIT. By Major C. H. Douglas. (Cecil Palmer.) 7s. 6d. net.

Major Douglas has propounded a theory of credit which has engaged the serious attention of economists. In this book he calls upon society to do some "clear thinking" about "the Semitic structure of society." He wants an attack to be made upon the monopoly of money power, which is strengthened, not weakened, by taxation. Economic freedom should be achieved by distribution to individuals, in opposition to the concentration of money power in groups. Major Douglas writes with a persuasive vigour which may trap the unwary into conviction.

THE COMMON WEAL. By the Rt. Hon. Herbert Fisher. (Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

A distinguished scholar who has turned from the academic life to take part in political affairs during a most critical period might be expected by that act to believe, or at least to hope, in the possibility of regeneration. But Mr. Fisher would leave us forlorn, though that is not his intention. We gather that the League of Nations would be a blessing in an ideal world where its aims did not inconvenience the domestic arrangements of the British Empire. Mr. Fisher has a finer eloquence than that of the average politician, but his book lacks a unifying principle.

THE THREEFOLD COMMONWEALTH. By Rudolf Steiner. (Anthroposophical Society.) 5s. net.

A translation of the second German edition. It is a brave and persuasive endeavour by a mystic, who is learned in many sciences, to reconcile spiritual and economic interests. He views as a work of despair the search for the solution of social ills in economic transformations, which can come only through "forces released from within human nature itself in the uprising of a new spiritual life."

THE GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION. By W. J. Perry. (Methuen.) 6s. net.

An interesting essay in prehistoric anthropology. Mr. Perry is a "whole-hogger" for Professor Elliot-Smith's theory that "civilization" was invented by the Egyptians and carried by them over the world from the fourth millennium B.C. onwards. Mr. Perry is a little too fond of talking of "the only logical conclusion" and "absolutely certain" where he means "plausible" and "possible"; but the book is suggestive and stimulating.

SPAIN TO-DAY. By Frank B. Deakin. (Labour Publishing Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Deakin, who was for many years Press Attaché to the British Embassy in Spain, makes a strong case, supported by a convincing way of writing, against Spanish governance. He concludes that Spain is as dreadful a dwelling-place for its people to-day as was any European country in the Middle Ages. We are shown a submissive people waiting for a real man to lead them out of bondage.

THE QUEST OF ELDORADO. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) 12s. net.

Mr. Graham is still seeking for things not of this world to-day. He went to Spain to see the past and found that King Alfonso wears a starched collar. Trailing an "idea geographically across the world," he made the Columbus journey, and, fortunately, became interested in the light and landfalls of this day, though his fancy fills the scene with sailors from Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" His sincerity and skill lift his enthusiasm above the commonplace.

THE CONQUEST OF THE RIVER PLATE. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann.) 15s. net.

Mr. Graham does for the Argentine what Prescott did for Mexico and Peru; places it within the popular view of romantic conquests. He claims that some chapters in the story surpass in human interest "all the other episodes in the strange history of the great adventure that the Spaniards undertook." By Mr. Graham's testimony Alvar Nuñez joins the small band of conquerors who are as magnanimous and humane as they are brave. Mr. Graham's pen is dramatic and exhilarating, like the [illegible] and [illegible] of his story.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES. By H. H. Asquith. (Hutchinson.) 10s. 6d. net.

The best in this book is towards the end. The little speech on Joseph Chamberlain is perfect in its kind, and the two papers on Tacitus and Demosthenes, written when Mr. Asquith was a young man, show what he might have achieved as a literary critic. In comparison with these the later literary essays are perfunctory; and one or two of them surely not worth reprinting.

LAST ESSAYS OF MAURICE HEWLETT. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.

Maurice Hewlett's lantern threw no searching light, but it had a warm and friendly glow. These essays of his last years cover a wide field of interests, discoursing of peasants, poetry, memoirs, flowers, and much else. In one essay, "The Lingering of the Light," he shows his old joy in the colour and richness of words.

THE CHISWELL BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY. Compiled and annotated for the use of schools by Robert Bridges. (Longmans.) 6s. 6d. net.

Schoolmasters who need not be told of the essential place of poetry in the curriculum will welcome this anthology. It would be hard to compile a better primer for the high task of filling the mind of the young with a love of English poetry. Mr. Bridges brushes aside the persistent idea that children should be led up by gradual stages to excellence through lower degrees of it, and is faithful to his guiding principle that beauty need not be fully apprehended before it can be felt and admired.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND AESTHETICS. By Charles Baudouin. Translated from the French by Eden and Cedar Paul. (Allen & Unwin.) 16s. net.

In Charles Baudouin the psychologist is reinforced by the sympathetic imagination of the poet. His essay in historico-aesthetic criticism is illustrated by a demonstration upon the works of Emile Verhaeren. Admirers of the Belgian poet may not be greatly helped by a Freudian interpretation of an artist's imagery—but the imagery remains.

HISTORY OF ART: MODERN ART. By Elie Faure. Translated from the French by Walter Pach. (Lane.) 25s. net.

This is the fourth volume of M. Faure's fine record of the work of the world's artists. A chronological and critical narrative written by a master of lucid exposition, who possesses wit as well as erudition. It completely holds the reader in spite of intermittent explosions of a disruptive modern philosophy.

MODERN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. By Charles Marriott. (Chapman & Hall.) 25s. net.

A book of fine photographs and authoritative and simple exposition. Mr. Marriott's object is to enable the layman to distinguish a beautiful building from an unbeautiful one, and to make the public acquainted with the names of architects, as they are acquainted, generally speaking, with those of painters and writers. Mr. Marriott predicts that we shall finally inherit from the past, not the impediments and [illegible], but the form and proportion which was the spirit of Greek, and the [illegible] of substance and its articulations which was the spirit of Gothic.

THE MODERN WOODCUT. (Lane.) £2 2s. net.

This stately volume is a "study of the evolution of the craft by Herbert Furst ("Tis"), with a chapter on the practice of Xylography by W. Thomas Smith, with over two hundred illustrations in black-and-white and sixteen plates in colour." It is more than a history: the aim is to create a [illegible] interest in the modern woodcut, which is presented as an art with a [illegible] rather than "the degenerate grandchild of a [illegible]

New Fiction

Golden-Eyes

By SELWYN JEPSON

Author of "The Qualified Adventurer," &c. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. JEPSON'S readers expect incident, charm, and humour—all of which ingredients are present in this romantic tale of a young man's adventures in London and the North Sea in pursuit of the golden eyes whose owner he found lying outside his front door.

"Bright, breezy, and diverting."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

Oliver October

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Brewster's Millions," &c. 7s. 6d. net.

ON the day that Oliver October Baxter was born a gipsy told his fortune. She predicted for him all the good things of life—love, wealth, and power. What else she predicted furnished the framework of one of the most dramatic plots of all Mr. McCutcheon's long list of popular novels The plot is clever, the story is full of humour, suspense, action, and mystery.

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To · Our · Readers

We express our thanks to those of our readers who were good enough to send us lists of possible readers of *The Adelphi* on the post-cards inserted in our last issue. To each of these a specimen copy of *The Adelphi* has now been sent.

From our experience of human nature we know that it is probable that at least one half of those who intended to send in lists failed to do so for any one of the thousand reasons which cause us to put off [illegible] to-morrow what we are about [illegible] to-day. We shall be very [illegible] to them if they will delay [illegible] but send their [illegible]

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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of frock and
coat in
Made in
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CONTENTS—*continued*

The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 1. JUNE, 1924

THE WELL AT CERNE

By John Middleton Murry

I HAD got out of the habit of English winters. Suddenly, after avoiding them for three or four years, I was plunged into the longest that I can remember. It was like a long dark tunnel with a pin-point of light unimaginable miles away towards which the mere attempt to struggle was derisory. Fantastic thoughts came into one's head: plans of miraculous escape not merely into the sun, but into a region where the sun and moon and stars have ceased to be. Anything seemed possible because anything seemed desirable; and rather than wake up again to that grudged and leaden dawn, it seemed better not to wake at all.

Work was the only remedy, I said to myself, a wall of preoccupation to shut out the menace of those coldly hostile skies. Within a week or two I found that there is no perennial source of energy within ourselves: whatever small fire we may possess is fed from without: the flame may be our own, but the fuel is not. And my flame much more nearly resembled a candle-light than it did the titanic blast-furnace which could have burned bright metal out of the grey rock of those days, or tempered that implacable north-easter in its crucible to a semblance of the warm vaunt-courier of the spring. How could one give out when there was nothing to take in? It was impossible; and the only perceptible result of self-seclusion in the tower of ivory—ivory in bulk is

not a sympathetic or stimulating building-material—during weather in which to look out of the window was a weariness, was that one woke up in the morning far more tired than one had gone to sleep at night.

At such a moment, even one who is constitutionally averse to precautions begins to sit up and take notice. It is the signal for something sudden and drastic to be done. These things, if you are rich, are spectacular and expensive. My problem was to achieve the effect and spend no more than I should by staying at home. There were two of us : we would explore a county unknown to us : we would wander the length and breadth of Dorsetshire : we would camp out on the way. It was not spectacular, but it was both sudden and drastic, for the north-easter did not abate ; it had even summoned an ally in a hideous mixture of snow and icy rain. " You have to be hardened to these things," said my companion moodily, " or it's no good." Neither of us had the inward conviction of being hardened to these things, so we waited till five days of our possible twenty had gone. Then with the rain of the sixth morning we lost patience. " We'll risk it," we said, and puffed out of London on a small traction-engine into the sardonic rain.

That evening the white south wind blew and cleared the sky : by the day after the sun had warmed the air, and the next drop of rain that fell was on our homeward journey, when we welcomed it like an old friend whom we had not seen for long. There is no need to tell of our adventures : we had them, but the greatest adventure of all was this : that we went out on the first fine day and came home with the last of that brief interlude of divine English weather that played to a climax at Easter. Every night when we slept—or tried to—and every morning when we woke, we murmured to ourselves that God is good. Within a dozen hours of our departure we had forgotten that London ever existed,

and we scarcely remembered it when we returned. A hundred times we agreed in a kind of maudlin ecstasy that it was worth having lived through that winter to have had this unbroken plunge into the dayspring of the year.

To have sat on a barren upland by the embers of a woodfire with our foreheads touching the stars, musing on nothing to the cry of the sad and restless peewit and the droning of a ghostly snipe; to have listened with fitful interludes of sleep all through one night in the woodland to a nightingale trying her reluctant song in vain—

> "Whenas the new-abasshéd nightingale
> Stinteth at first ere she beginneth sing—";

to have stared from the heath above throughout a cloudless day at the golden bow of Chesil Beach swinging into nothingness at Portland's invisible Bill, while the sea beyond murmured a gentle, sleepy, caressing *A-a-a-ah*, then dully thundered a heavy menacing *A-a-a-ah*, then whispered a small faint and far away *A-a-a-ah*, very sinister, the manifest last word, and to have watched and listened till the end—a sombre but peaceful sunset, through bars of slaty cloud; to have lain through a grey afternoon on the turf bank of the innermost ring of Maiden Castle, looking lazily beyond the sheep to where the Roman Road flies "like an arwè clere" westward out of Dorchester and wondering what manner of men they were who laboured that amazing rampart on the hill, and had no dream of the net of horrors their far posterity would weave about themselves—these things were good.

Dorset is old, but its age is friendly to man. On those hill tops one is vexed by no vague memory of foul and forgotten doings, or of a knowledge which man has buried in his heart because it was better so, but which might awake to life again. Religion is there and the awe of religion: valleys and hills are steeped in sanctity:

the presences—the *numina*—are powerful still, but they are kindly and not hostile. One sinks into them as Lazarus into the bosom of Abraham. When the monks came to the lovely valley of Cerne Abbas they did not come as outposts of light in a land of darkness: there was nothing to exorcise, and even if they made a slow procession up the hill-side to sprinkle holy-water on the Cerne Giant, with his portentous emblem of an older faith than theirs, they let him bide. He was not really an enemy: they could accommodate him within their generous creed. They did not come to deny life, but to make what was crude in it more comely, to distil a peace and a wisdom out of a nature whose quiet indifference did not refuse them; they came to build a vessel to be brimmed for ever with the peace and wisdom they had distilled, as the spring they set about with lovely stones and deep-red bricks and the quiet of mighty trees flows for ever with water whose movement is music and its pureness a mystery.

To hold Dorset in a timeless moment, to be rapt into its immemorial spirit which abides, you have only to stand by the well at Cerne, and look and listen and be still. It is not hard to be still there. You pass through a quiet street, and into one still quieter where cobbles gently lose themselves in a pool of grass at the very door of the Abbey Farm: then through a gate into the churchyard with straight paths and cypresses to a little avenue of great soaring trees. A paved and grass-grown way slopes between them to the well. You hear nothing but your footsteps, and they are light, for the same spell which has fallen on your tongue has stilled your feet also. You cannot resist: the silence pours softly into your heart: in a moment, did you linger, you would hear the voice of command, but gentle and not fearful, from within and not from without: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

And it is a holy place : as you walk down the slope, your head is bowed and your steps are slow as in procession. You are a small, not wholly worthy but wholly worshipping thing in the presence of this peace. The hands that made the basin for this perennial fountain wrought in purity of heart and in patience : they were the hands of men whose souls were not disquieted within them, neither distraught by feverish and aimless doing, nor restless and tormented with the desire to burst through the limitations of humanity. The peace which is borne from them to you through the dissolving centuries, they possessed : and while you stand still by the well to partake of it more completely, while you make a peace in your body and soul in order that this greater peace may enter in and find a fit habitation, you listen to the running of the crystal water over the channelled stone. It is saying something—something which at this moment you understand, but will forget, which you have always known and never been able to utter,—a melody by which if men could live only for a day the face of the world would be changed.

It is not for me to attempt to find words of my own for that melody : it is enough that one can sometimes be still and hear it. To utter it in words is the privilege of the heroes of humanity : the great poets, the great painters, the great musicians, catch an echo of it. It is most magically and most simply spoken, so that the child may understand, in the words of Jesus : it is what Walter Pater heard, what simpler men than he have heard, in the words : "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest : for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." It was all very well for the cultivated Victorian lady to urge the necessity of a complete agnosticism upon him. "It's all very well," said Walter Pater, as he repeated the words and wagged his head, "but you can't explain that : there's a mystery." And there is a mystery. And it's

all very well for people who cannot hear this melody to say that the mystery is not there; and it's all very well for the wise of this world to assure us that works of art are all the same kind of thing: but quite simple people know that there are the poems and the music and the pictures which are touched with this mystery, and there are the poems and the music and the pictures which are not, and these latter can never haunt us as the former do.

This melody is sad and still and piercingly sweet. It touches with a sudden peace hearts which know, by that very touch, that they can never make it wholly theirs. We do not know from what it comes, but we say to ourselves that it is the sign of a great understanding in him who utters it, because it seems to hold the key to all perplexities. He must have suffered greatly, we feel, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and come to understand that his sufferings and his sorrows were his privilege. For this melody, we know not how, sounds to us as the voice of acceptance: it is the sign that he who utters it has found the courage to look steadily at this strange and painful and lovely world and comprehend. Nor is this comprehension the privilege of the old; it is not the gift of years. Keats, who died at twenty-four, had found it, and he put perhaps as much of the mystery as any man has put in words in his vision of Moneta:—

> "Then saw I a wan face
> Not pined by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
> by an immortal sickness which kills not;
> It works a constant change, which happy death
> Can put no end to: deathwards progressing
> To no death was that visage: it had past
> The lily and the snow; and beyond these
> I must not think now, though I saw that face.
> But for her eyes I should have fled away;
> They held me back with a benignant light,
> Soft, mitigated by divinest lids
> Half-closed, and visionless entire they seemed

> Of all external things; they saw me not
> But in blank splendour beamed, like the mild moon,
> Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
> What eyes are upward cast."

There, in those astonishing lines, is the symbol of the poet's comprehension and acceptance.

Still closer to us, this acceptance is in those haunting late poems of Thomas Hardy called "Veteris Vestigia Flammæ," and it is in the content and very cadence of this entry in Anton Tchehov's note-book, which no one who has ever read can forget :—

> "Essentially all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people. But when one listens to music, all this is—that sane people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive and, grey headed, is now sitting in a box in the theatre, seems quiet and majestic; and the avalanche is no longer meaningless since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive."

Of all the late-time utterers of this secret melody Anton Tchehov is to me the most miraculous. Again and again when I read him my throat aches not with sadness or pity but with wonder at his understanding, which takes the breath with beauty. And always, if I am required to explain to another wherein this beauty consists, I try to repeat that passage from the note-book, for the mystery of Tchehov is there.

And every now and then when I am off my guard, when some note is sounded in a conversation which breaks down my defences or some special instant is special blest by a glimpse of the eternal newness of the visible world, that sentence of Tchehov's comes to take me unawares. "And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive." It is like a strange jewel dropped from another world, and I find myself staring at it and trying to fathom the mystery of its

enchantment. And sometimes it seems that I am near the secret, and sometimes far away: most near, perhaps, when I feel (as I feel now) that the secret is in the word "strange." Then my thoughts run somehow thus.

It would be *strange* not to forgive. Not you *must* forgive. Simply, it would be strange not to forgive. If you did not forgive someone's eyes would glance at you with wonder, thinking you strange.

The glance of wonder! It is that, and that alone which will fly to the chinks of our armour. If it touches us, then we also in our turn begin to wonder, and it becomes an instinct that we should wonder when all is not forgiven.

What is to be forgiven? First, the evil that life has done us, our own suffering. That is hardest to forgive. Resentment has eaten so deep into us that it is part of ourselves; it is a wound in our back that we cannot reach to heal, a thing we cannot see to smile upon it. And we have to smile, because we have to forgive. Forgiveness is the smile of understanding: not resignation, not indifference: more even than acceptance—a simple and natural yea-saying. To do this we have to feel in ourselves that it would be strange not to forgive; we have to wonder at ourselves for not forgiving. If we could but wonder at ourselves for not forgiving, the miracle is accomplished: our hearts are turned.

Once there was a man who spent his life doing this miracle. He glanced with wonder at men and women who did not forgive other men and women, and above all, life; and when they caught his curious glance of wonder, they began to wonder at themselves for not forgiving. It is so extraordinarily simple; like all truly mysterious things, perfectly simple. Before they met him, people had thought it natural not to forgive, foolish perhaps to brood over injuries, but if you were made that way, why, the most natural thing in the world.

The best thing (the wise among them thought) was to be resigned and indifferent. But to forgive, that was silly. To accept necessity, to bow the head and clench the teeth, that was wise, though it was not given to all men to attain wisdom. But to forgive! Nobody had thought of that. Or if they had thought of it, it must have seemed unnatural and inhuman.

Then came this man who found in himself that it was strange not to forgive; who, having wondered at himself for not forgiving and so found it simple to forgive, began to look with wonder at others. It's a very queer feeling when somebody simply wonders at you, not abuses you, or commands you, or even laughs at you. The power of laughter is great, but it touches only the social man; the power of wonder is tremendous, for it touches the spiritual man. . . .

I did not think all these thoughts (if thoughts they are) while I stood by the well at Cerne. I scarcely thought at all, for while you listen to the running of the water, you are at peace and reconciled: and in peace and reconciliation there is no room for thought. Only a dim yet potent memory of the souls who had wrought this peace which I had inherited, and made the hills and the trees and the sky enter into a league with their intention, so that when they were dust and their bells silent and their buildings waste, nature itself should whisper to any one who paused to hear the words and the message of him whose faithful labourers they were. For while I stood and listened I was conscious of the power that had inspired them; I knew by what guidance they had chosen this lovely place which they made more lovely. The voice they heard was true: it has endured, and it will endure for ever—for surely the time will never be when there are no longer men who can wait, if not by the well at Cerne, by the pool of silence in their own hearts and declare to the world the music they have heard.

SONG OF JOB AND SOLOMON
FOR RECITAL

(Written February, 1924.)

By Herbert E. Palmer

I.

TO-NIGHT the Abyss has hold of me;
I fear the menace of the Beast.
There sits a scowl on yon dark sea,
A blighting gale blows from the East.

I close the door, and grope within,
Stare from myself to the moon on high.
Undrawn is the blind; and trouble and sin
Fill me, and fill the pit of the sky.

Now let me tell of this Hell within;
There may be one more man as I
Who, listening, will be lightened of sin,
Made free by the touch of sympathy.

II.

My friend lies sick and pain beset,
Clenching his hands across his face.
My enemy prepares a net
To catch me in the market-place.

And all that I have written and done
Seems weariness and vanity,
Pin-scratchings on the uncharted sun,
Pen-tracings on the unsolid sea.

And would that Life might be forgot—
House, hedge, and garden lost to view ;
Or changed so I discerned them not—
Gone, perished everything I knew.

For I have seen my nakedness
As I commingled with the crowd.
I was not clothed in coloured dress,
But walking in a sullied shroud.

I was not shaped as other men,
But all disfigured so—and bowed.
I fear my voice nigh other men ;
For they are still, and I am loud.

And a dark river rolls between
Our sorry souls of death and change :
And blend we never shall serene ;
For they are dull, and I am strange.

And we shall stare at different lights
When the Last Judgment Scene is blazed,
See blues as greens, and reds as whites ;
For they are blind, and I am crazed.

And I have soiled my spirit's dress
With bitter curses from the Pit,
Breathed every sullying shamefulness
Upon the clinging folds of it.

And I am maimed with grief and pride
And hatred of my enemy ;
The Fool's blunt arrows in my side,
And crazed by his insanity.

III.

What shall I do? Lift hands to Heaven,
Pray that the cloud may pass from me,
And that my sins be quite forgiven,
And my lips speak, and my eyes see.

Hear me, thou Spirit of Wonder and Light!
And yet I fear thee and thy boon,
For I am like a starless night,
And thou art brighter than the moon.

Oh Thou! by whom the dawn is lit
Be human, do not fright me so.
For I am like a lava pit,
And thou art stealthier than the snow.

Shed peace within my soul, Lord! King!
Deal with me as a lover or child.
Let my heart leap, and my mouth sing;
Wash clean the garment I have defiled.

Come on a billow of healing light
Across my senses' mountain brow.
Lean close, enfold me in thy might,
Till thou art I, and I am thou.

Come as thou canst, and as thou wilt.
Choose any form thy power may please—
Bright radiance into the darkness spilt,
Or a little thing that the soul sees.

Oh, come while West the planets roll!
Come now, come soon, ere shines the day.
Make pure the garment of my soul,
And wash my throbbing sins away.

IV.

Hush! hush! across the troubled moon
An opal darkness softly stirs.
Cometh it now, the ministering boon,
In a cradle of cloud, ere a wing whirs.

No sound! Yet Stillness that has form
Of something whispering and alive;
As when, ere breaks the gathering storm,
The lightnings rustle in their hive.

Threatening and lonely is the night;
And yet, O heart, put fear from thee!
For though the lawn with frost is white
A nightingale sings in the tree.

V.

What is it stirs within my room
And breathes upon the unwritten sheet?
Who art thou?—sense in the dark gloom,
So sudden and divinely sweet!

Who art thou, quivering and agleam
That hast stolen upon me like the snow?
Am I awake? Is this a dream?
For the wick faints, and the coals burn low.

VI.

Who art thou? Of what starry host?
Thy aura lit with rainbow hues.
Art thou God? Or the Holy Ghost?
An angel? Or the singing Muse?

For thou art female; and thy form
Has breasts of lilies, womb of snow;
Thy locks like bannerets of the morn;
Thy brow with the moon's colours aglow.

Thy raiment lovely, in disarray,
Transparent ; shadowing thy form
Marvellous as the beauty of day
And strong as the spirit of the storm.

And a great kindness brims thy gaze,
Some pure essential of Paradise.
Yet art thou versed in human ways,
For laughter lurks within thine eyes.

VII.

And thou hast shoes upon thy feet.
Are the roads stony, even in Heaven?
Did my sins pave the flinted street
They fled down? Hast thou me forgiven?

Were not thy pinions jarred with pain
As they swooped into my soul's chasm?
Harmlessly dared they the scorious rain
That whirled from the deeps of my Self's abysm?

Why art thou crowned with the sea's pearls,
And girdled with the petals of flowers?
Out of thy mouth white jessamine curls,
And from thy breasts sweet incense showers.

The flowers of the field hast thou brought from
Heaven;
Hyacinths glisten upon thy shoes.
Thou stoopest to Earth, but I to Heaven.
Suffer me to unloose thy shoes.

For thou art weary, and thy feet
Blistered with the long way they came
Through sapphire cold and ruby heat
And all the winds of frost and flame.

SONG OF JOB AND SOLOMON

And what a tale hast thou to tell
Of that long journey past the stars!
What joys of the sky? What pains of Hell?
In tingling tones no discord jars.

Closer! Lean low. Touch lips with me;
Withhold not from me thy caress;
For shaken am I with ecstasy,
And pain for my unworthiness.

Why hast thou dared the wounding stones
That litter the broad ways on high?
Are my complaints and bitter moans
So heard within the lonely sky?

Press low thy mouth upon my mouth;
Put thy firm hand against my lyre.
Lean softly, as the ministering South;
For I am Flesh, and thou art Fire.

Compact art thou of mind and sense,
Unpinioned spirit, the beauty of flowers,
Profundity of recompense
For all Life's harsh and tuneless hours.

Fold thy pale arms, and hold me tight.
Lean thy pearl'd forehead over my eyes.
With thy snow's fire and passion white
Cleanse me from Life's impurities.

And stay till Dawn has budded, stay!
To-night I cannot go with thee.
I may not fly on wings away
Till Death has struck his blow at me.

A SINGAPORE DAY

By H. M. Tomlinson

HE had skimmed about Singapore in a jinrikshaw all the morning. He wanted to find Mr. Kow Watt Loon. That Chinaman was as elusive as the glamour of the East. And he was not used to 'rikshaws. He was sure he looked a lazy fool when being dragged about in the heat on a high perch and a pair of silent wheels by a sweating fellow creature. It had been nearly a week before he could summon the courage to travel in a little cart drawn by another man. It made him feel like the hated subject of a revolutionary cartoonist's satire.

He could not find Mr. Kow Watt Loon; who kept a pawnshop somewhere in Singapore, so he had been told, where Kelanton sarong of silk were to be found occasionally, rare krise, and silver-ware from the Lingga Islands. Not that Mr. Loon would be sure to sell those things if his shop were found and if he had them, for he was reported to be suspicious and morose; an embarrassing shopkeeper who would forget all his English and decline to sell to you if he misliked your appearance. But Mr. Loon could not be found; and a city near the equator is much more extensive, relatively, than a city with a wholesome climate. Singapore's streets in their heavy and slumbering heat seemed to his despairing eye prolonged to an impossible distance. Oh, Heaven! Where was this Mr. Loon?

This coolie was the third experiment that morning with a 'rikshaw. Young Bennett from London, in his quest of the romance of the East, watched below him the old man's back muscles playing under the glistening drab skin. He ought to tell the old fellow to walk—to

stop. It was too hot for this game. Besides, the coolie didn't know where to go, though he pretended he did; no doubt he was merely running about. They always did that. The first, picked up near Raffles Place, was a bronze giant, a wonderful youngster, whose hat was a round straw thatch with a pinnacle. As soon as he was spoken to he made cheerful noises of understanding, lifted his shafts in confident play, took a strange side turning promptly (how lucky—this fellow knew!), loped off swiftly, and they were completely lost in ten minutes. Though Bennett did not know that at the time. His coolie loped along swiftly but leisurely. That running figure and its style would have inspired the poets of old Athens, but in the romantic East it was only a blob of life. The sun and the easy gait infected the passenger with a haughty languor. The coolie's pale blue cotton shorts and shirt became dark and limp with sweat; but the fellow ran on, deliberately, unerringly, taking unlikely byways into queer seclusions where brown life poured in noisy torrents. Evidently this fellow knev where to go . . . but did he? Or did he just run on? Where the devil were they? Brente! Stop! As cheerful as ever, sweating but fresh, that coolie did not appear to know where he was, and evidently his glad smile would be unchanged even in death. He was an imbecile.

The second coolie, who had stopped to be entertained by the language thrown at the first, was a lean and elderly man, and big veins corded his arms in a mesh. His torso was bare. He ran his 'rikshaw elsewhere, occasionally looking back over his shoulder doubtfully at his fare. He was shy of any street in which he saw the khaki uniform of a Malay or a Sikh. That journey came to nothing in a strange market place in the middle of a horrible smell. The coolie walked to a kerb, there he gently rested his shafts, turned and shook his head dolefully, and held out his hand for largess.

Another hour wasted! It was blazing noon, and a row of Chinamen were squatting in the shade eating slops from basins with two sticks. They did not even look up. The naked children at play did not appear to see him. Nobody in Singapore knew anything, and did not care what happened to anybody. He had never seen this part of the city before. Was it Singapore? It might have been the grotesque country of a dream, all these people inimical shadows who did not even glance at their victim, and he the only live man, caught in an enchantment, lost and imprisoned in an illusion where the face of things had a meaning which he could not guess though it was important for him. The man from London wiped the perspiration from his hands, and looked round. A high wall was opposite, with a gateway, and crouched on the top of the wall, on either side of the opening, were two big bulls in pink stone. In the shadow on the pavement beneath were heaps of coloured rags, fast asleep. Was that a temple to Siva? It was then that the third 'rikshaw man entered the dream, stopped and looked at Bennett as though he knew at once the man for whom he was seeking, and drew near seductively. This figure of evil, its face pock-marked, had only a rag about its loins and his 'rikshaw was a self-supporting wreck. Well, it would serve to escape from those pink bulls and that unmoving smell. By luck, too, they might pass into a part of the city he recognised, and then he would be released from the spell and wake up. But he went further, and saw nothing that he knew. He was abandoned under some coconuts, and outside the city, by the look of it.

The road was empty, except for a bullock cart at a standstill. A haze of little flies quivered about the sleepy heads of the two animals, and the shadows under their bellies were black. The dark folk, Klings and Malays who padded by occasionally, were probably in another world. They were certainly not in his. He

could not speak with them. The heat was so still and heavy that he felt he could not move in it, especially as he did not know which way to take.

"Can I help you? Are you looking for anyone about here, sir?" The voice was so like Oxford that it exorcised the spectral East completely; for a moment it steadied his bewilderment in the midst of what was quick, but was alien and enigmatic. He was too surprised to answer at once, but in the shade of those palms stared at a young fellow who was so attractively dressed in neat and unctuous white, with a flourishing black silk bow to a collar not in the least stained, though the heat was many hours old, that Bennett felt mean and soiled in the regard of that friendly curiosity. Bennett explained. He was lost. He had been unable to make the 'rikshaw men understand. What he wanted now was the Europe Hotel.

"Some distance, the Europe. This is the Ayer Laut Estate. Sorry, but our cars are out. Would you come with me? Then we can telephone to your hotel."

They went off through sombre avenues of sleeping trees. Their trunks were scored with pale scars, and under the wounds were stuck small glass cups. His companion said nothing, but strode briskly forward. The crepuscular aisles were deserted, though Bennett noticed that he and his companion were not alone in that silent and shadowy plantation. But what were the figures he could see in the distance he did not know. They might have been Dryads, those slender and motionless forms in robes of scarlet, orange, and emerald, who were intent on some ritual among the trees. They were retired into the twilight quiet of the aisles, and seemed unaware of the intruding Englishmen. But Bennett was startled by one of those figures. It had been hidden by the grey column of a tree near the path. As he went by it raised its head, with its piled

black hair and a gold comb diminishing its dark and delicate face, which had a gold stud in the bold curve of a nostril. Her drowsy eyes looked at him, but he remembered only the spot of gold in her nose, and the astonishing orange of the silk wound round her lithe figure.

They came to a house in a shrubbery of crotons, and ascended a flight of wooden steps to a verandah. A Malay was there, crouched in the portico ; but he might have been inanimate. His gaze was fixed beyond them. And the house was deserted. Their footsteps made an embarrassing din on the boards. Bennett with his brisk friend, who seemed to know exactly what to do, went to an upper room, open to the air on three sides, and overlooking everywhere the green roof of the plantation.

A tiger skin was on the floor. Its head grinned towards the door in shabby and fatuous defiance. Dusty native weapons were disorderly on the wooden partition at the back. There was a picture of Salisbury Cathedral hanging next to a photograph of a dead elephant with a man nursing a gun sitting on its head.

"Wait a minute," said the young fellow in white, and went to the most noticeable object in the dingy and neglected apartment, a bright telephone instrument. He leaned against the wall in superior and casual attention with the receiver to his ear. While waiting like that, suddenly and brusquely he spoke to Bennett.

"I say, sorry, what's your name?" Then he turned in a tired way to the instrument, murmured softly and allusively to the wall for a few seconds, and came away. "That's all right. The car will be here presently. I must go. But you wait here. Whisky and soda on that sideboard. Make yourself at home"; and he was gone.

Bennett sat down. Singapore was an unexpected sort of place. He felt imprisoned now in the silence. Nothing moved. There was no sound but once, when

a wasp as big as a bird bolted in heavily, blundered and hummed among the wooden rafters, and went again so straight and suddenly that Bennett thought something in the overhead shadows had flung it out. He began to feel bitter about that romance of the East. Sometimes it seemed lost in a brooding quiet, or else it stirred into episodic and irrelevant activity directed to God knew what. He put his sun-helmet on the floor, wiped his brow, and regretted the childish folly which had sent him to look for what perhaps did not exist on earth. What did people mean by romance? What was it? How could it be found in 'rikshaws and rubber plantations? He could not get the hang of Singapore. Ships, temples to all the gods, coconuts, and men and women of so many different colours that they could not talk to each other. And who was that fellow who had just gone out? How did he come into the picture? It was a life which went on outside his own, and he could not follow it. Didn't even know that fellow's name. He might have been created among those trees just to let a Londoner know that the East, though it pretended never to obverse him, yet wanted him to understand that he was making a fool of himself in a place not his. He might as well have some of that drink.

The siphon made so immense a noise that he thought the invisible watchers must hear it, and send another messenger to mock him politely. He began to drink gratefully.

"Mix me one," grumbled a deep voice.

He almost dropped the glass, and looked round in a little panic. He could not see anybody. A lounge chair with its back to him stood by the verandah at the far end of the room. He went to it. An old man, with a mass of riotous white hair and a white beard stained brown about the lips, reclined there at full length. His eyes were shut. His open shirt showed grey hair on his ribs.

"Did you speak?" asked Bennett.

"Of course," said the man, without opening his eyes. "You heard me. I want a drink."

Bennett brought it. The old man sat up sideways in his chair with surprising swiftness, opened his eyes at the glass in sullen criticism, and emptied it at once. He sat looking at the tumbler thoughtfully, while Bennett stood by hoping that the car would arrive soon. Then the bearded figure looked up at him and surveyed him with dark disapproving eyes.

"Who are you?"

Bennett felt very modest. "Oh—nobody—just out from London. I found this estate by chance—got lost, you know. A good friend here, whose name I don't know, has telephoned for a car."

"Well, Mr. Nobody, sit down. No. Get me another drink. Put more whisky in it."

Bennett was meekly obedient.

"Now you can sit down. Go on. Sit down."

Bennett felt that the heat of the day was much worse as he took a near chair. The stranger flung up his glass again with the suggestion that the liquid must fall into a hollow, held the tumbler away from him, turned it about reflectively, put it on the floor, and lay back, closing his eyes. He sighed. His feet were bare, except for a pair of crimson slippers which hung loosely from his toes. Bennett listened through five minutes of tense silence for sounds of an approaching car. The figure reclining on the chair then opened its querulous eyes, raised its head, and spoke.

"My name's Hopkins. Ever heard of me, Mr. Nobody?"

"No, sir. I'm afraid not. I'm only just out, you see."

Mr. Hopkins chuckled in his beard. "Then don't stop unless you want to."

"Never heard of me," mumbled Mr. Hopkins, several times. "Never heard of me."

This old fellow, thought Bennett, is not in his right mind, and here I am, told to wait till somebody comes for me, though I'm not sure that they know I'm here. How can I keep this greybeard amused? He's a truculent old ruffian. Bennett looked out over the tree tops in the sun. The crowns of some palms were individual above the mass of green. They were lifeless. A bird or something was calling, Raup, Raup. What could he talk about to an old reprobate like that?

"What ship did you come out in?" asked Mr. Hopkins, playing with the end of his beard.

"A Blue Funnel—the *Helenus.*" The young man relapsed at once into a bankrupt memory.

Hopkins stared at him fixedly, as though waiting. "Well, is that all? But I suppose it is. You came out, and here you are. That's how it's done. Not in my time, though. Not when I was alive."

"Have you been here long, sir?"

"Me? I've been here too long. Seen too much for some of them. They'd like me to go now. I'm old Hopkins—but what's the good of talking to you? You just came, and here you are." Mr. Hopkins rubbed his bare ribs plaintively. "The ships I knew couldn't just come and go." He leaned forward with one of his sly chuckles, and looked round furtively while secretly enjoying a recollection. "I was in the *Nellie Bligh.*" He nodded his head at Bennett, and watched for the full effect of this news.

Bennett smiled awkwardly, but nodded back to his companion appreciatively. It was better to keep him in a good humour.

"Yes. You don't know what ships are like, not you fellers. Nor men. No Billy Ringbolts now." Mr. Hopkins began to shake in silent laughter over something that had occurred to him.

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Hopkins. I've heard about the clippers, and Whampoa, and Java Head. But I never saw a sailing ship during all the voyage out. Not one. And yet I know the East India Dock Road, too."

Mr. Hopkins looked startled for a moment. "Poplar," he mumbled. "You say you know the Dock Road! And not a sailing ship." His beard about his mouth continued to move, as though he were talking to himself.

"The *Nellie Bligh* came out from Poplar," mused Mr. Hopkins. "So did I. But not in her. She found me in Java because—well, because I was there." The old man looked very artful and amused.

"She picked me up at Surabaya. She was in the coolie trade to the Chinca Islands then, and her skipper was a Chilian. She was going to China to take in coolies. Ever heard of the trade? You were paid for what you delivered. So it was no good taking in just enough to fill the ship. Some died."

Bennett smiled politely at this little joke. "Some died, did they!"

"The *Nellie*," went on Mr. Hopkins, "was not the ship to choose if you knew of a better. I didn't. She was all Dago, but there are worse things. We got up to China—are you listening?—I say we got out all right. She found her own way, though she nearly finished up on Borneo. The wind fell and she was set inshore on a current. What a dam noise those big wasps make! There's another just come in. . . . Did you hear of a man named Smollet in London? I'm told he's often in the papers, very important, and gives a lot to the missionaries. So he ought. Buying off his dad below, I suppose. His dad was in the coolie trade, I know. I didn't do so bad myself. But the missionaries get nothing out of me. I wouldn't worry over a few Chinks more or less. They're not human. We

took in three hundred on the *Nellie*. One of 'em looked at me as he came aboard. After that I went to have a look at the hatch gratings—I wanted to see whether they were sound and handy."

Mr. Hopkins sank back languorously on his long chair, closed his eyes and lapsed into silence. His long bony hands were folded limply on his bare chest. Somewhere outside a bell sunk in the depths of the foliage began to toll. The silly story was finished, Bennett thought. There was a smell which reminded him of incense. Mr. Hopkins's cane chair creaked. Where was that car, to get him out of this?

The old man began to drawl again. He spoke with his eyes shut, as though wearily confessing his sins. He looked like a dying man, too, Bennett thought, for his white beard hung from cheek-bones that were projecting eaves, and the skin of his long hooked nose was so white over the sharp bridge that a touch might have broken it. His eyes were pits, with white bushes overhanging their shadows. One of his slippers fell to the boards. "It was lucky we sighted the Pelew Islands. Our old man might have passed muster for a sailor with a fair wind and plenty of room. If ever he knew where he was he must have guessed it. But he was the admiral of the Pacific in good weather. Three days after we sighted the Pelews, near eight bells in the morning, the *Nellie* was doing so well that I wasn't so sorry as I had been that I'd left Java when I had to. I'd forgotten we had any Chinamen aboard. Just as eight bells was being struck there was a howl below, like a man knifed. Then I heard a rush and I looked down. The Chinks were swarming for the deck. They hung on the ladder like bees, and were armed with boards they'd stripped from below. The first of 'em was scrambling over the coaming close to me. I lifted him clean by his pig-tail and dropped him on the others." The old man smiled in his sleep. "We made

those hatch gratings fast, somehow. We got the Chinks booked. Wolves would have looked prettier. Their faces were turned up, and they were howling at us. Then a pistol went off. That Dago in his gold lace had come at last. He was trembling and whimpering, and firing pistols into those faces. It made the noise worse. The Chinks began to leap and scream.' Mr. Hopkins paused, and rubbed the hair about his mouth slowly.

"As one jumped a shot caught fire to his shirt, and it was funny to see the way he tore the burning rag off his arm. But it wasn't so funny when I saw that chap pushing through the crowd blowing on the rag to keep it alight. I half guessed his game, and grabbed a pistol for a go at him. He dropped, but another Chink snatched the burning rag from his hand, and got away with it." Mr. Hopkins opened his eyes in a smile. "Wanted to light his pipe, eh?"

A motor horn sounded in the grounds. Then a Malay appeared. "Tuan Bennett. Motor pergi Europe."

"Thank you, Mr. Hopkins," said young Bennett rising slowly, for he feared it might be polite to wait for the end of the story, supposing it were not ended. "Good-morning." Mr. Hopkins did not speak. He was staring into the rafters.

The quick journey to the hotel gave Bennett the impression that it had been in hiding just round the corner all the time. What he had seen and heard that day might have been the recollections, unreasonable, unrelated, and prolonged to no end, which are jumbled in the mind when one wakes up and sees in surprise the familiar objects of the plain morning. "Another day wasted," thought Bennett. "I don't spend one more hour of it looking for romance. I doubt whether the East has got any. All gone before I got here." He thought he would bathe, and then loaf by the verandah;

waste the rest of the day looking at the world till dinner-time. He sat in that corridor, a long shady vista of wicker chairs and marble-topped tables, where men and women of his own kind, so much apart from the East as he was himself, gossiped idly as though waiting for the hour when they could escape. Apologetic Chinamen in white uniform were gliding about like ghosts, ministering to weary guests. The broad thoroughfare outside moved in silent eddies of jinrikshaws and motor-cars. Bennett was amused by a Chinaman in goggles so fat that he filled the perch of his 'rikshaw, sitting there with his short legs wide apart and a child like a solemn idol on one knee. The little coolie who drew them was trotting along limply with his mouth wide open. A group of Klings stalked by, figures with long black hair and smooth faces, each in a stiff cocoon of frail coloured cloth. Were they men or women? A gigantic Sikh domineered with the traffic at the corner. Across the road, fringing the turf of the esplanade, flat topped trees were in crimson bloom, a line of gigantic flambeaux. Through their columns he could see the roadstead, a plain of burnished pewter to which were fixed the black shapes of a few ships, a barque, some sampans, coasting steamers like toys, high-pooped junks, all distinct and remarkable, even when they were far out towards the indigo islands beyond. The sun was setting. Immense purple clouds piled from the horizon like the vapours of a planet which had burst, smoke too heavy for any wind to disperse, and shot with the glow of exposed internal fires. They were high enough to kindle the sky. The sky was burning. Lightning was exploding in the summits of the clouds. The ships and the sea were suddenly caught, too, and the surprised faces of the watchers on that verandah reflected the glow of a vast catastrophe. The fires died. The islands congealed to cold iron. The only light was the quivering opalescence of the storm in high clouds. A group of

Chinamen went by, shadows carrying lanterns, beating a tom-tom, and shrilling on curdling instruments.

Bennett, almost fearful without knowing why, looked round at the guests assembling. They reassured him. The electric fans were spinning above them. They were drinking cocktails. He thought he would go and dress, but then saw a man signalling to him, and recognized his nameless young friend of the morning. Beside him was a lady whose little head, in a shadow, seemed lively and detached above a rosy cloud of gauzy silk upon which fell the light of a glow lamp. Bennett went over. Another man was at that table, but Bennett did not look at him.

"Well, you got your car all right?"

"Yes. You helped me out of that trouble nicely."

His friend laughed, and turned to the lady to explain the fun of it. "Found him on our plantation, near the Kling compound, looking for the Europe." Bennett smiled shyly, and the lady glanced at him with tired and faintly insolent eyes. "Why ever was he doing that?" she asked indifferently, looking away across the room.

Bennett said, with an attempt at humour, that he was looking for the romance of the Orient. The lady did not appear to hear him. She began a conversation in a low tone with her companion. Bennett was about to leave, with an excuse, when he felt his arm nudged, and saw Mr. Hopkins beside him in the next chair, severe and correct in evening dress, his white beard and hair scrupulously groomed. "Hullo, Mr. Nobody," he rumbled. "Strictly proper and comfortable here, cocktails and all. Have one." He plunged a bell, and when the Chinese apparition appeared, merely looked at it. The apparition vanished, but almost at once returned with two little glasses containing a golden liquor in which were scarlet cherries on match sticks.

"I didn't finish that story. You were in a hurry to

get away, but you can't go now." Mr. Hopkins pushed over a cocktail, holding away a finger on which was a remarkable topaz. "Men who just come out, and here they are! But you can tell Poplar about the *Nellie Bligh*, when you get back. They may wonder where she went. And you can say I said so. Hopkins—there's been lots of Hopkins, perhaps even in my family." The old fellow had an interval of private mirth. The young man opposite, and the lady in rosy silk, were conversing in oblivious animation. "Wasn't that Chinaman just getting away with a burning rag when you ran out? I couldn't stop him. And the Dago, who was a fool, thought we had finished with the mutiny. But he soon knew better. He knew when he saw some smoke coming up by the forehatch. Of course, Chinks are almost reasonable creatures. Almost reasonable, Mr. Nobody. We couldn't let them roast, could we? Of course not. Not if we wanted to put the fire out. Our Dago had the puzzle of his life before him. The Chinks were below us again, clamouring to be let out, and pointing back at the fire. They thought they'd got the right argument that time. And that Dago was going to do it, too, and save his ship, I suppose, with hundreds of murderous maniacs round him. Not when I was there, though. Not when I had a gun. Let 'em roast. There's lots of Chinks, but only one Mr. Hopkins, and the Pelews were only three days back. I don't think, Mr. Nobody, you've ever seen anything like it. But by the time we had the boats provisioned and away all was quiet again, except for the flames. We made the Pelews. Anyhow, my boat did. I never heard what became of the other two."

The lady in rose laughed prettily. Bennett, shocked, stared at her instantly, but she was not looking at Mr. Hopkins. The other pair had a joke between them.

"Well, come along, you two. Dinner!" Mr. Hopkins rose, a tall patriarch, a venerable image of

disillusioned wisdom and unexpectant justice. The young man rose too, and moved his chair to allow the lady a path to the dining-room. He turned with a polite smile to Bennett. "Let me hear when you've found any romance in the East. But don't come looking for it on our plantation. We haven't got any there."

THUS FAR

By Edmund Blunden

In glades where frost is ambushed in the ferns,
In the low meadow dipping to the stream,
A luring light and subtle beauty burns,
And now I see and now have lost the gleam;
The water sings, its crystal body curls
With welling music round the root and stone,
But a voice haunts there, clear above the swirls,
And now I catch and now I miss that tone.

Spring, light of light; stay not so shyly far,
May be a dream, may be a living truth;
Voice that was there, attend that sudden star,
And in one primal song say you are youth,
Or love, or some remembrance—
Ah, that prayer,
Answered, would leave but wood and water there.

HE LIKED BOURNESOUTH

By L. A. Morrison

He liked Bournesouth. It was so bright and charming and exclusive a resort, so happy a mean between Monte Carlo and Cornwall. He liked the unfolding aspect when viewed from the water : the white façades of the stately mansions and hotels that crowned the cliffs and glittered out to sea in the sunlight, the mass of dark greenery that filled the low centre ; the broad stretches on either side of yellow sand.

He liked the spacious avenues in the town and the retired houses that stood with gloved and folded hands among the trees behind them. He liked the cleanliness and orderliness of the place : the swept and watered streets ; the shaven lawns and urbane gardens ; the smokeless air that was pure and bubbling and golden like a dry and tawny vintage. He liked, when he looked down from an elevation, the prettily patterned mosaic laid out beneath him, its sea-green pines and yellow-green parks and red-tiled chalets and glittering, glass-domed bijou residences ; it was as if a delicate, flower-like hand had been sinuously in and out among them all, arranging with cultured taste and a nice eye to ornamental effect.

He liked the air of discreetness that scarved the town —the atmosphere of gentility and circumspection and tread-wariliness and calf-bound bookishness in which it was steeped. He approved, too, the neat, plain notices affixed to the portals of each residence :

No Tramps
No Hawkers
No Circulars

and, on the side-entrances, "Tradesmen." It was so orderly, like putting everything (and everyone) in its (or his) assigned niche.

He appreciated the distinguished respectability that seemed to envelop the town with a suitably subdued but impressive halo. He delighted in the fact that the tram-cars did not run, and the saloons did not open, until after the Sunday morning service. He enjoyed to the full the Sunday mornings; they were experiences—æsthetic experiences—which his senses absorbed greedily and to which his emotions reacted pleasantly. So quiet, so hallowed, so umbrella-rolled! He liked to become a unit in one of the slow and stately processions that wended their established way churchwards. His soul thrilled with delight at all the manifestations of this mystic ritual. He liked the ceaseless rus-rustling of silk under-skirts; the starchy odour of camphor; the rich and mixed whisperings; the muffled clangour of deep-toned bells. He inhaled gratefully the smell of clothes that hadn't been worn for a week; the aromatic perfume of oaken, varnished pews; the sweet intoxicating cloud of talk that coagulated about one in the dimmed interior, through which the vicar's modulated intonations came deliciously mulled. And the somnolence! And the great murmurous organ! And the winey, sensuous, stained-glass windows, with their Roses of Sharon and their firm, fat sheep, their luminous, bulbous tamarinds hung up in the dark cedars like orange moons!

He liked the smart policemen—so friendly in their place, while (of course) keeping to it. And the tradesmen—the genial, pocket-jingling tradesmen—they served one so suavely; understood so well one's requirements. He thought he liked *all* the employees in Bournesouth—they were *all* so polite and discreet and accommodating, and so anxious to serve and to please, so concerned that the world should go round. . . Rotundity was so

smooth. . . . He liked the deferential park-rangers, the fore-lock-pulling bath-chair boys, the bathing-machine attendants, the tea-shop waitresses, the bloused and bewigged ladies behind the bar (especially the bloused and bewigged ladies behind the bar. He liked to lean well over them . . . and they could whisper such things . . . mad . . . bad . . . and yet, having the bar between you, you were wonderfully safe. . . . Yet it was such a ravishing *tête-à-tête*—so luscious a stolen fruit—he would be stirred to the depths !) . . . If there were black specks on the blue serenity they were taxi-men, who knew a little too much, and were becoming much too forward. He suspected them of voting Liberal, and that, perhaps, only in the absence of Labour.

Yes, he liked the folks. Not that he did not discriminate ; he would sip like a superior, a selective bee, passing over a flower here for a choicer, a more nectarous one, there. For example, he liked the ladies, so nicely, smoothly mannered, and so delicately, pinkly manicured ; so tall, like lilies, and yet so full and swelling, like tulips. He liked their lank, straight dumbness when in ordinary street-going clothes ; and their eloquent revealed roundness, their amazing cherubic rotundity, when in bathing attire. He liked the easy indolent extravagant carelessness with which they frolicked about, in their diaphanous silk tights, in the shallows, with which they sprawled on the beach drying, puffing cigarettes. He liked, in the cool daytime, with their people, their reserve, their indrawn, curled-up feelers ; and at other times, in the opulent, richly glooming lounges of cinemas, their expansiveness . . . in the hot, orchid atmosphere of palm-courts, with the jazz-bands insistently pounding . . . pounding . . . ! Yet, fond as he was of feminity, he always exercised among them his exquisite connoisseurship. He didn't like "temples tenantless of mind" ; nor did he seek

For curled Jewesses, with ankles neat
Who, as they walk abroad, make tinkling with their feet."

(though the place, unhappily, abounded with them.) His taste, indeed, had become almost too good "for human nature's daily food."

He relished the appetising nutriment you could obtain in the hotels; as, for instance, stuffed olives and salted almonds; galantined pullet and sweet potatoes; orange-and-celery salad and delicious iced sherbet; and, to cap such a meal, several large creamy nuts, to munch quietly but diligently between his excellent white teeth. He liked, when his luncheon was over and Nepenthean languors overcame him, to get up and stretch out drowsily on a comfortable couch, and, after an epicurean tooth-picking, to cross his small white hands complacently over his gentle abdominal amplitude. Thus, he would idly speculate, was euthanasia. Sometimes he would fall asleep.

He liked the entertainment Bournesouth provided—the numerous dances where one could meet with and mingle freely among unknown enchantresses. What dizzying, palpitating scenes those were—what soft and warm impacts that released the emotions! Pink, radiant, flying, scantily-clad and uncorseted damsels; gold and jet and greenily blue coiffed and caparisoned little chargers, preening and prancing and pirouetting high-spiritedly about, as in circuses! Indeed, and they were circuses—jolly, refined, and expensive little circuses, those dances. For what were the glossy round backs and shoulders if not the sleek satin sides and well-groomed flanks of the cream ponies? He liked, in particular, as the tide rose to the Plimsoll mark, the twilight valse, the gliding on and on in unison out of the opened window on to the moon-washed lawn, under the frozen, unwinking sky, and the sinking, limp and exhausted, on to a seat in the depths of the shrubberies.

He often visited the sea-front, with the sea's calm,

cerulean surface laced with white foam. Especially he was fond of the pier, and the pier-conventions. He liked the circuitous methods by which the restless, dark-eyed ones gravitated towards it after lunch. He liked the way they packed the seats ranged along each side. He liked to pause on passing through the turnstile, and view as in a telescope the animated perspective. He liked the battalions of well-drilled legs that were arrayed in front of the long benches and seemed to converge in the distance. There was a philosophy of legs, he thought, could he only lay hold on it. Slowly he would saunter up to the bandstand, his heart quickening as it leapt over the myriad violet rays that sought to transfix it. He liked, when the band had strummed up, and the men had gathered round, to feel the ladies following after. He liked to take his art with his life, as a sandwich, and have his music, his Dvorak and Debussy, punctuated by the click-clicking of the ladies' heels, as they high-stepped round and round. He was like a judge at a horse-show then, seeing them go through their paces, and critically examining their points.

He liked the dusk, and its queer glamorous beauty, its dark fabric shimmering with light. He liked to look out to sea, and have a wave pass over him, and feel himself borne on the poetry of the hour—

> O let my aching bosom be cool-bathed
> In the flooding silver of the unfretful moon.

At such times he was greatly moved. His vision, then, was mistily rosy with erotic miasmas, and his thoughts ran smoothly and sweetly in amber lucencies. At such moments he discovered himself turning over on his tongue the toothsome exotic bon-bons, the flavoured descriptive locutions, of the chrysoprase-and-pomegranate school, of the votaries of topaz, onyx, jasmine, bulbul—"each hispid star of citron bloom." Oh! it

was—it was heady !—like the Persian dawn, when—ah, don't !—

> When young love wakes on a white shoulder.

He was always reacting similarly to some similar rare experience, yet his reactions never became intolerable ; not that he forgot them, like the beef and beerist ; not that he sterilized them, like the intellectualist ; not that he went so far as to sublimate them, as the artist ; simply that he fed on them, daily, continually, nourishing an avid appetite that grew by what it consumed. So he found a measure of rejuvenescence.

He had a tender feeling, too, for the troubled maidens ambuscaded in the chines, effulgent white blossoms petalling the dark bloom. Sometimes fortified by a cigar and the deepening dusk, he would tentatively approach one of these languid nymphomaniacs, absorb her turgid brilliance, her slowly ripening beauty, and, with the delicate grossness of his mind, see her

> Sweet as a musk-rose upon new-made hay;
> With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
> Shut softly up alive . . .

But he would not often speak to one, for time had only made him more and more vulnerable, more and more sensitive to a snub. Like Saint Pierre, he would experience more pain from a single thorn than pleasure from a thousand roses. And you never knew how one of these slumbering fires would flare up.

He even admitted a liking for the round pink pates (the hairless oblate spheroids, as he humorously labelled them) that rested and shone on the backs of the low chairs in the club windows : the elder generation of Bournesouthians. He fondly visualized them as afloat in the ship of state on an empurpled sea of port. And he liked, when something violent impinged on their eyesight or was reflected on the plate-glass of their

spectacles, the way, deserting their *Morning Posts,* they swerved round to watch hungrily a brilliant figure in silks sail by demurely smiling. What "Egads!" were bitten off and swallowed, to rumble away wrathfully in their innards! Poor old boys, *ballons captifs!* He sympathized with them, understanding their position. They were no longer "full to the brim of molasses" in the words of Stevenson, but they still retained a sweet tooth in their sunken gums. There was still life, of a sort, in the dear crapulous old dogs. . . .

Oh, yes, he liked Bournesouth. He loved it, with perhaps the only passion of which he was still capable. What was it now? . . . Meat and drink? . . . Ah, yes. . . . "A feast of reason and a flow of soul!" That was it. Or Tokay in its native wineskin. . . . Or a ripe, crudded cheese to a gorgonzolagomaniac, to nibble and nibble and never know satiety.

The Deepest Instinct.—When in the reason's philosophy the rational appears dominant and sole possessor of the world, we can only wonder what place would be left to it, if the element excluded might break through the charm of the magic circle, and, without growing rational, could find expression. Such an idea may be senseless, and such a thought may contradict itself, but it serves to give voice to an obstinate instinct. Unless thought stands for something that falls beyond mere intelligence, if "thinking" is not used with some strange implication that never was part of the meaning of the word, a lingering scruple still forbids us to believe that reality can ever be purely rational. It may come from a failure in my metaphysics, or from a weakness of the flesh which continues to blind me, but the notion that existence could be the same as understanding strikes as cold and ghostlike as the dreariest materialism. (*F. H. Bradley, "The Principles of Logic."*)

A LETTER OF ANTON TCHEHOV

[This remarkable letter was written to his brother Alexander by Anton Tchehov in April, 1883, that is to say, when Tchehov was twenty-three years of age.]

My brother-of-the-first-water, Alexander Pavlovitch. First of all, I congratulate you and the wife of your bosom upon a happy delivery and addition to your family, and I congratulate the city of Tagranog upon the possession of a tiny new citizeness. May the infant (cross yourself!) live for many years, may she (cross yourself!) abound in physical and moral beauty, in gold, a fine voice and common sense, and may she in due time catch a good husband (cross yourself, you fool!) after having previously confused and dismayed all the schoolboys of the city of Taganrog!!!

This congratulation over, I proceed straight to business. Nicolay has just given me your letter to read. The question about the right "to read or not to read" must be laid aside for lack of time. Had the letter referred only to the subject of Nicolay I should have confined myself to congratulations only, but your letter touches, at the same time, several very interesting questions. I want to talk them over with you. I shall answer all your previous commandments as we go along. Unluckily I have not the time to write all that I should. For the sake of good form and also because my reasoning is circumstantial I shall proceed to analyse your letter by stages from A to Z inclusive.

I am the critic: your letter is the work which is interesting from the artistic standpoint. As one who has read it, I have the right to criticise. Just consider yourself as the author—and all will go famously. By the way, it wouldn't do us writing fellows any harm if we had a try at criticism. But a warning is needed; what I say refers to the above-mentioned questions and to them only; I shall do my utmost to keep my interpretation free from any personal element.

There can't be two opinions about Nicolay being in the wrong. They are not only your letters he does not answer, but business letters as well; I know nobody more impolite than he in this respect. For a year he's been going to reply to L. who is still waiting; there has been a letter to him from a very decent man lying on the bookcase for six months and he hasn't yet answered it; and it was written exclusively for the sake of an answer. A greater muddler than our fool of a brother would be hard to find. And worst of all, he is incorrigible. Your letter softened him for the moment but I don't think he'll find time to answer it. But all this isn't the point.

I'll begin with the form of your letter. I remember how you used to laugh at Uncle's manifestoes. . . . But you were laughing at yourself. Your manifestoes compete with his in sugariness. The whole bag of tricks is there: "embraces," "wounds in my soul" . . . The one thing lacking is that you shed no tear. If Uncle's letters were to be believed he would long ere now have dissolved away in tears. (Oh, you Provincials!) You weep from the beginning of a letter to the end. And your weeping is not confined to your letters; it's in all your writings as well. One would think that Uncle and you consist solely and exclusively of lachryhal glands. I am not laughing; I am not being witty. I would not mention that lachrymosity, that asthmatical joy and sorrow, those wounds in the soul, &c., if they

were not so out-of-date and so . . . pernicious. Nicolay (as you very well know) is idling his life away ; there is a good vigorous Russian talent going to the dogs and going to the dogs for nothing. Another year or two and the artist will have sung his swan song. He will be lost in a crowd of café types, filthy Y——s, and other horrible creatures. You have seen his present work. What is it? It is all that is vulgar and catchpenny—while there stands in the room the beginnings of a remarkable picture. The *Russian Theatre* (publishers) offered him Dostoevsky to illustrate. He promised he would, but he won't keep that promise ; and those illustrations would give him a name and buy him bread. Well, what's the use of talking? You saw him six months ago, and I hope you have not forgotten. . . .

But now, instead of helping and encouraging a talented good fellow with a few strong words which would be of inestimable value to him, you write him pitiable melancholy letters. You saddened him for half an hour, you made him feel crushed and embittered —and that's all. To-morrow he will forget your letter. You are an excellent stylist, you have read a lot, written a lot, you understand things as well as others—and it's nothing to you to write a kind word to your brother. Not a sermon—never! But, if instead of shedding tears you would talk to him about his painting, he for certain would sit down to his work straight away and be sure to answer you. You know how he can be influenced.

"But I am forgetting myself. . . This is my final letter to you. . . ." All that is nonsense, the point is not in that. That is not what needs emphasis. You the strong one, educated and well-read, should emphasise that which is vital, that which is eternal, which affects not only petty feelings, but true human sensibilities. You are capable of doing this. Of course you

are! You are witty, a realist, an artist. For that letter of yours in which you describe divine service in a forest clearing I would forgive you all your trespasses, voluntary and involuntary, in deed and in word, if I were God. (Nicolay, by the way, reading that letter had a terrible desire to paint that field.) But even in your writing you lay too much stress on trivial things. And you were not born a subjective writer. . . That kind of writing is not inborn in you; it is acquired. . . It is as easy to give up that self-acquired subjectivity as to drink a glass of water. One only needs to be a bit more honest: to throw oneself absolutely overboard, not to push oneself as the hero of one's novel, to deny oneself for even half an hour. There is a story of yours where a young couple sit kissing each other all through dinner, sitting and cooing and talking rubbish. There's not a single sensible word, but thorough *complacency*. And you were not writing for the reader. You wrote because that chatter pleased *you*! Why don't you describe the dinner, how they ate, what they ate, what the cook was like, how vulgar your hero was, satisfied with his lazy contentment, how vulgar your heroine, how ridiculous her love for that smug, napkinned, overfed gander? Everyone likes to see well-fed happy people—that's true. But if you are going to write about them it's not enough to tell what *they* said and the number of times they kissed. A something else is needed. You must deny yourself the personal impression that honeymoon happiness produces on all unembittered persons. Subjectivity is an awful thing—even for the reason that it betrays the poor writer hand over fist. I bet you that all the vicars' daughters and clerks' wives who read your writings are in love with you; and were you a German you would drink beer *gratis* in all beer-shops where there are German barmaids. If only you would give up that subjectivity you would become a most useful writer. You

know so well how to laugh, to bite, to sneer, you have such a well-rounded style, you have experienced so much, and seen more than enough. . . . Ah ! Material is being thrown away ! You might at least put some *of it in your letters and encourage* Nicolay's *imagination* thereby. Iron should be forged out of such material and not manifestoes. What a useful man you would become ! Try, a sensible honest kind letter to Nicolay once or twice—you're surely an hundred times cleverer than he—write to him and you will see what will happen. He will answer you, however lazy he may be. But no pitiable, embittering, enervating words ; he is sufficiently soured without them.

"Not much sensitiveness is needed," you say ; and further, "that by my having left you I have cut myself off from the family and am doomed to oblivion." . . . So it appears you are forgotten. That you yourself do not believe what you write is quite obvious. There is no need to tell lies, my friend. . . . If it were not for your lachrymal glands, you would never have written that.

"I expected it and of course I got it. . . ." You want to make our hearts bleed ? Do so, if it's necessary, but you won't do it with such words. They read like quotations from "Little Sister" [a story by the brother] and you have said more sensible things which you could quote with greater profit.

"Father has told me I have not justified myself," &c. It's the hundredth time you've written that. I wonder what it is you want from Father. He is the enemy of tobacco smoking and of illegal cohabitation—do you want him to make these his friends ? You could manage Mother and Aunt but Father you never will. He is a flint, like the old dissenters, and you'll never make him change. And this, I think, is his strength. However gently you write to him he will only sigh and write the same old story to you, and what is worse, suffer. You

know this quite yell—don't you? Strange! Excuse me, but to my thinking this particular string, and it's rather a rotten one, plays not the least important part in the refrain. You are not paddling against the stream, but as it were trying to float with the stream. What do you care how this or that dissenter regards your illegal marriage! Why do you make up to them? What do you want? Let another look at it as he pleases; he's at liberty to. But you know you are right. Well, stick to it, in spite of what others have written or suffered. Surely there's all the salt of life, my friend, in a dignified protest.

Everyone has the right to live with whom he pleases and how he pleases—that's the right of an educated man, but you evidently don't believe in it since you find it necessary to send advocates on your behalf to various people. What is your illegal marriage from your own point of view? It is your nest, your warmth, your sorrow and joy, your romance, and you go about clutching it as if it were a stolen melon, you look askance at everyone: "What does he think of me?" You shove it on to everybody, talk it over, make moan. Were I your family I should feel offended at last. You really are interested in what I think, what Nicolay thinks, and Father! But why? You will not be understood just as you do not understand "the father of six children," just as you did not until now understand the feelings of paternity. Neither will they understand, however close they may be to you, neither is there any need. Live and—*basta!* we cannot feel for everybody at once but that is what you ask us to do. As soon as you see that our faces are indifferent you begin to worry. Strange are thy works, O Lord! If I were in your place and had a little family, I would not only allow no criticism—I would not even desire to be understood. This is my personal affair, my own private concern—and it lies in the natural order of things that no "sisters" have the

right to poke their noses into my affairs even if they are noses desirous of understanding and feeling emotions. I wouldn't even write letters about my joy as a father. People won't understand and will only laugh at your manifesto, and they will be right.

"As to Anton I pass him by in silence. You alone remained." As a gentleman I ought to pass you by in silence. In the beginning of my letter I said that I would not be personal. I shall pass it by, but only hook out of it a single "question." (What an awful lot of questions!) There is in this wide world a bad disease, which not a single writing man should pretend to be ignorant of. . . . I've said too much. I must cross that out. You too know the disease. It is the unwillingness of men of the same camp to understand each other. A vile disease! We are of one kind, birds of a feather, we breathe the same air, think the same thoughts, we are kindred in spirit and yet at the same time we have the pettiness to write: "I pass him by in silence." How pompous! *We* are so few that we must stick to each other . . . but, well, *vous comprenez!* Whatever sins we may commit towards each other (and we do not commit so very many) we must respect even the least of us who are of "the salt of the earth." We, I, you, the Tretyakovs, our Mike, are above thousands, not below hundreds. We have a task, a universal and understandable one: to think, to have a head on our shoulders. Who is not for us is against us. And we deny each other! We puff and blow, make moan, rub our eyes, gossip, spit in one another's faces. The number of people the Tretyakovs and company have spat upon! They have drunk *bruderschaft* with Vassya, and the rest of mankind is dismissed as narrow-minded. I am silly, I don't know how to wipe my own nose yet, I have not read a lot, but I pray to your God—that suffices for you to think me worth my weight in gold. S—— is a fool,

but he is a university man and a thousand times superior to Semyon Gavilovitch and Vassya, and yet they made him bang his head against the edge of a piano after dancing the *cancan*. Disgusting! A nice understanding of men and a nice using of them! If I were to put a dunce's cap on Zemfilatov because he doesn't know Darwin's theory I should be nice person, too. A man who has been brought up on serfdom and is the enemy of serfdom—I could love him for that alone! And if I began not to know A——, B——, C——, D——, I should have to end my days in isolation.

We newspaper men suffer from the disease of envy. Instead of rejoicing at the success of another we feel envy and . . . pepper, pepper! Whereas all of us pray to one God, all work for the same cause. Pettiness! Lack of education! How all this poisons life!

I must work and so I must stop. Some other time I'll finish this. Upon my word of honour, all this is written in friendship. Nobody has forgotten you; nobody has anything particular against you . . . there is no ground for us not writing as friends.

I greet Anna Ivanovna and our M.

Do you get the *Oskolki* (a humorous periodical)? Let me know.

I have sent you Leikin's acknowledgment.

And now my respects.

A. Tchehov.

Would you like a little subject for an article? Well, I have written a lot! Twenty roubles' worth. I think more.

[*Translated by Katherine Mansfield and S. S. Koteliansky.*]

Man's Need.—A man needs something which is more than friendship and yet is not love as it is generally understood. This something nevertheless a woman only can give. (*Mark Rutherford*.)

THE GROPERS

By J. J. McCall

"Good-morning, lieutenant."

"Good-morning, sir."

"Much doing at the court this morning?"

"No. Only two cases, a drunk and a suicide."

"A what?"

"Oh—I mean he's charged with attempting to——"

"That's better!"

"You newspaper men are very particular, sometimes!"

I agreed, but he behaved boisterously and privately I recalled that he, and the others, too, never did anything quietly. He laughed loudly, slapped down the lid of his desk, banged doors, bawled at the telephone, thumped those terrible ledgers on to the table—and his chest never ceased to overawe me. Good fellows, of course. Tories, sober, churchgoers, bowlers or golfers and blessed with a great resilient conscience.

* * *

"You John James Amiel?"

"Yes."

"John James Amiel, you are charged . . . breach of the peace . . . and did attempt to commit suicide by placing your head in a gas oven, the tap of same being turned full on. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The man raised his eyes for a moment and then lowered them. The court machinery stopped and there was silence.

There was little unusual about the man. He seemed tired, ineffably tired. But that would have been poor

"copy" so I scribbled down—"The accused, a young man, seemed to feel his position keenly and appeared unable to answer one or two simple questions."

In unconsciously imitating his expression of fathomless still spiritlessness, I found that my whole face seemed drooping and *heavy*. His eyes were intelligent. I looked at them again and again.

The public prosecutor, six feet, shoulders, eyebrows, chin, lips and finger-tips all square, complexion like vellum, jet-black eyes, hair sparse and glistening, manner mechanical, almost fierce, tone incisive—he stared narrowly at the man.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty." There was something of odd amusement, toleration, and unconcern in the word.

The public prosecutor's voice resumed its routine staccato and the machinery of the court murmured again.

"In this case, your honour, the accused was found by his landlady with his head in the gas oven, the tap of which was full on. The woman was alarmed and there was some noise in the building. The police found him sitting on the floor. He used abusive language to them and created a disturbance on the way to the station."

The square man flicked his coat tails clear as he sat down, pressed his finger-tips together and smiled faintly towards an officer across the court.

Meanwhile the young man stood silent and motionless, hands hanging in his coat pockets, face impassive and apparently indifferent.

"I am surprised at a young man like you!"

The magistrate, silvery haired, round faced, with large blue eyes and faltering red lips, dipped his pen in the ink. "I am, indeed, surprised!"

Someone sighed loudly.

"Why did you do such a thing?"

There was no answer, no movement.

"It was very foolish," he said, dipping the pen. "I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The young man raised his head, looked steadily at the rosy faced judge in a manner reminiscent of a very sick man tolerating disturbance, and then lowered his gaze once more.

The pen scraped again agitatedly.

Personally I have never been very close to suicidal thoughts, but I found I had ranged myself on the young man's side. His eyes would not allow me to evade the possibility that suicidal thoughts may be quite rational in given circumstances.

"It was a very foolish, and a very *wicked* thing to do!" said the old gentleman. "What have you to say?"

"Tell his honour why you did it," said the square man mechanically.

The young man's mouth opened slightly, but he frowned impatiently and resumed his attitude of indifference.

The pen scraped in the silence.

"Come!"

"I have nothing to say that you would accept!"

The machinery stopped again.

I could hear the young man breathing.

"Indeed!" The old gentleman's lips trembled. He blinked and then leaned sideways to confer with the iron-bound clerk of the court, a little man, like a superannuated butler. They exchanged whispers while the court got its breath back. Then, presently, they drew apart.

"I am going to dismiss you with an admonition, and I ask the Court Missionary ——"

The heavy faced man with large velvety hands sitting beside me murmured in my ear:

"One for me. I can handle him."

• • •

Going downstairs I heard their voices in the lobby below.

"Go away! Go away—you damned fool! Don't talk like that to me!"

"Hush! Not so loud! I understand, you know. I want to help you, and I am going to help you."

"Don't follow me! . . . I—I'm warning you—clear off! . . . I tell you I'm neither a drunkard nor a wife-beater—get! . . . You won't! If you do come to where I live I'll throw you down the stairs!"

I marvelled at the missionary's hardihood. He dogged the other to the corner, where he seemed to say something that infuriated the young man, and then he came down the street.

"It is terrible, terrible!" he said, filling his pipe. "I told him I'll make him contented in a month—and I will! By the way, you make a note of this—I had two hundred at my prayer meeting last night! Two hundred that were turned over to me from this court, an' you should have heard them singing last night! Well, good-morning!"

"Good-morning."

I stood thinking loosely for some moments and was recalled to the time by the loud banging of a door behind me. I set off for the office where I wrote a ten-line paragraph under the silly heading: "Found With Head in Gas Oven."

The True Philosophy.—I hardly know what I am treading on when I make a single step towards philosophy. On sand I fear it is; and, whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would say, in the bitterness of their hearts, that they have spent their time in vain. Aspasia! Aspasia! they have indeed, if they are angry or vexed about it. (*Anaxagoras in "Pericles and Aspasia": Landor.*)

THE SCEPTICISM OF STELLA BENSON

By Geoffrey H. Wells.

It might, not untruly, be said that the distinctive and characteristic trait of the twentieth-century man is his extreme self-consciousness. He is not only conscious of himself, but conscious of his consciousness. This trait has, of course, made its mark upon modern literature, as the most superficial survey will show, but with no writer does it seem to have been pressed quite so far to its logical conclusion as with Stella Benson.

§

Stella Benson was born thirty-two years ago in Shropshire in the village of Much Wenlock, where her father was a "sort of squire." She is a niece, through her mother, of Mary Cholmondeley, the author of *Red Pottage*. Owing to extreme delicacy of health she was never sent to any school, and much of her youth was spent in France, Germany, and Switzerland. A year or two before the outbreak of the War she became a militant suffragette, and about the same time joined the staff of the Charity Organisation in Hoxton. But the methods of the Society did not altogether please her, and wishing to enter more fully into the life of the people, she took a little shop in partnership with a local woman and sold paper bags to costers. Her residence in Hoxton covered the period 1914-1917, during which she wrote her first two novels, *I Pose* and *This is the End*. There followed a year or so in the ranks of the land army, but her lungs proving a continued weakness she left England in June, 1918, to

spend some months in California. Her third novel, *Living Alone,* was completed on Christmas Day of that year upon a beach near the Golden Gate. Events failed to work out according to plan, and the trip became an unexpectedly prolonged adventure. In January, 1920, she decided to return by way of Asia rather than face the railway journey across America to New York. In Japan she was taken ill, and with several months of work in Hong-Kong and Peking, and a trip up the Yang-tze river, it was November before she reached Calcutta in a small trading steamer, and well into the summer of 1921 when she landed in England once more. *The Poor Man* was written after her return. In 1921 she married Mr. J. C. O'Gorman Anderson, an Irishman in the Chinese Customs Service. She now lives in China.

§

Stella Benson is an artist. She has unusual perception, and her craftsmanship is remarkable; she is a master of accomplished prose and of keen bright words which convey her thoughts in precise and careful images of startling originality. The pages of her books scintillate with mingled beauty and wit. The inspiration of all her work is her eager joy in life, her irrepressible appreciation of its absurdities and sublimities; it is a procession which she watches as a child might watch a gorgeous and miraculous panorama, and with something of the detached participation of such a spectator.

> "Life is a luxury, isn't it? There's no use in it—but how delightful!"

But behind this joy in life is a deep and abiding scepticism, and scepticism is a bitter thing and eats the heart away. Common as it may be among people to-day, it appears in her with a difference. The average individual can find in the distraction of many things release

from that terrible spectre of the futility of life, but to Miss Benson is added that completeness of self-analysis which will not let her escape.

> "I am too conscious, too watchful of what is happening to me."

The obsession is revealed in many ways; in her attribution of self-consciousness to animals and inanimate objects, in her flight from it into the double-consciousness of Secret Worlds and the love of Secret Friends, in her expressed idea of the "whole world as a thing running away from its thoughts," in the growing self-deception and self-pity of her characters. For herself, however, she has neither self-deception nor self-pity. Her vivid consciousness strips these last cloaks from the chill nakedness of her scepticism, and ultimately her only refuge is mockery of all the universe. In the earlier books she resorts to it only occasionally, in the latest its lash is merciless and unwearying. Without faith the careless and purposeless tragedies of life must be intolerable to one who allows himself to feel, and Stella Benson seems to have determined in *The Poor Man* that life must be to her the comedy it can only be to those whose attitude to it is purely intellectual.

§

Even Miss Benson's first book (1915) was a declaration of uncommon self-consciousness. *I Pose*, she called it, and prefaced it as briefly, "Sometimes I pose, but sometimes I pose as posing." (Which might be title and preface to any of her books.) It tells of the picaresque adventures of a gardener and a militant suffragette who, meeting in England, travel together to a Caribbean island, and presently return to London via Panama. There is a depressing episode in that Brown Borough which is referred to in three of the novels (and which is presumably Hoxton), and on the

last page a seemingly happy ending is shattered by sudden tragedy. The story ends with a query for which the author still seeks an answer in vain.

> "Yes, I pose of course. But the question is—how deep may a pose extend?"

That is her fundamental problem; life seems often to her only a superstructure of pose built on foundations of futility. The Gardener, who "posed till he lost himself in a wilderness of poses," is typical of all her characters. But no short summary can give any idea of the light ease of her narrative, of its gay entertainment of satire and comic portraiture, and of her masterly use of a pathos utterly free from sentimentality or cynicism. With a deep interest and vast delight, despite her attitude of aloofness, she reveals to her reader that sometimes absurd, sometimes sublime, but always gorgeous procession which is life. She is carried away by its beauty, she is overwhelmed by its tragedy. Life is vivid in this book; the wide panorama of London and England, of the Atlantic and the Caribbean islands and Panama sweep across its pages, and the author finds beauty in the dark streets of the Brown Borough as readily as in the luxuriance of the tropics.

This is the End (1917) is a novel of England in wartime. Jay, Miss Benson's most complete personification of her own attitude to life, runs away from home to become a London 'bus-conductor. She sends letters describing her imaginary life in an equally imaginary House by the Sea. The Family, a heterogeneous collection of individuals wittily and vividly depicted, tour the South Coast in a car in search of her. Jay becomes friendly with Russ, an elderly married man in whom she believes she has found the Secret Friend of her dreams. But news comes that her brother has been killed in France, and she knows at once that the Secret Friend is dead, the Secret World is shattered, and "there is nothing left." Carelessly she marries a

friend who is in love with her. There is a deeper note of tragedy in this book than in *I Pose*, but the catastrophe at the end is as unexpected and as purposeless. The characters throughout the book are intensely aware of themselves, and have that "passion for drama at the expense of truth" which is an essential quality of the egotist. The title is taken from the first and last words of the book, but it is something more than that. In the first chapter the writer declares that

> "if the eyes of the sea forgot their secret, or if the accents of the steep woods became vulgar, if the fairy adventures that happen in my heart fell flat, if the good friends my eyes have never seen failed me—then indeed I should know emptiness and an astonishment that would kill."

And as one turns the last page it is apparent that even these things have crumbled to ashes, and that indeed this is an end and a beginning. Beneath the searching, ceaseless glare of her self-consciousness and her scepticism the world has become too terrible to be faced, the facts of life too overwhelming, too pressing to be accepted.

> "There is a thing called death. And death has no romance and no reason."

The two remaining books are both attempts at escape through laughter, in one case by a denial of reality, in the other by accepting it but suppressing all feeling.

Living Alone (1919) takes refuge in a fantastic dream-world where reality is made unreal and tragedy becomes a joke. It is essentially an escape from a Self which "has grown too mad for me to master," and from a world of war the futile tragedy of which outrages her belief in the sanity and decency of humanity.

> "You don't know how tired I am of loud noises. . . . You don't know how bitterly I long to be still and hear things very far off . . . but always there is an angry voice or the angry noise of the guns in the way."

The story is, it must be said, not altogether satisfactory, despite its humour, its pages of keen beauty and its delicious fantasy. The reality and the dream do not mingle perfectly, and the book has not the one thing or the other, neither the deep feeling for and joy in common things of *I Pose* and *This is the End* nor the pure comedy of *The Poor Man* (1922).

This last novel is the only one in which none of the action is placed in England, though the central character, Edward R. Williams, deaf, stupid, without pride, utterly shameless, is an Englishman. He is a "poor man" indeed.

> "If Melsie Ponting had offered him money he would have taken it gladly. He would have pretended to himself that it was a great struggle and a great humiliation to accept money, but really he would have been delighted."

The story begins with Edward's meeting with Emily at an "artistic" gathering in San Francisco. With several friends they go on a camping expedition in the woods, but Edward is taken ill and has to go to hospital for an operation. He recovers to find that Emily has gone to China, and after some unsuccessful adventures as a book-agent he follows her there. In Peking he meets Stone Ponting, surely the most objectionable little boy in modern literature, and yet the only character in the whole book for whom the author shows the faintest signs of pity or sympathy.

> "Edward was neither acute enough nor sufficiently interested to notice the sad, bleak defences the child had put up for himself against a hard world."

At last he steals Stone's money and discovers Emily in Shanghai. She weeps for her lover Tam, and Edward breaks down and weeps with her until she agrees to marry him. Then she changes her mind and drives him from her room in a scene which would certainly strip the last shreds of decency and manliness from Edward were it not that he had lost them long before.

Throughout the book there is no feeling whatsoever, only mockery, a whip lashing ceaselessly the empty souls of these puppets who stalk the stage of the world's beauty. There are descriptions in this tale which are rich and lovely, glowing with all the colour and mystery of the East, but the characters are poor things, so wrapped in contemplation of themselves that they can see nothing else. They are people utterly devoid of any sense of social responsibility, in fact without any impulse save that of selfishness; they see themselves as they wish to be, and what they are fades to nothingness in the conscious appreciation of what they hope they are; they drift from place to place without endeavour and without purpose. They are all plagued with the self-consciousness of their creator, who strives to escape from her obsession by laughter. Believing herself disillusioned she seeks to strip the last illusions from mankind; she mocks all endeavour, blasts everything with the acid of a satire which is not gentle. The book is an indictment of humanity, but its completeness is its destruction. Her tourists, for example, are all vulgar, loud-voiced people, incapable of appreciating beauty save when it is marked as such or mentioned in the guide-book, and they are not only blind but proud of their blindness.

> "All the flowers of Japan passed Edward by. 'I am no botanist,' he said proudly."
>
> "Doc hardly had time to look at the (Great Wall of China), he was so busy photographing it."

And these tourists, she seems to say, are humanity, forgetting that she too has been that way, and seen these things not as these others see them, but with finer eyes and truer perception.

If the score of poems published in 1918 under the title *Twenty* have been passed over in this general summary, good reasons might be offered for the omission. Most of the verses are reprinted from

I Pose and *This is the End,* and many of them, deprived of their context, seem incomplete and almost incomprehensible. There is, however, a strength in them, a largesse of quick and vivid phrasing, an originality of form and matter, which establish her as a poet of definite and peculiar promise. The thin volume contains five or six poems which are a real contribution to modern verse. They all proclaim her joy in life and her preoccupation with

> " My place, where even I may be
> The altar and the centre."

§

Something has been said already in this essay of Stella Benson's wit, of her vividness and beauty of phrasing, and possibly one or two examples quoted incidentally in illustration of other points. But one must add an appreciation of her gift for description, for presenting the whole atmosphere of a distant and foreign land in a few words. She loves London as a dear and familiar place, but she will describe Cornwall or China, the Trinity Islands or the Panama Canal (" a strip of successful tragedy "), America or Japan, with equal facility. She knows the streets of San Francisco, and Peking, and Chungking, as she knows the Strand and Ludgate Hill. Nothing is foreign to her, and the world, east and west, is hers. No class or variety of human being seems beyond her comprehension, and even animals and flowers have names and personalities to her. Her mind has an abnormal richness, a fertile fancy which flowers into casually dropped epigrams and similes of startling clarity.

> " Her square, florid face resting on its many chins like a shut door at the top of steps."
>
> " Apart from hens, the only flowers of that bare country seemed to be boulders, great, proud, purple boulders rooted in their own clear shadows. Sometimes little wind-bent trees, like jockeys, rode the boulders."

"Prayer is the weary soul of Herod's dancer, dancing before blind kings without applause."

"The trees sprang up into the moonlight like dark fountains from the pools of their own shadows."

Some of these are a definite and memorable enrichment of the mind.

As examples of her fine, clear, smooth-flowing prose it will suffice to quote two short passages, the first from the conclusion of a sketch recently printed in *The Nation,* the second an impression of St. Paul's Cathedral from *This is the End.*

"It is not to be supposed that the (Chinese) tailor realized that five out of six of us had come many thousand miles to bring light to him and his four hundred million compatriots. Yet he turned his serene, broad, humorous face slowly and surveyed us with courteous attention. His eyes paused for a few seconds, with a faint look of suppressed surprise, on the skull-like face of the skeleton young woman, and perhaps he thought, with ruthless Chinese common sense: 'She is mad because she has no man.' Behind his upright figure, in its sea-green robe, as he stood in the window, bristled and curled the incorrigible roofs of his pagan city, and behind the roofs again the red mountains boiled up into a quivering, steaming sky. If we had risen there and then and one by one preached him the best sermons we knew, he could never have answered us. For our duty would have been too loud in our ears; we should have been deaf to answers, deaf to the hoarse temple bells and the fading flutes of the wandering musicians and the sound of the leaping wind coming over the mountains."

"The gospel of a very splendid detachment speaks within its walls, its windows turn inward, and its music sings to itself. Tossed City sinners go in and out, and pass, and penetrate, but still the music dreams, and still the dim gold blinks above their heads. A muffled God walks the aisles, and you, in the bristling wilderness of chairs, can clutch at His skirts and never see His eyes. Nothing comes forward from that altar to meet you. It is as if He walked talking to Himself, and as if even His speech were lost in those devouring spaces."

§

It is interesting but rather useless to wonder what ıe future of Stella Benson may be. At her heart :epticism has always dwelt, and she has been "tor-ıred by the futility of knowledge," by the futility f all things. Yet in the beginning her joy in life, her pprehension and appreciation of beauty were so ıtense, that the ultimate lack of purpose was forgotten.

> "Nothing ever embittered Jay, not even her own pessimism. There is a finality about bitterness, and Jay was never final. Her last word was always on a questioning note. Her mind was always open, waiting for more. 'Oh, no,' she would tell her pillow at night, 'there must be a better answer than that. . . .'"

t is Stella Benson's tragedy that this ceased to be 'ue ; in her last novel there is more than a little bitter-ess. The world grew terrible to her, and she was riven to seek refuge in a Secret World of the imagina-on. But even this could not save her from the pur-ıing furies of that self-questioning which would not :t her forget the futility her scepticism revealed, and :ter the one useless effort of *Living Alone* she resolved › feel no more, to let her perception be that of the rain only, to see all existence as comedy. She was :ing driven to barren laughter ; life was becoming an old joke, and I have forgotten the point of it." *he Poor Man*, her best book in point of craftsmanship, the only one in which the Secret Story does not reach :yond the glorification of Self. Miss Benson still ıds beauty in the world, but none in humanity.

Miss Benson in her first book displayed gifts which y writer still in his early twenties might envy. She d joy and a spirit that would conquer the world. Yet seven years she has been brought to unsatisfying ıghter and deep disbelief. At first it seemed that it s undue self-consciousness that was the blight at her ırt, and certainly that must be held responsible in far as without it she could never have attained such

starkness of self-revelation, but ultimately her scepticism is shown to be the first cause. It has robbed her of all illusions, it has taken faith from her ; and life, and certainly art, is impossible without faith. Either she must follow the path indicated by *The Poor Man* to artistic sterility and extinction, or some new revelation must come to her, when with her high gifts one hesitates to suggest what she might not accomplish. It is said that a new novel is expected shortly from her ; it will be awaited and read eagerly by all who know her earlier work. In all probability it will provide an answer to the problem, will reveal which of the alternative paths she has chosen.

OUR SECOND YEAR.—The following paragraph was written as an advertisement. Since it is a brief statement which may help to clear the perplexities of those who are sometimes troubled by the contents of this magazine, and since the number will otherwise contain no mention of the fact that this is the first birthday of THE ADELPHI, we reproduce it here.

"With the July number THE ADELPHI begins its second year. Serious but not solemn, literature but not 'literary,' THE ADELPHI pursues its aim of helping men and women of the present time to the discovery of a truth by which they may live, by setting before them the sincere convictions of writers in whose significance it believes, and revealing to them aspects of life and thought to which their impulse is to turn a blind eye. It holds that literature is inseparable from life and that the standards by which men judge them must be reconciled. By its faith, and the loyalty with which it holds it, THE ADELPHI is unique among contemporary magazines, and has become an indispensable part of the reading of those who desire to think to conclusions for themselves."

That is, in essentials, the claim we make for ourselves.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On Poets and Christ and Asylums.—Mr. Edmund Blunden has done well to give us a new edition of Christopher Smart's *Song to David.* (Cobden-Sanderson, 6s. net.) Most people who know anything about poetry know it: there is a good solid chunk of it in *The Oxford Book of Verse:* but a whole is much better than a part, and the *Song to David* is most remarkably a whole. Its uniqueness—and there is *nothing* like it in English poetry—chiefly consists in the unexpected combination of unity, of swift and firm design, of vivid *ordonnance* (to use Coleridge's word) with an impassioned and ecstatic sublimity which one would have thought rebellious by nature to such discipline. Not to know the *Song to David* as a whole is in a very real sense not to know it at all.

But the *Song to David* is not new: what will be new to most people is the strange quality of one or two of the other pieces of Smart's which Mr. Blunden has printed with it. Apparently Mr. Blunden himself was not too sure of their excellence, for they appear together with pieces which are simply trivial. The versions of the Psalms are interesting as preliminary exercises on the material and in the form of *The Song to David;* but in themselves save for a line or two they are flat and uninspired. The remarkable pieces appear to belong wholly to the *Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England* which were printed together with the Psalms and the second edition of *The Song to David* in 1765. One would suppose from internal evidence that Smart wrote the versions of the Psalms first, then, being uplifted with the splendour of the Psalmist's imagination and steadied by his knowledge of the Psalmist's art, uttered the *Song to David,*

and finally, relaxed into a mood of simple serenity, composed the *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*.

Anyhow, there are marvellous things in them, and they are marvellous in a way quite different from that of the *Song to David*. Consider, for example, these last two verses of *The Nativity*:

> Spinks and ouzels sing sublimely,
> "We too have a Saviour born";
> Whiter blossoms bu t untimely
> On the blest mosaic Thorn.
>
> God all-bounteous, all-creative,
> Whom no ills from good dissuade,
> Is incarnate, *and a native*
> *Of the very world he made.*

There is a simple miracle in the last line and a half: and one need not be a professing Christian to feel that it is the miracle of the Nativity itself. Or take lines from *St. Philip and St. James,*

> And the lily smiles supremely
> Mentioned by the Lord on earth. . . .

This is the true, the strange Christian naivety; the sense, the knowledge that all living creatures are brothers of men, children of God, and are only to be understood by the virtue of the one love which unites them all. By this spirit the primeval innocence of Eden (of which Rubens had a Pisgah-sight in his great picture) is restored: and for the moment that we share it we are no longer fallen away from our first perfection. It is the great Christian naivety of St. Francis. It was to be manifested again, half a century later, in the poetry of John Clare—like Smart immured in an asylum—for its fitful but unmistakable gleam plays over all Clare's work:

> The very darkness smiles to wear
> The stars that show us God is there. . . .

It is a perception, a knowledge, a mode of understanding, which, it seems, Christ himself brought into the world. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like

one of these." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" Before Christ no one of whom memory remains to us had spoken words like these; before Him this sense of a communion in life between all living creatures did not exist. There is no record of it in the words of the wise before him: the beautiful descriptions of nature in the ancient poets—and, in spite of the common report, there *are* beautiful descriptions of nature in the ancient poets—are of another kind. They have not this immediacy of contact: the blood-bond of brotherhood is not there. And, to speak truth, it is not in many poets of the Christian era: it is not, I believe, in Shakespeare, or in Milton, or even in Wordsworth. Wordsworth is too deliberate: there is a grave and deep philosophy in his attitude. But this naivety is spontaneous, like the kiss one may sometimes surprise between two little children who believe themselves unwatched. I have seen such a kiss between two tiny staggerers in the Luxembourg Gardens. It is innocent, it is rapturous and it is wise.

I find glimpses of it everywhere in Smart's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* as I find them everywhere in Clare. I can describe it only as a gleam of simple and incredible purity. It hovers and rests on the last three verses of *St. Philip and St. James*:

> Hark! aloud the blackbird whistles
> With surrounding fragrance blest,
> And the goldfinch in the thistles
> Makes provision for her nest.
>
> Even the hornet hives for honey,
> Bluecap builds his stately dome,
> And the rocks supply the coney
> With a fortress and a home.
>
> But the servants of the Saviour
> Which with gospel-peace are shod,
> Have no bed but what the pavior
> Makes them in the porch of God.

That, to me, is Franciscan poetry *in excelsis*.

And when I think that Christopher Smart and John Clare, who had perhaps more of this strange and peculiar gift of naivety than any others of our poets, were both shut up in asylums, I wonder whether St. Francis, yes and Christ himself, would not be safe-guarded in the same way; and I turn out of my pocket-book a cutting of the *Times* report of the recent Harnett lunacy case. "All that Mr. Harnett had"—of the evidence on which he was certified as a lunatic—"was the statement of Dr. Gray (the assistant medical officer at the asylum) that 'You have too much Jesus about you.'" It is a dangerous thing to have.—Henry King.

In and Out, of Personality.—Personality is like God. In its degree the only real value, it is intangible, evasive, a nothing, yet an influence and directly felt. The primitives, sensing this in dim areas, made the god-personal, which we lately denuded (by efficient cerebration) and demonstrated to be wanting; a non-existent Cause. And this negative, this non-existent, this *reductio ad absurdum*, comes back with its usual insurgency, and proceeds to order our lives; so that we being made of nothing, owning Nothing as our maker, begin at last to take an intelligible view of the world: in brief *an attitude*.

And that attitude is our very selves.

It has ever been god-like to strike an attitude. And it has ever been human to denounce that attitude as sham. So all the little he- and she-gods of our kind—the race-buds of divinity, have had their defamers, their denouncers, and the renders of their form. Still they emerge, and will; because it is the essence of personality and always will be: an attitude toward life.

All those "souls" which lay on the knees of Lachesis, those "lots and samples of lives" were merely *attitudes*: toward all that is: world and each

other ; and toward His selfness which is the most utterly non-existent, namely god.

An attitude, as everyone knows, is of all created things the most non-existent ; and it is so for the prime reason that it is not created at all ; it is self-existent, and dominates. It ignores and despises created things, or else it attracts and draws them to itself ; in any case it is *attitude* which governs the world.

All the beasts know this, and a few intelligent human beings. (Those who do not are pulp for the mill ; squeezed and pressed into paper patterns they function like pith under an electric charge.) Working on that universal and colourless pulp, the protoplasm, attitude made the liver-fluke, the carnivore and the shaper of flints. The alley-cat, confronted by this environment—bush, garden, and bird—takes an attitude, is at once the tiger in miniature, able to commandeer the flesh of the world. With all our drab and drugged cerebrum focussed on the *mechanism* we philosophers (!) grope for causes and in all the tangle of blocks and pulleys find only the cause for imbecility, which is neglect of the *In* for the *Out*. (*Inner* and *Outer* are terms hackneyed ; they have been drained of their force. A live fluid will have new pitchers, or will make them out of its own tissue and blood). We are *in* God, or we know nothing of him. With-*Out* Him we are certainly dead. And yet we recognize in him no person and had better drop the capitalization of pronouns as we are dropping the rags of sect.

We ourselves are no persons, and we are nothing, except as we are *In* the living relation and have our *attitude* toward all else in the undying skein.

It is imbecile to sit bewailing the loss of souls. Our own—if we had them—are lost in this idiocy and blurred by any approach to it. Therefore " the evangel " *lived* by and *In* a transcendent attitude ; and evangelism died, as an issue. It was blurred by that decadence in attitude

and fell *Out* of the highways of life.—HENRY CHESTER TRACY.

TWO PLAYS.—When I decided to go and see Mr. Milne's and Mr. Phillpotts' comedies on successive evenings, I imagined I knew all about them beforehand, that Mr. Milne was clever and that Mr. Phillpotts wrote romances about rustics.

To Have the Honour gave me a vague discomfort which I first attributed to the acting, particularly the so-gentlemanly performance of Gerald Du Maurier. Undeniably brilliant, it all the same had a quality deplorably common on the English stage: a fear of being serious, even seriously an actor, with a trick of laughing when the audience laughs which somehow spoils the illusion. The way in which the climax was taken really shocked me. A "Mrs. Bulger," the pretended widow of a hypothetical General (wittily played by Madge Titheradge) is suddenly confronted by her long-vanished husband Michael Brown (Du Maurier), masquerading as Prince Michael of Neo-Slavonia at a neighbour's dinner-party. The couple did what, alas, most of us would do at such a difficult moment: just baldly said "How do you do?" Either the author or the actors might better have risked rippling the surface of an evening's amusement with a breath of emotion here. The *dénouement* was worse: the whole atmosphere became artificial, as though the actors and the playwright alike said to the audience, "Old beans, of course it's all beastly tosh, the play, it's just entertainment."

Still the play was neatly managed and full of little speeches as funny as the best jests in *Punch*, social jests. One forgave the principal characters for sliding over the emotional scenes for the sake of the neat characterization of the faded mother so intent to display her marriageable daughter to advantage: the ex-officer's

craving to talk about the Army : his wife's undisguised task of helping him make the best of himself : the delightful young hostess. The whole play gave one the sensation of realizing anew what fun it is for us all to be alive and to sharpen our silly little wits on each other.

Then came, next evening, *The Farmer's Wife.* I gave up trying to feel superior after ten minutes and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Here were rustics, plenty of them. Here was Farmer Sweetland, a widower picking out the four likeliest bodies in the village to ask in marriage, talking them over plainly with his housekeeper Minty, a pleasant kind-faced woman. And here were awkward young men in knee-breeches come courting the farmer's two daughters. The fun became delirious when Miss Tapper, a genteel shrivelled spinster, gave her party, with satin bows on the antimacassars, and ices, and a little singing, and a stuffed pike in a glass case on the drawing-room wall. The Vicar's wife, the Hon. Mrs. Tudor, an aristocratic effigy draped in black, arrived in a bath-chair. Youngsters grabbed buns. Farmer Sweetland kept proposing at ill-chosen moments to one after another of the four ladies, kept being rejected and losing his temper. As for the actors, one really did not regard these natural Birmingham Repertory folks as actors : they were as unself-conscious and sincere as the author. In the end the farmer discovered that nice housekeeper of his was the one woman really suited to be his wife, and the two girls paired off with the young fellows. Most of the audience was crying a little and laughing a great deal by this : a delightful play, an innocent, old-fashioned play full of honest sentiment and rich old jokes about vicars. It is not at all a clever play, so in a way I was right after all. And Mr. Phillpotts does write romances about country-folk : his delineation of Ash the farm-hand is rather overdrawn, for instance. And certainly *To Have the Honour* is truer to life than *The Farmer's*

Wife. That is the pity of it. If only we didn't always behave like perfect ladies and gentlemen, if only we were more like those Devonshire yeomen and postmistresses, able to forget our dignity and to speak straight from the heart, to *live* as well as to behave! Probably there are not, as I originally suspected, any such people as Mr. Phillpotts' characters (Devonshire farms may quite well be full of perverts and paranoiacs); but if there are not there ought to be.

So for all my cocksureness, I was dreadfully wrong, because I had quite forgotten that it is fairly easy to be clever like Mr. Milne and probably not worth while, but it is difficult and rare and lovely to be as innocent, or as idealistic, as Mr. Phillpotts.—IRIS BARRY.

UNCHANGING IKONS.—Because we wished to muse on happy, far-off days before beauty and loving-kindness were vanquished in Europe by red tyranny, days when sensitive journalists would never shake hands with murder, we turned to Herzen's story of his life, which is now available to English readers in Mrs. Garnett's translation—" My Past and Thoughts: The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen " (Chatto & Windus. Two vols. 3s. 6d. each). Herzen shows us the Russia of 1811-1847—the halcyon days of Nicholas. When Nicholas entered the room, it was said, the temperature went down. His sycophants could say this; and, indeed, all Russia shivered. . . . Not quite all. There were some—Herzen, Granovsky, Byelinsky, Bakunin —whose temperature rose. . . There is so much in this remarkable autobiography. Chiefly, the reader is struck by the vivid portraiture, the excitement of the narrative (it could set up a hundred popular story-writers with episodes enough to last a lifetime), dramatic personal and mental conflicts. But what is more thrilling to note is the reaction of the young artists and thinkers. The spirit of Europe droops to-day as it did

then; Russia now is where it was. Tyrants have changed places; and that is all. But there is a difference which is saddening. Only one thing has been so constant as change of governments—the conception of governance. The wheels of the machine reverse their movement, but the machine remains. Control by the corporal replaces control by the field-marshal. Grand Dukes scuttle to holes vacated by sansculottes; the sansculotte dons the royal uniform. The clank of chains goes on. Russia and Germany have a religion of State instead of a State religion. In England Labour Ministers get into knee-breeches, wear cocked hats and swords. In France, Briand, who once was too revolutionary for Jaurès, means the same thing as Poincaré. Politics continues as a game of hunter and hunted. How do the young face it all? They don't. They turn their backs. Here and there a pained or angry voice is heard. Talent is running to waste in lethargy, hopelessness, cynicism. Those who are shocked at dilettantism in time of peril can be numbered on the fingers. How many journals in Europe believe humanity has a soul to save? Only those who feel it in their hearts that we have never practised any religion can be allowed to reject Mr. D. H. Lawrence's call for a new one. Such a call comes only from minds stung to alarm by the catastrophic drift; minds aware that social life can be something finer than a scramble for the profits of the nail and saucepan business. A few voices are heard in the desert; but where is the crusade? Europe seventy years ago was a gendarmery; but its artists and philosophers did not throw up their hands, drawl witty cynicisms, seek nepenthe, retire to muse with sad longing before monuments of ancient greatness in Italian cities. Herzen shows us a band of men and women, tortured and persecuted, yet alive with a passionate aspiration and hope. They had cause

enough for despair; but, differing profoundly in opinions and methods, they were bound together in a common faith and a common indignation. Young students waited with feverish impatience for Byelinsky's articles. "Notes on the Fatherland" was snatched from hand to hand. An extraordinary philosophic force inspired the work and inspired response. Nicholas could swing his axe, but the tree would not fall. Herzen, old and in exile in London, looked back at it all with pride:

> What was it touched these men? What inspiration recreated them? . . . Some forgot their wealth, others their poverty, and went forward, without looking back, to the solution of problems. The interests of truth, the interests of learning, the interests of art, *humanités*, swallowed up everything. And note that the renunciation of this world was not confined to the time at the university and two or three years of youth. The best men of Stankevitch's circle are dead; the others have remained what they were to this day. . . . Where, in what corner of the western world of to-day, do you find such groups of devotees of thought, of zealots of learning, of fanatics of conviction—whose hairs turn grey, but whose enthusiasms are forever young?

And what a Russia it was! Herzen foresaw what would happen when the slave shook off the yoke: "Perfect martyrologies of terrible crimes lie buried; the memory of them haunts the soul, and in course of generations matures into bloody and merciless vengeance, which it is easy to prevent now, but hardly possible when it has begun. . . ." Well, we have the ikon of Lenin instead of the ikon of Nicholas.—Pelle Egdon.

"The Way."—We should be grateful to Mr. D. H. Lawrence for raising the question, even though we reject his conclusion, when he writes: "Jesus, the Saviour, is no longer our way of salvation. He was the Saviour, and is not." When, in the upper room, Jesus

described Himself as "The Way," He defined His place in the Christian religion, and suggested the nature of that religion as well. It is a way of life; and not only that, but a particular way, the way we call Jesus. One understands Jesus to suggest that man's extremest need is God; and some of us, at least, belong to a large company who believe that suggestion precisely expresses human need. Most of us may be uncertain how that need is to be met; but certain we are that it must be met. There are many who consider that the most difficult path is also the easiest; that it is more urgent to find God, than to find a solution to even our most pressing social and economic problems. Such people are by no means febrile idealists. They are not numbered amongst those who prefer theory to practice. The ground of their departure from what has become the popular interpretation of the world's need, is simply that such problems as engage us are not in the isolation their exaggeration seems to show: they are parts of a much larger problem that can cease to be a problem only when we discover God. And this larger problem, be it admitted, is incapable of so easy an answer as organized religion has pretended.

Is it cause for great wonder that many very earnest men believe we have exhausted the possibilities of Jesus? On the face of it, what could a Galilean peasant have to say to, much less to show, our sophisticated Twentieth Century? Think of the movements of our time and ask what He has to do with the problem of sex, or with the emancipation of men and women from their bondage to fear and custom! Such questions have been, and are being asked, with the result that many sincere people are maintaining the need of a new way. But if we are to account Jesus a failure: if we are to assume that He has been defeated and bound by time: if we are to believe the Twentieth Century has set its seal on the stone of a sepulchre; it is no more than

common justice to offer convincing evidence. When we read the records of His life we find His interpretation of life leads Jesus to an attitude, unmistakably sincere, that is fundamentally different from that common to man. He discovers virtues where the world finds vices: for example, meekness is, to Him, a positive virtue ultimately inheriting the earth, whilst to most people, it is a negation, or even a cowardly weakness, or even a vice. When Jesus stood before His judges, particularly when He stood before Pilate, He was meekness personified. And no one can suppose, if he read that story, that meekness was anything less than positive. At least, it appears to have shaken Pilate.

Then there is that debatable subject of forgiveness of injuries, to show how Jesus differed from other men. He maintained that to forgive is strength; the world insists it is the opposite and continues in bondage to armed fear. And we find Him on the Cross, praying God to forgive His enemies. No man in His extremity could pray, with such obvious sincerity, unless forgiveness were already in his heart. And who, reading of it, can help feeling He is stronger than those hate-ridden men who cursed Him!

These are but two of the characteristics of the way called Jesus. It was through the personal character and conduct that generates such virtues that Jesus claimed to know God and, through such character and conduct, He professed Himself the way to God. It seems true that what He stood for does not become popular. But are we to judge His effectiveness by that? Is His the failure, or ours? As we read the records, it is certain that Jesus never attempted to drive but, always, to persuade. Now why should He adopt with man, what in practice is a round-about way? It were far easier and quicker, apparently, to break down, as all who have set out to conquer the world seem to have discovered. But no, He contents Himself with appealing to men, as

though by appeal He could win them to His mind. Surely He had a reason for so slow a method. Can there be an explanation other than this, Jesus respected personal freedom? Be the consequences what they may, it is true (and honest men know it to be true) that each man has, not only the privilege, but the right, to decide whether he shall or shall not be or do this or that. So far as the method of Jesus is concerned, it addresses itself to this power of choice.

None may call the way "Jesus" a failure, or a success, until he has walked that way. To say that Jesus has failed is meaningless, unless it be the verdict of practical experience of that way. When a man has stripped himself of custom and preconceived notions and walked the way of meekness, of forgiveness; when he has sincerely reproduced in himself what revealed itself in the life of Jesus, then, and not till then, can he say that Jesus has succeeded or failed. . . . Has this Twentieth-Century turned from Jesus because it has a larger vision, or because it has not climbed to the height of His? These are pregnant questions. But only personal experience of the way called Jesus can answer them.—J. A. HALL.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

By The Journeyman

We may often wonder whether what the Schools of Journalism buy is half so good as what they sell. We merely suppose, of course, that those Schools are the cause of the aspect of the Press to-day. They may not be. That may come of pure nature and instinct, and may need no educating. I have little right to describe the popular Press. In any case, that may be left to its regular practitioners, and one of them told me recently that he couldn't believe the public would much longer stand being treated like mental deficients. "We all look alike," he said. "You can't tell one daily paper from the other without looking for the name. We take the same news and give it the same headlines, and that news is instinctively paralleled in each office every night because we all go to the same place for it. The general reader is now assumed to be a grinning imbecile. It is judged that he won't look at a paper which is not lightened by a series of comic pictures. Have you ever seen them? They show the fun of sitting on a hat, or of asking a homely girl when she last won a prize in a beauty competition, and of calling anything highbrow if it is more than half-witted."

He had one gleam of hope. He imagined that the Press was so bad that a change must be imminent. "Our readers cannot believe us, but of course they must buy us because they have no other access to news. But the war ruined us morally and physically. We lived then on dope and sensations, and now nothing excites us that is less than the intelligent trumpeting of an excited elephant. The Twelve Apostles could pass through Fleet Street without comment. But because our public

knows we never told them the truth during the war, now they are apathetic about anything we say, unless it concerns Bungalow Crimes." He assured me that nothing could be hoped from the present directors of the Press. I gathered that these great figures are illiterate vulgarians, who know nothing different or better than what they are doing; and that they are so assured of safety because of their virtual monopoly of the machinery of publicity, and because of their control of the advertisers and distribution, that they feel no need for change. "They are incapable of learning. And the immense sums of watered capital on which the newspapers are run make their directors nervous of anything except what they are sure is not above intelligent appreciation by the inmates of a Borstal Institution. The result is, as you may have noticed, that journalists of originality, men who have something to say, and know how to say it effectively to an educated public, are not wanted to-day. The reason is plain. Their opinions cannot be changed by money, and so what they would write would break the uniformity of the columns."

But, as I said, he has a modicum of hope. He pointed out to me that just before Alfred Harmsworth discovered, to everybody's surprise, a great public outside the range of the knowledge of Fleet Street, the Street then was as assured as it is to-day that all was known that could be known of what the public wants. The experts were confident in their expertness, and watched Harmsworth's efforts (from his silly vantage of *Answers* and *Comic Cuts*) with amusement—for about a month. Then they discovered that they had known less than they had imagined, and—as the sheep-headed would—they made the mistake of following him. Every time he turned they turned. Whatever he did they did. It never occurred to any of them that it was impossible to beat that man at his own game, and that

they had better play their own, which they knew better. Since he died not one of the flock has done anything original, but each has worked solely by reflex. They wander about in a bunch, afraid to leave each other. If one sheep gets up to look at something as interesting as an old salmon can, the others follow him, in fear lest the public may want old tins. And old tins, so old that sometimes they do not smell even a little fishy, is all their public ever gets.

Yet the public to-day is as different from the public of 1913, or even 1918, as we people of the war years were from our fathers of the '50's. What is the difference? It is not easy to define. If the difference were small, as small as the difference between Harmsworth's readers and the readers of the old *Morning Leader*, it would be an easy problem. That was but a slight difference in taste. But the younger generation of to-day remains untroubled by criticism which oversets matters that, ridiculed before an audience of 1913, would have caused a riot. Yet the Press is unaware of this—it always did publish news of this nature a year or two after most people knew it—though hardly a day passes now without outstanding evidence of it. Quite recently I heard a young preacher of the Anglican Church address an audience, early on a warm Sunday afternoon, of nearly 2,000 men; the average age, I suppose, was about thirty-five. His method, which was spontaneous and unaffected, was to show them an idea in which once he had believed, and they had believed. Then quietly to hold it up in the light of our latest experience, and to ask them what now they thought of it. I must say that his conclusions did not make for self-complacency and comfort. But I gathered from that audience that it did not expect to be comforted, but, oddly enough, was there to learn whether in this world there was courage and honesty enough to turn a light on those things which comfort-

able people either prefer not to look at, or declare have no existence. It was a sermon to which no congregation of Christians would have listened no more than six years ago.

There it is. My friend the Fleet Street man may be right. A new public is waiting, as it was waiting when Harmsworth surprised over-confident journalists a little more than twenty-five years ago. And it is high time that street was shocked into some appreciation of modern realities. Does it know what the comment is in the by-ways, of ordinary and by no means highbrow supporters, when it announces such delectable "scoops" as "The Bungalow at Crumbles, by the Dark-Haired Lady"? One continues to assume that the newspapers of to-day have touched bottom; but somehow, when the chance offers, one paper, more fortunate than the rest, seems able to sink a little lower. If this sort of thing were even well done a reader could at least recognise its nature, and forgive it. But in the Press to-day, if the opening of an exhibition at Wembley is all it has to do, there is a sign of anxious strain, as though journalists had come to believe so much in the obtuseness of the public that they suppose nothing will be heard but loud monodies on tea-trays. The reports of the opening of the Empire Exhibition read as though they were written by men stripped to the waist and labouring in hypnotic desperation. Each feared that his neighbour would be louder than himself. Each obviously supposed that nothing counts in life but magnitude and brass bands bashing out brazen noise. Anything that paralyses the senses is important. I wish the editor of this review would invite a symposium from Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Rothermere, Sir Charles Higham, and the Keeper of the Tom-Toms of King Fantod of Ashanti, on the Absurdity of the Still Small Voice.

MULTUM IN PARVO

THE ROYAL VISITATION.—The procession was about to pass along the Embankment. A sparse cordon of disinterested policemen held back a non-existent crowd: a high and elegant official in a cocked hat and white plume sat his horse, moodily reflecting on the unpunctuality of royalty. The fat man who drives a motor-car for an evening newspaper, while waiting for his load, sat on a coping at the corner of Carmelite Street. He made a cigarette, licked the paper, heaved a great sigh, rolled a glance of contemptuous commiseration at the cocked hat in the roadway. "The King and Queen o' Roomatism," he said. That was all.

THE MINER'S ATTITUDE.—I venture to doubt the complete accuracy of the opening statement as to the identity of the author of "From a Miner's Journal."

No doubt "Roger Dataller" has worked in a Pit (as a coal-mine is invariably called) for the picture is accurate in most of its small details. But if the picture is accurate in detail the atmosphere is that of the onlooker. The collier does not look at his work in that way at all. He has been brought up to it from youth. The intricacies of the Mines Acts are imbibed with his mother's milk. Just as the seaman, grumble as he may at the life, returns again and again to his fascinating foe, so the collier may at times leave his job but only to return. The rush of the ventilating current would seem to bring the same glad feeling to his soul that the winds of ocean bring to the mariner.

THE ADELPHI exists to portray life as it is and not as it seems to the onlooker and I claim that the miner's life is very much that of any other workman, varied by its peculiar circumstances and containing the heroic because it is a fight with the elemental, whose powers

seem so gigantic compared with those of puny man, but who with cunning can be outwitted and whose inevitable toll can be fought and lessened if the red blood running in men's veins be not allowed to lose its colour.—W. J. L.

WHY JOURNALISM IS SWEATED.—I found myself riding on a Hampstead 'bus behind two members of the printing trade. I pricked up my ears, for I am a journalist who depends on printers for my living. The two were discussing the pros and cons of an amalgamation between two unions in the trade, one of which was a mechanics' union, the other a labourers'. Both the speakers were rejoicing that 75 per cent. of their union had turned the projected amalgamation down. Then said one, chuckling: "There's one thing not many people understand. While we are different unions they can't handle our work and we can't handle theirs. So we just stand by while one of their men is getting something fresh on to the machine. And we go outside for a drink and a smoke—very pleasant. Sometimes it takes four hours. Now if we were all one union, we'd have to give a hand on the job. Four minders and one mechanic would have that four-hour job done in an hour. Then where would our drink and smoke be? Amalgamation? Not likely."—H. K.

JOURNALESE.—Our prize for the best criticism of the passage given last month goes to the following:—

> "The change of subject from '[illegible]mmas Lands" to 'club members,' though shockingly inelegant is not obscuring. What one does fail to understand is whether the second 'in the centre' means the same as the first, what kind of 'club' the 'members' belong to, what 'locals' may be, and why they should be admitted for nothing when 'in cases.' The next sentence, if taken strictly, is ambiguous, and 'good' is an unexpected epithet. The last sentence illustrates the penny-a-liner's refusal to say

a plain thing in a plain way and his preference for the vague and the abstract."

The few specimens submitted suggest that the style of the British Press has improved since we invited our readers to send us specimens of journalese; but the following extract from the *Daily News* is proof of a brave effort to keep the tradition alive :—

UP THE LADDER.

"Like many other people space was short, and until a friend suggested that there were possibilities of making the loft into a bedroom, it was impossible to have friends stay with them. Now when a visitor arrives one of the boys goes into the 'crow's nest,' as they call it. What actually happens was this. A specially constructed loft ladder stairway was bought and placed on the landing up to the loft. Of course, unless the loft is well ventilated and airy, it is impossible to use it thus. An important feature of this wonderful ladder is that it folds up quite small when not in use."

Criticisms, which should be written on one side of a post-card should reach this office by June 10th. The senders of the pieces printed above are asked to choose their books.

PROBLEM NO. 13: Seven men at a station on the eastern edge of a desert have heard that there is a lake far away to the west. Each man can walk twenty miles a day and can carry sufficient food to last one man four days. The man who makes the longest journey announces on his return that he has just succeeded in reaching the lake. How far away was it? No depôts were made.

Answer to Problem No. 12: If he runs 40 yards along the grass and then crosses the field he will arrive at the inn with 1-88th of a minute to spare.

BOOKS TO READ

CHEMISTRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. (Ernest Benn.) 15s. net.

An account of the achievement and the present state of knowledge in chemical science. It was prepared under the guidance of a committee representing the scientific societies, with Dr. E. F. Armstrong, F.R.S., as chairman and editor. Thirty-nine of our leading scientists explain, as lucidly as their inflexible subject-matter can possibly permit, modern discoveries, the development of theories, and probable tendencies.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT: ITS NATURE AND CONDITIONS. By L. T. Hobhouse. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

This is the fourth and concluding volume of Prof. Hobhouse's "Principles of Sociology," an analysis of human society. He never confuses, as so many sociologists do, theory of the purpose of social life with theory of its actual conditions, yet keeps close to his task of clarifying the inquiry into both theories. The economic interpretation, which says the secret of social fate is to be found in the machinery of production, he rejects. His argument, forcibly and skilfully pursued, is that a scientific view of society, "far from reducing the will to impotence, reveals the wills of men as true causes of social change, and their intelligent co-operation as the sole cause on which progress can, for a permanence, depend." Apart from the guidance he gives by his evaluations, Mr. Hobhouse's marshalling of a host of data is of great value.

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A DEFENCE OF LIBERTY AGAINST TYRANTS. A translation of the VINDICIAE CONTRA TYRANNOS. By Junius Brutus. With an historical introduction by Harold J. Laski. (Bell & Sons.) 8s. 6d. net.

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LIFE IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA. By T. Amaury Talbot. (Macmillan.) 21s. net.

Mr. Talbot is a District Commissioner who unites scientific knowledge and literary gifts with sympathy with the people whom he rules. He has made an interesting and important record of the magic, beliefs and customs of the Ibibio tribe who dwell in the district of Eket in Southern Nigeria. Some of the customs he describes are shocking to a European. Mr. Talbot, being a philosopher, knows that neither primitives nor Europeans can fairly be judged by their traditional customs. A tolerant understanding of the latter is necessary, however, and Mr. Talbot urges upon officials the study of anthropology. Without the guidance of this science "it is impossible for even the best intentioned to avoid the many pitfalls spread round the feet of the ignorant in a state of affairs so different from that to which most white men are accustomed."

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[illegible] By [illegible]. ([illegible] Allan.) 10s. 6d.

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BYRON AND GREECE. By Harold Spender. (Murray.) 15s. net.

Not a revealing book but a good compilation, which should prove of much use to those who wish to know all the ascertainable facts about Byron's relations with and emotions over Greece. Mr. Spender seems to have studied the subject like a science. If anything is omitted only another such painstaking student could know of it.

THE LATIN GENIUS. By Anatole France. Translated by Wilfrid S. Jackson. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

Anatole France warns us there is nothing to justify lofty expectations founded on the title of this book. Certainly, he has not taught us to nurse extravagant hopes; indeed, hope of any kind is not commonly the blessed gift we expect from him. His virtue is in steeling our hearts to face the worst about humanity. His wisdom and resigned mockery are all that is left to us when hope and relief are vanishing under his solvent criticism. But, at best, that is a negative kind of gift. In this volume of essays on matters which move his love more than his cynicism his sagacity has an unusual efficacy of healing. Molière, Scarron, Saint-Beuve, Racine, are among his subjects.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY. By Maxim Gorky. (Philip Allan.) 10s. 6d. net.

Gorky says he does not possess the subtle art of personal revelation, though this is what one expects to find in a diary. The impression on the reader is that the author is keeping his word deliberately: that of his own artistic volition he holds himself in detachment. Gorky, gazing serenely on the world's tragedy and comedy, is at times an almost inhuman spectator. Yet, strangely, we feel this reserve is not the real quality of Gorky, but a garment consciously worn. He tries in vain to hide his sympathies, which shine through the guise of his aloofness. His knowledge and his interests are enormous; and, whether he writes of tramps or literary friends, he never fails to fix his subject with a deft epigram of portraiture.

A MAN IN THE ZOO. By David Garnett. Illustrated by R. A. Garnett. (Chatto.) 5s. net.

A slight and charming, fantastic story of a young man who elected to become a denizen of the Zoo. It pleasantly distracted us for an hour in the railway train. On the whole, Mr. Garnett sustains his manner very well; his talent

Rc

is peculiar and valuable. But the imaginative persons who have described him (on the strength of this story) as the authentic successor of Swift, evidently belong to another species of the genus *homo* than ourselves.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF FESTUS. By Conrad Aiken. (Secker.) 5s. net.

Mr. Aiken likes mirrors. They soothe his soul in time of trouble. His pilgrimages in search of Truth always finish in front of a looking-glass. His questions to Christ, Confucius and other teachers, never bring the answers he believes. Still, he knows that the reflected Festus is not the same Festus that stands before the mirror:

> "The mirror reflects all things that pass before it,
> The Mind conceives those things that make and mar it."

Not much help there. We leave him trying apparently to look behind the mirror. The philosophy is not deep nor new; but at times some poetry comes through it.

SELECT POEMS OF LORD DE TABLEY. Edited with an Introduction by John Drinkwater. (Milford.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Drinkwater is at his best—it is a pity he so often makes us forget how good that can be—in his introduction to this excellent selection of De Tabley's Poems. His critical estimate of this almost forgotten Victorian poet (1835-1895) is both sound and persuasive, and his high opinion of *Philoctetes*—"one of the most moving long poems of the nineteenth century"—completely justified. "With such a poem to his credit," says Mr. Drinkwater, "De Tabley cannot but be secure against long neglect." We entirely agree. The volume should be bought for this alone.

SECRETS. By W. H. Davies. (Cape.)

Rather too slight a volume for Mr. Davies to have put out: but, of course, it contains beautiful things of a kind which only he of the moderns can produce, such as the emotional and imaginative purity of "The Two Heavens" and "Rogues"—lovely poems, both.

THE FLAMING TERRAPIN. By Roy Campbell. (Cape.) 5s. net.

This is a very remarkable poem. Even had we not been told, we should have known it was the work of a young man, though few young men begin with such an astonishing verbal and imaginative gift as Mr. Campbell Naturally he is drunk with it: and knows no more than we what his poem is about. Everything and nothing. But it is the response of a youth of genius to Keats's old lament—

> "Is there so small a range
> In the present strength of manhood that the high
> Imagination cannot freely fly
> As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
> Paw up against the light and do strange deeds
> Upon the clouds."

"The Flaming Terrapin" does such strange things.

NOTABLE NOVELS

GOD'S STEP-CHILDREN. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.
MARK ONLY. By T. F. Powys. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. net.
WEEDS. By Edith Summers Kelly. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE HEAVENLY LADDER. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.
LITTLE MEXICAN. By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE RED LILY. By Anatole France. PENGUIN ISLAND. By Anatole France. (Lane.) Popular Edition. 2s. 6d. each.
A LIFE. By Guy de Maupassant. New translation by Marjorie Laurie. (Werner Laurie.) 7s. 6d. net.
CHILDREN OF THE AGE. By Knut Hamson. (Gyldendal.) 7s. 6d.
THE BLACK SOUL. By Liam O'Flaherty. Cape.) 7s. 6d.
LIFTING MIST. By Austin Harrison. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d.
GRAVEN IMAGE. By Margaret Widdemer. (Harrap.) 7s. 6d.
THE ANTS OF TIMOTHY THUMMEL. By A. Ferency. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE PUPPET MASTER. By Robert Nathan. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.
HARBOTTLE. By John Hargrave. (Duckworth.) 7s. 6d. net.

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